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THE EFFIGIES OF M^R GEORGE HERBERT



Stuart sculp.

*Behold an Orator, Divinely sage,
The Prophet and Apostle of that age.
View hut his Porch, and Temple, you shall see
The Body of Divine Philosophy.
Examine well the Lines of his dead Face,
Therem you may discern Wisdom and Grace.
Now if the Shell so lovely doth appear,
How Orient was the Pearl Impryson'd here!*

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THE
TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems,
AND PRIVATE
EJACULATIONS.

By Mr. *George Herbert*,
Late ORATOR of the University
of CAMBRIDGE.

Together with His LIFE.

P S A L. xxix.

In his Temple doth every Man speak of his Honour.

*The Twelfth Edition Corrected, with the
Addition of an Alphabetical Table.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Barber, for JEFFERY WALE, at
the Angel in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1703.

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A
MEMORIAL
To the Honourable
GEORGE HERBERT
Author of the
Sacred POEMS,
Who died about *Anno* 1635.

Read o'er these Raptures with a curious
Eye,
You must conclude this *Eagle* soared high:
Montgomery Castle was the place, where he
Had his first breathing, and Nativity.
Of that most Noble House this *Hero* came,
Who left the World this Legacy of Fame.
Great Saint, unto thy Memory and Shrine
I owe all Veneration, save Divine,
For thy rare Poems, Piety and Pen
Speak thee no less than Miracle of Men.
The Graces all, both Moral and Divine,
In thee concenter, and with thee combine:
These Sacred Lessons, set to thy sweet Lure,
Was Musick that would make *Apollo* mute:
Nay, all those warbling Chanters of the Spring
Would sit half tame, to hear *Arion* sing.
What Province hath produc'd a greater Soul
Between the Artique and Antartique Pole;

Than *Wales* hath done? where H E R B E R T's
Church shall be

A lasting Pyramid for him and thee.

What Father of a Church can you rehearse,
That gain'd more Souls to God, 'twixt Prose and
Verse?

What Orator had more Magnetick Strains,
What Poet such a Fancy, Pen or Brains,
In our great Hierarchy? Shew me the Man,
That Sang more sadly than this dying *Swan*,
This Bird of Paradise, this *Gloeworm* bright,
This Philomel, this Glory of the Night.

Seeing the Deluge rage, the Clouds still dark,
Restless below, return'd up to the Ark,
This Sacred Dove, before he scal'd the Skies,
Rarely set forth, the World's great Sacrifice;
A melting P O E M, all the rest so high,
That the dull World may learn to live and die.

Never did Pen humane, or earring Brain,
Express or vent such a seraphick Strain.

You that are Poets born, contend and strive,
In spite of Death, dead H E R B E R T to revive.
Bring Wreaths of Larick, an immortal Tree,
To *Salem's* sacred Hill, for Obsequy.

*Parnassus Mount was never so divine,
To turn the Muses Water into Wine.*

*The Delphian Poet went from thence to Rome,
And there was entertain'd as Maior Dome;
And though the Bishop, and his Clerks do boast,
That old false Prophet there doth rule the Roast.*

A lasting Spring of Blood Springs near that Hill,
There he did bath; there you your Vials fill.

'Twill melt your Hearts, to view those Desolations:
Yet from that Spring flows highest Inspirations.
Therein your Annals such Encomiums bring
To his Memorial, as the Doves in Spring.

Such

Such moan as *Egypt's* Vice-Roy once did make
At *Abel-Mizraim* for his Father's sake.
Make your shrill Trumpets; from that thorny Hill,
Benkinnon's Vallies with Amazement fill.
To the Sepulchre go, their Sacrifice
The Distillations of your Hearts and Eyes.
When you depart, fall down and kiss that Land,
Where once his Master's sacred Feet did stand.
No Art or Engine can you safely trust
To polish him, but his own sacred Dust.
Nor can you Paint or Pencil him too high,
That liv'd and dy'd without an enemy;
That left behind him this admired Tomb,
But no *Elisha* in *Elish's* room.

An Epitaph upon the Honourable
GEORGE HERBERT.

YOU weeping Marbles, *Monuments* we trust,
As well with the Injurious, as the just.
When your great trust at last shall be relin'd,
And when his noble dust shall be refin'd:
You shall more Gold, Myrrh, Frankincense return,
Than shall be found in great *Augustus* Urn.

He was the wonder of a better age,
Th' Eclipse of this, of empty heads the rage.
Phoenix of *Wales*, of his great name the glory,
A theme above all verse, beyond all story.
A plant of Paradise; which, in a word,
Worms ne'r shall wither, as they did the Gourd.

Go you unborn, *bedew* Dear *Herbert's* Tomb;
No more such Babes are in Dame Nature's Womb.
No more such Blazing Comets shall appear,
Nor leave so happy influences here.
Go thaw your hearts at his celestial fire,
And what you cannot comprehend, admire.

Go you dark *Poems*, dark even as the Skies,
Make the *Scales* fall from our dark dazling eyes.
Mirrors were made to mend, not mar our sight,
Gloe-worms to glitter in th' most gloomy Night.
About those glorious Regions he is fled,
Where once Saint *Paul* was rapt and ravished.

*Here a Divine, Propket and Poet lies,
That lay'd up Manna for Posterities.*

P. D. Esq;

The Church Militant.

THE Church's Progress is a Master-piece,
Limn'd to the life, of *Egypt, Rome, and Greece*;
Wherein he gives the Conclave such a blow,
They ne'r received from either friend or foe.
England and *France* do bear an equal share
In his predictions, which time will declare;
Here's height of malice, here's prodigious lust,
Impudent sinning, cruelty, distrust;
Here's black ingratitude, here's pride and scorn,
Here's damned Oaths, that cause the land to mourn;
And here's oppression, marks of Future Bane,
And here's Hypocrisy the Counter-Pane.

Here's

Here's love of *Guineas*, cursed Root of all,
 And here's Religion turn'd up to the wall:
 And could we see with *Herbert's* Eagle eyes,
 Without Checkmate Religion westward flies.
 A most sad Sacrifice was made of late
 Of God's poor lambs by Pharisaick hate.
 For Discipline with Doctrine so to jarr,
 Was just like bringing Justice to the Bar.
 Was it the will, or judgment or commands,
 Of the great *Pilot* for to pass the Sands;
 Well may we hope, that our quick-sighted State
 Will take God's grievance into a debate.
 Cathedral Priests long since have laid about
 Hammer and Tongs, to drive Religion out.
 Her Grace and Majesty makes them so fraid,
 They cry content, and so espouse her Maid.
 She's decent, lovely, chaste, divine they say,
 She loves their Sons, that sing our sins away.
 Could we but count the Thousands every year,
 These dreams consume, the Musick is too dear.
When Eli's Sons made Luxury their God,
Their Widows nam'd their Posthumes Icabod.
They both were slain, God's sacred Ark was lost,
Though they had with it a most mighty Host.
 Well may ingratitude make us all mourn;
 Pearls we receive, poor Peebles we return,
 Now *Sein* is swallowing *Tiber*; if the *Thames*,
 By letting in them both pollute her streams;
 Or if the *Seers* shall connive or wink,
 Beware the Thunderbolt; *Migremus* hinc.
 O let me die, and not survive to see
 Before my death Religion's Obsequy.
 Religion and dear Truth will prove at length
 The *Alpha* and *Omega* of our Strength;
 Our Boaz, our *Jachin*, our Great Britain's glory,
 Look'd on by *Owls*, as a Romantick story.

Our

Our Cloud, that comes behind us in the day,
Nights fiery Pillar, to direct our way.
Our Chariots, Ships and Horsemen, to withstand
The fury of our Foes by Sea or Land.
Our eyes may see, as hath been seen before,
Religion's Foes ly floating on the Shore:
The head of *England's* Church proud *Babels*, but
Will Faith defend, and peace will *Fanus* shut.

Adversus Impia.

Anno 1670.

¶ The

¶ The Dedication.

Lord, my first Fruits present themselves to thee;
Yet not mine neither; For from thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain;
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

The TITLES

Of the Several

POEMS

Contained in this BOOK.

A		C	
A Aron	168	The Call	150
Affliction	38, 53,	Charms and Knots,	88
	64, 82, 89	Christmas	72
The Agony.	29	Church-floor	58
The Altar	18	Church Lock and Key	57
Anagram of the Virgin		Church Militant	184
Mary	69	Church Monuments	56
To all Angels and Saints,		Church Musick	57
	ibid	Church Porch	1
The Answer	163	Church Rents and Schisms	
A Dialogue Anthem	164		134
Antiphone	45, 85	Church Windows	59
Artillery	132	Clasping of Hands	151
Assurance	149	The Collar	147
Avarice	69	Colof. 3. 3. Our Life, &c.	
			77
B		H. Communion	43
The Bag	145	Complaining	137
The Banquet	175	Self-condemnation	165
H. Baptism	36	Confession	118
Bitter-sweet	165	Conscience	98
The Brittish Church	102	Constancy	63
The Bunch of Grapes	120	Content	60
Business	105	The Cross	158
		The	

D		H	
<i>The Dawning</i>	104	<i>Heaven</i>	182
<i>Death</i>	180	<i>The Hold-fast</i>	137
<i>Decay</i>	91	<i>Home</i>	99
<i>Denial</i>	71	<i>Hope</i>	114
<i>Dialogue</i>	107	<i>Humility</i>	61
<i>The Discharge</i>	138	<i>A true Hymn</i>	162
<i>Discipline</i>	173	I	
<i>Divinity</i>	127	<i>J E S U</i>	145
<i>Dooms-day</i>	181	<i>The Jews</i>	149
<i>Dotage</i>	161	<i>The Invitation</i>	174
<i>Dulness</i>	108	<i>Jordan</i>	48, 95
E		<i>Joseph's Coat</i>	153
<i>Easter</i>	33	<i>Judgment</i>	181
<i>Easter-wings</i>	34, 35	<i>Justice</i>	88, 135
<i>The Elixir</i>	128	L	
<i>Employment</i>	49, 70	<i>Lent</i>	78
<i>L' Envoy</i>	192	<i>Life</i>	87
<i>Ephes. 4. 30. Grieve not,</i>		<i>Longing</i>	142
<i>Ec.</i>	128	<i>Love</i>	45, 46, 183
<i>Even-song</i>	55	<i>Love-joy</i>	179
F		<i>Love unknown</i>	121
<i>Faith</i>	41	M	
<i>The Family</i>	130	<i>Man</i>	83
<i>The Flower</i>	160	<i>Man's Medley</i>	123
<i>The Foil</i>	170	<i>St. Mary Magdalen</i>	168
<i>The Fore-runners</i>	ibid	<i>Mattens</i>	54
<i>Frailty</i>	62	<i>The Method</i>	126
G		<i>Misery</i>	92
<i>Giddiness</i>	119	<i>Mortification</i>	90
<i>The Glance</i>	166	N	
<i>The Glimpse</i>	148	<i>Nature</i>	37
<i>Good-Friday</i>	30	O	
<i>Grace</i>	52	<i>Obedience</i>	96
<i>Gratefulness</i>	116	<i>The Odour</i>	169
<i>Grief</i>	153	<i>An Offering</i>	141
			Pa-

P				
Paradise	125	Sepulchre	32	
A Parody	177	Sighs and Groans	75	
Peace	117	Sin	37, 55	
The Pearl, Matth. 13. 81.		Sins round	114	
Perirhanterium	1	The Sinner	30	
The Pilgrimage	135	Sion	99	
The Posie	177	The Size	131	
Praise	53, 140, 151	The Son	162	
Prayer	43, 95	The Star	65	
The Priesthood	154	The Storm	125	
Providence	109	Submission	87	
The 23d Psalm	167	Sunday	66	
The Pulley	153	Superliminare	17	
Q		T		
The Quiddity	61	The Temper	46, 27	
The Quip	103	The Thanksgiving	27	
R		Time	115	
Redemption	31	Trinity Sunday	59	
Repentance	40	V		
The Reprisal	28	Vanity	77, 104	
The Rose	172	Virtue	18	
S		Ungratefulness	74	
The Sacrifice	19	Unkindness	86	
Saints, vide Angels.		W		
Schisms, v. C. rents.		The Water-course	164	
H. Scripture	50	Whitsunday	51	
The Search	156	The World	76	
		A Wreath	179	

T H E

THE CHURCH-PORCH.

¶ *Perirrhanterium.*

THou, whose sweet youth and early hopes in-
hance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a trea-
sure;

Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.
A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

Beware of Lust, it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptism wash'd with his own blood.
It blots the lesson written in thy Soul;
The holy lines cannot be understood.

How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their book?

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-ways;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both, and so
If rottenness have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' encloser: but since now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plow.
O what were Man, might he himself misplace!
Sure to be cross, he would shift feet and face.

Drink

2 *The CHURCH-PORCH.*

Drink not the third glass, which thou can'st not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before,
May'st rule it, as thou list: and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.

It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his Mother kill,
Big with his Sister: He hath lost the reins,
Is out-law'd by himself: All kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.

The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth devest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please anothers wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure
Short of his Can and Body: Must I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure?

Stay at the third Glass: If thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room;
All in a shipwrack shift their several way:
Let not a common ruin thee intomb:
Be not a beast in courtesy; but stay,

Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.

Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glory,
Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness.

But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story:

He makes flat war with God, and doth defy,
With his poor clod of earth the spacious sky.

Take

The CHURCH-PORCH. 3

Take not his Name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.

Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain:
But the cheap swearer through his open sluice

Lets his Soul run for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:

Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.

Play not away the Virtue of that Name, (tame,
Which is the best stake, when griefs make thee

The cheapest sins most dearly punish'd are;
Because to shun them also is so cheap:

For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
O crumble not away thy Souls fair heap.

If thou wilt die, the gates of Hell are broad:
Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:

Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy working Soul spits lies and froth.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lye:

A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.

If thou take up thy day, the Sun will cry
Against thee: For his light was only lent. (feathers

God gave thy Soul brave wings; put not those
Into a bed to sleep out all ill weathers.

4 *The CHURCH-PORCH.*

Art thou a Magistrate ? then be severe :
If studious, copy fair what time hath blurr'd ;
Redeem truth from his jaws : If soldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not ; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.

O *England*, full of sin, but most of sloth !
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory :
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishness into thy story :
Not that they all are so ; but that the most
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son,
Some mark a partridge, never their child's fashion ;
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great design ;
And if God's Image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mast'ring mind ; so both are lost thereby :
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave : This is flat poverty.
For he that needs five thousand pound to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest before his trunk with riches :
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When

The CHURCH-PORCH. 5

When thou dost purpose ought (within thy power)
Be sure to do it, though it be but small :

Constancy knits the bones, and makes us tower,
When wanton pleasures becken us to thrall.

Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:
Think the King sees thee still ; for his King does.

Simp'ring is but a lay-hypocrisy:

Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.

Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task:

Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth : Diseases enter there.

Thou hast two sconses, if thy stomach call ;

Carve, or discourse ; do not a famine fear.

Who carves, is kind to two ; who talks, to all.

Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit ;

And say with all, *Earth to earth I commit.*

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,

Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but men ?

Houses are built by rule, and Common-wealths.

Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,

From his Ecliptick line ; becken the sky.

Who lives by rule then keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,

And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.

Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,

Whose every parcel under-writes a law.

Lose not thy self, nor give thy humours way :

God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By

6 *The CHURCH-PORCH.*

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thy self : See what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest ; for 'tis thy own :
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous : Therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live :
Then live, and use it : Else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the year : But age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy Children, Kindred, Friends upon thee call ;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil ;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil ;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou may'st safely touch ; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee ? raise thy head ;
Take stars for money ; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wastful as the scraping dame ;
She loseth three for one ; her soul, rest, fame.

The CHURCH-PORCH. - 7

By no means run in debt: Take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on Twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: He's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for it self too dear.

The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his Taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oaths,
And are like empty vessels under sail.

Old courtiers know this: Therefore set out so,
As all the day thou may'st hold out to go.

In clothes cheap handsomness doth bear the bell.
Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shope're gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But this with my discretion will be brave.

Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long adoing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart:
Perhaps his Wife's too, and whom she hath bore:
Servants and Churches also play their part.

Only a herald, who that way doth pass, (glais.
Finds his crackt name at length in the Church-

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:
Dost lose? rise up: Dost win? rise in that state.
Who strive to fit out losing hands are lost.

Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole encrease.

8 *The CHURCH-PORCH.*

In Conversation boldness now bears sway.
But know that nothing can so foolish be,
As empty boldness : Therefore first assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery ;
Then march on gallant : Get substantial worth,
Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sow'r ?
Then keep such company ; make them thy allay :
Get a sharp Wife, a servant that will low'r.
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Command thy self in chief. He lifes war knows,
Whom all his passions follow as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break :
By great deeds shew, that thou canst little do ;
And do them not : that shall thy wisdom be ;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with every toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thin web, which poysonous fancies make ;
But the great Soldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker stuff, which would endure a shake.
Wisdom picks friends ; civility plays the rest.
A toy shun'd cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much : the witty man laughs least :
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Less at thy own things laugh ; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport abuses : for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

The CHURCH-PORCH. 9

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness.

These are the scum, with which coarse wits abound:
The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.

All things are big with jest: nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer,
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.

Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and swallows up the Cities.
The Gigler is a Milk-maid, whom infection
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.

Then he's the sport: the mirth then in him rests,
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldness:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine. In service care, or coldness,
Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.

Feed no man in his sins: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatness: for thou mak'st thereby
Thy self the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm: Yet such jealousy,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good spur. Correct thy passions spite;
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

When

10 *The CHURCH-PORCH.*

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
 The place its honour for the person's sake.
 The shrine is that which thou dost venerate;
 And not the beast, that bears it on his back.
 I care not though the cloth of State should be
 Not of rich Arras, but mean Tapestry.

Thy friend put in thy bosom : Wear his eyes
 Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
 If cause require, thou art his sacrifice ;
 Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear ;
 But love is lost, the way of friendship's gon,
 Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Christ* his *John*.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a Father.
 Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
 My Childrens right, nor ought he take it : Rather
 Both friends should die, than hinder them to live:
 Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends ;
 And are her sureties, e'er they are a friend's.

If thou be single, all thy good and ground
 Submit to love ; but yet not more than all.
 Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
 To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
 God made me one man ; love makes me no more,
 Till labour come and make my weakness score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,
 All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty,
 Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease ;
 Courtesy grows in Court, news in the City.
 Get a good stock of these, then draw the card
 That suits him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best ;
 For so thou dost thy self and him a pleasure :
 But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
 Rather than shew his cards: Steal from his treasures
 What

The CHURCH-PORCH. II

What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd do lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak at once ; but husband it :
And give men turns of speech : Do not forestal
By lavishness thine own and others wit,
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing : For fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty ?
In love I should ; But anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage : He that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire :
Mark all his wand'rings, and enjoy his frets ;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire. (there
Truth dwells not in the clouds : The bow that's
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another says : For many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee ; then with equal care.
Balance each dram of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both :
Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All wordly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindneses.

12 *The CHURCH-PORCH.*

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy project high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much, than he that means a tree.

A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a Fever, and Lethargickness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alights sometimes, still goeth on.

Active and stirring spirits live alone.

Write on the others, *Here lies such an one.*

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour; take account of all:
Shine like the sun in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.

Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost;

And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
Love is a present for a mighty King,
Much less make any one thine enemy,
As guns destroy, so may a little sling

The cunning workman never doth refuse

The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language, nothing comes amiss:
A good digestion turneth all to health:

And then, as far as fair behaviour may,

Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All foreign of that name; but scorn their ill:
Embrace their activeness, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.

The CHURCH-PORCH. 13

If thou observeſt ſtrangers in each fit,
In time they'll run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their ſtock of noiſomneſs
Beforehand, and anticipate their laſt hour.

Let thy minds ſweetneſs have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others merit.
Think Heav'n a better bargain, than to give
Only thy ſingle market-mony for it.

Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.

Give to all ſomething; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Chriſt's ſtamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, *So much giv'n to God*; thou ſhalt be heard.

Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'n's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Reſtore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole eſtate.

Sundays obſerve: think when the bells do chime,

'Tis Angels Muſick; therefore come not late.

God then deals bleſſings: If a King did ſo,
Who would not haſte, nay give, to ſee the ſhow?

Twice on the day his dew is underſtood;
For all the week thy food ſo oft he gave thee.

Thy chear is mended; bate not of the food,
Be cauſe 'tis better, and perhaps may ſave thee.

Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not croſs.

Faſt when thou wilt, but then 'tis gain, not loſs.

14 *The* CHURCH-PORCH.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love :
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suiters ; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;
Pray with the most ; for where most pray, is heav'n.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
God is more there than thou : For thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware ,
And make thy self all reverence and fear. (state.
Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking : Quit thy
All equal are within the Churches gate.

Resort to Sermons, but to prayers most :
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest ,
Stay not for th'other pin : Why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreemly flout thee ,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about
(thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart ; that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise :
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in Church-time others symmetry ,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part :
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure thither.
Christ purg'd his Temple ; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy action well,
For Churches either are our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy Judge :
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The worst speak something good: If all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at Church escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.

He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With Saints on earth, shall one day with them
(shine.

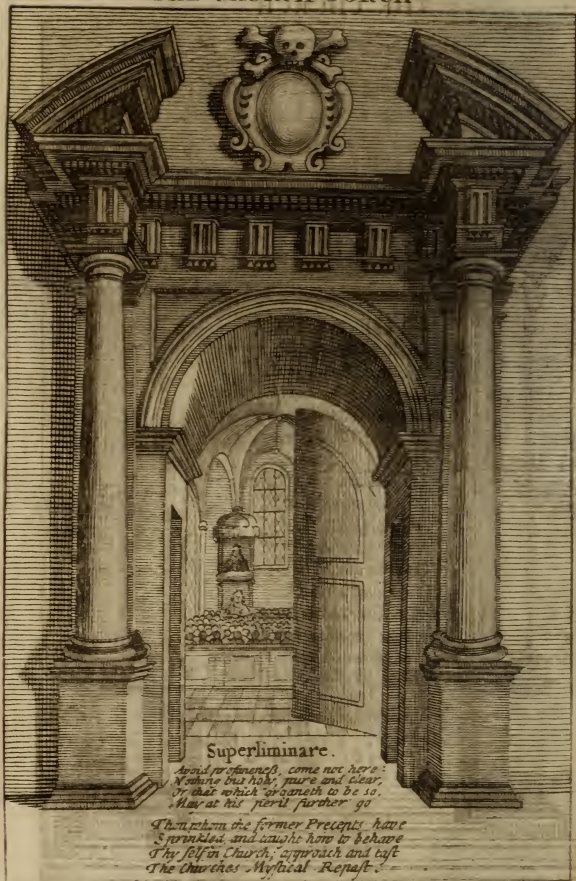
Jest not at preachers language or expression:
How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession:
God sent him whatso'e're he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Master: His condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physician.

None shall in Hell such bitter pangs endure,
As those who mock at God's way of Salvation.
Whom Oil and Balsams kill; what salve can cure?
They drink with greediness a full Damnation.
The *Jews* refused thunder; and we folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is Holy?

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy Soul: Mark the decay
And growth of it: If with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: Since we shall be
More surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue: Life's poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

THE CHURCH PORCH



THE CHURCH

THE ALTAR

*A broken Altar and thy Servant rears;
Made of a heart &c cemented wth tears:
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame,
No workmans tool hath touch'd of same.*

A HEART alone

Is such a Stone

As nothing but

Thy power doth cut:

Wherefore each part

Of my hard heart,

Meets in this frame

To praise thy name

That if I chance to hold my peace,

These stones to praise thee may not cease.

O let thy Blessed Sacrifice be mine,

And sanctify this Altar to be thine.

¶ The Sacrifice.

O *H* all ye, who pass by, whose eyes and mind
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind ;
To me, who took eyes that I might you find.
Was ever grief like mine ?

The Princes of my people make a head
Against their Maker : They do wish me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread :
Was ever grief, &c.

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an *Egyptian* slave.
They use that power against me, which I gave ;
Was ever grief, &c.

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me allo, and to put me there.
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirty Pence he did my death devise,
Who at three Hundred did the Ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet Sacrifice.
Was ever grief, &c.

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts dear treasure
Drops Blood (the only beads) my words to measure.
O let this Cup pass, if it be thy pleasure.
Was ever grief, &c.

These drops being temper'd with a sinners tears,
A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres ,
Curing all wounds, but mine ; all but my fears.
Was ever grief, &c.
Yet

Yet my Disciples sleep : I cannot gain
One hour of watching ; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my Doctrine stain :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they run !
Alas ! what haste they make to be undone !
How with their lanthorns do they seek the Sun !
Was ever grief, &c.

With clubs and staves they seek me as a Thief,
Who am the way of Truth, the true Relief,
Most true to those, who are my greatest grief.
Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss ?
Canst thou find hell about my lips ? and miss
Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss ?
Was ever grief, &c.

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands.
Of Faith, but Fury ; yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands :
Was ever grief, &c.

All my Disciples flee ; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my Friends and me. They leave that Star,
That brought the Wise-men of the East from far.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one Ruler to another bound
They lead me ; urging, that it was not found
What I taught. Comments would the text con-
(found.)
Was ever grief, &c.

The Priests and Rulers all false witness seek
 'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
 And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week.

Was ever grief like mine ?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemy,
 That I did thrust into the Deity,
 Who never thought that any robbery.

Was ever grief, &c.

Some said, that I the Temple to the floor
 In three days raz'd; and raised as before.
 Why, he that built the world can do much more.

Was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemn me all with the same breath,
 Which I do give them daily, unto death.
 Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth.

Was ever grief, &c.

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*; He
 Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;
 But yet their friendship is my enmitie.

Was ever grief, &c.

Herod and all his bands do set me light,
 Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
 And only am the Lord of Host and might.

Was ever grief, &c.

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand;
 Examines me with a censorious hand:
 I him obey, who all things else command.

Was ever grief, &c.

The

The Jews accuse me with despitefulness;
And vying malice with my gentleness,
Pick quarrels with their only happiness.

Was ever grief like mine ?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove ?

Was ever grief, &c.

My silence rather doth augment their cry;
My dove doth back into my bosom fly,
Because the raging waters still are high.

Was ever grief, &c.

Hark how they cry aloud still, *Crucifie ;*
It is not fit he live a day, they cry :
Who cannot live less than eternally.

Was ever grief, &c.

Pilate a stranger, holdeth off ; but they,
Mine own dear people, cry, *Away, Away,*
With noises confused frightening the day.

Was ever grief, &c.

Yet still they shout, and cry, and stop their ears,
Putting my life among their sins and fears,
And therefore with *my blood on them and theirs.*

Was ever grief, &c.

See how spite cankers things ! These words aright
Used, and wished, are the whole worlds delight :
But honey is their gall, brightness their night.

Was ever grief, &c.

They

They chuse a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesie :

For it was their own cause that killed me ;

Was ever grief like mine ?

And a seditious murderer he was :

But I, the Prince of Peace ; peace that doth pass
All understanding, more than Heav'n doth glass :

Was ever grief, &c.

Why, *Cesar* is their only King, not I :

He clave the stony Rock, when they were dry ;

But surely not their Hearts, as I well try :

Was ever grief, &c.

'Ah, how they scourge me ! yet my tenderness

Doubles each lash : And yet their bitterness

Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness :

Was ever grief, &c.

They buffet me, and box me as they list,

Who grasp the Earth and Heaven with my fist,

And never yet, whom I would punish, miss'd :

Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise ;

Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes,

Leaving his blindness to mine enemies :

Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be Divine.

As *Moses* face was veiled, so is mine,

Left on their double dark souls either shine.

Was ever grief, &c.

Servants.

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are witty :

Now prophesy who strikes thee, is their ditty.

So they in me deny themselves all pity :

Was ever grief like mine ?

And now I am delivered unto death,

Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,

That he before me well-nigh suffereth.

Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, dear Friends, since I for both have wept,

When all my tears were blood, the while you slept :

Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept.

Was ever grief, &c.

The Soldiers led me to the common hall ;

There they deride me, they abuse me all :

Yet for twelve Heav'nly Legions I could call.

Was ever grief, &c.

Then with a scarlet Robe they me array ;

Which shews my blood to be the only way,

And cordial left to repair man's decay.

Was ever grief, &c.

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear ;

For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,

Though I my Vine planted and wat'ed there.

Was ever grief, &c.

So sits the Earths great curse in *Adam's* fall

Upon my head ; so I remove it all

From th'Earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall.

Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They strike my Head, the rock from whence all store
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore.

Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail King*;
Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling.

Was ever grief, &c.

Yet since man's scepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds;
I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds..

Was ever grief, &c.

The soldiers also spit upon that face,
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to see, but found no place.

Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who *Crucify him* cry with one strong shout.
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out.

Was ever grief, &c.

They lead me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they lead me out agen:
Whom Devils fly, thus he is toss'd of men.

Was ever grief, &c.

And now, weary of sport, glad to engross
All spite in one, counting my life their loss,
They carry me to my most bitter cross.

Was ever grief, &c.

My

My cross I bear my self, until I faint :
Then *Simon* bears it for me by constiant,
The decreed burden of each mortal Saint.

Was ever grief like mine ?

O all ye who pass by, behold and see ;
Man stole the Fruit, but I must climb the Tree ;
The Tree of life to all but only me.

Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sin,
The greater world o'th' two : For that came in
By words ; but this by sorrow I must win.

Was ever grief, &c.

Such sorrow, as if sinful man did feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel.
Till all were melted, tho' he were all Steel.

Was ever grief, &c.

But, *O my God, my God !* why leav'st thou me,
The Son, in whom thou dost delight to be ?
My God, my God-----

Was ever grief, &c.

Shame tears my Soul, my Body many a wound ;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound ;
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound.

Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy self, Physician ; now come down,
Alas ! I did so, when I left my Crown
And Father's smile for you, to feel his frown.

Was ever grief, &c.

In healing not my self, there doth consist
 All that salvation, which ye now resist;
 Your safety in my sickness doth subsist.

Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two thieves I spend my utmost breath,
 As he that for some robbery suffereth.
 Alas! what have I stol'n from you? Death.

Was ever grief, &c.

A King my title is, prefixt on high;
 Yet by my Subjects I'm condemn'd to die
 A servile death in servile company.

Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
 But more with malice: Yet when they did call,
 With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all.

Was ever grief, &c.

They part my Garments, and by lot dispose
 My Coat, the type of Love, which once cur'd those
 Who sought for help, never malicious foes.

Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death their spite shall further go:
 For they will pierce my Side, I full well know;
 That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow.

Was ever grief, &c.

But now I die; now all is finished.
 My wo, man's weal: and now I bow my head.
 Only let others say, when I am dead,

Never was grief like mine.

The

¶ The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
 To thee of all Kings only due)
 Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,
 Who in all grief preventest me?
 Shall I weep blood? why thou hast wept such store,
 That all thy body was one gore.
 Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
 'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
 My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?
 Was such a grief as cannot be.
 Shall I then sing, skipping thy doleful story,
 And side with thy triumphant Glory?
 Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns my flower?
 Thy rod, my posy? cross, my bower?
 But how then shall I imitate thee, and
 Copy thy fair, though bloody hand?
 Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
 And try who shall victorious prove.
 If thou dost give me wealth, I will restore
 All back unto thee by the poor.
 If thou dost give me honour, men shall see
 The honour doth belong to thee.
 I will not marry; or if she be mine,
 She and her Children shall be thine.
 My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme thy name,
 I will tear thence his love and fame.
 One half of me being gone, the rest I give
 Unto some Chappel, die or live.
 As for my Passion----But of that anon,
 When with the other I have done.
 For thy Predestination, I'll contrive,
 That three years hence, if I survive,
 I'll

I'll build a Spittle, or mend common Ways,
 But mend my own without delaies.
 Then I will use the works of thy creation,
 As if I us'd them but for fashion.
 The world and I will quarrel; and the year
 Shall not perceive that I am here.
 My Musick shall find thee, and ev'ry string
 Shall have his attribute to sing,
 That altogether may accord in thee,
 And prove one God, one Harmony.
 If thou shalt give me Wit, it shall appear,
 If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.
 Nay, I will read thy Book, and never move
 'Till I have found therein thy love;
 Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee,
 O my dear Saviour, Victory!
 Then for my Passion-----I will do for that-----
 Alas! my God, I know not what.

¶ The Reprisal.

I Have consider'd it, and find
 There is no dealing with thy mighty Passion:
 For though I die for thee, I am behind;
 My sins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
 May give a disentangled state and free;
 And yet thy Wounds still my attempts defy,
 For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
 By thy eternal Glory didst outgo me?
 Could'st thou not grief's sad conquest me allow,
 But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet

Yet by confession will I come
 Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
 Against thee, in thee I will overcome
 The man, who once against thee fought.

¶ *The Agony.*

Philosophers have measur'd Mountains,
 Fathom'd the depths of Seas, of States and Kings,
 Walk'd with a staff to Heav'n, and traced Fountains :
 But there are two vast, spacious things,
 The which to measure it doth more behove :
 Yet few there are that found them ; Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
 Unto Mount Olivet ; there shall he see
 A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
 His skin, his garments bloody be.
 Sin is that Press and Vice, which forceth pain
 To hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not love, let him assay,
 And taste that juice, which on the Cross a pike
 Did set abroad ; then let him say,
 If ever he did taste the like.
 Love is that liquor sweet, and most divine,
 Which my God feels as Blood ; but I as Wine.

The


¶ *The Sinner.*

Lord, how am I all ague, when I seek
 What I have treasur'd in my memory!
 Since, if my soul make even with the week,
 Each seventh note by right is due to thee.

I find three quarries of pil'd vanities,
 But shreds of holiness, that dare not venture
 To shew their face, since cross to thy decrees:
 There the circumference Earth is, Heav'n the cen-
 (tre.

In so much dregs the quintessence is small:
 The spirit and good extract of my heart
 Comes to about the many hundreth part.
 Yet Lord restore thy Image, hear my call: (grone;
 And though my hard heart scarce to thee can
 Remember that thou once didst write in stone;

¶ *Good-Friday.*

O My chief good,
 How shall I measure out thy blood?
 How shall I count what thee besel,
 And each grief tell?
 Shall I thy woes
 Number according to thy foes?
 Or, since one star shew'd thy first breath,
 Shall all thy death?
 Or shall each leaf,
 Which falls in Autumn, score a grief?
 Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be sign
 Of the true Vine? 

Then

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour ;
That thy distress through all may run,
And be my Sun.

Or rather let
My sev'ral Sins their sorrows get ;
That, as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

Since blood is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in, and bloody flight ;
My heart hath store ; write there, where in
One box doth ly both ink and sin :

That when sin spies so many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds thy woes,
All come to lodge there, sin may say,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep possession with thy grace ;
Left sin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

¶ *Redemption.*

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto him to afford
A new small-rented Lease and cancel th' old.

In Heaven, at his Manor I him sought :
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on Earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing his great Birth,
 Sought him accordingly in great resorts;
 In Cities, Theatres, Gardens, Parks, and Courts:
 At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
 Of Thieves, and Murderers: There I him espied,
 Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, and died.

¶ Sepulchre.

O Blessed Body! Whither art thou thrown?
 No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone?
 So many hearts on Earth, and yet not one
 Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good store;
 For they can lodge transgressions by the score:
 Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
 They leave thee.

But that which shews them large shews them unfit.
 What ever sin did this pure Rock commit,
 Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
 Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain
 And missing this most fatally did arraign thee; (thee,
 Only these stones in quiet entertain thee,
 And order.

And as of old the law by heav'nly art
 Was writ in stone; so thou, which also art
 The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart
 To hold thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
 And so should perish, but that nothing can,
 Tho' it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
 With-hold thee.

Easter.

Easter.

Rise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his Praise
 Without delays,
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With him may'st rise:

That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
 His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my Lute, and struggle for thy part
 With all thy art.

The Cross taught all wood to resound his name,
 Who bore the same.
 His stretched sinews taught all strings, what Key
 Is best to celebrate this most high Day.

Confort both heart and lute, and twist a song
 Pleasant and long.

Or, since all Musick is but three parts vied,
 And multiplied;

O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
 And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I Got me Flowers to strew thy way;
 I got me Boughs off many'a Tree:
 But thou wast up by break of day,
 And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
 Though he give light, and th' East perfume;
 If they should offer to contest
 With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
 Though many Suns to shine endeavour?
 We count three hundred, but we miss:
 There is but one, and that one ever.

Easter.

¶ *Easter-Wings.*

Lord, who created'st Man in Wealth and Store,
 Though foolishly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poor:

With thee
 O let me rise
 As Larks, harmoniously,
 And sing this Day thy Victories:
 Then shall the Fall further the Flight in me.

¶ *Easter-*

¶ *Easter-Wings.*

My tender Age in sorrow did begin;
And still with Sicknesſes and Shame,
Thou didſt ſo puniſh Sin,
That I became
Moſt thin.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this Day thy Victory:
For if I imp my Wing on thine,
Affliction ſhall advance the Flight in me.

¶ *Holy Baptism.*

A She that sees a dark and shady grove,
 Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky;
 So when I view my sins, mine eyes remove
 More backward still, and to that water fly,
 Which is above the Heav'ns, whose spring and vent
 Is in my dear Redeemer's pierced side.
 O blessed streams! either you do prevent
 And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,
 Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
 In your Redemption measures all my time,
 And spreads the plaister equal to the crime:
 You taught the Book of Life my name, that so,
 Whatever future sins should me mislead,
 Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

¶ *Holy Baptism.*

Since, Lord, to thee
 A narrow way and little gate
 Is all the passage, on my Infancy
 Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
 My faith in me.
 O let me still
 Write thee great God, and me a child;
 Let me be soft and supple to thy will,
 Small to my self, to others mild,
 Behither ill.
 Although by stealth
 My flesh got on; yet let her sister
 My Soul bid nothing, but preserve her wealth:
 The growth of flesh is but a blister;
 Childhood is health.

Nature.

Nature.

Full of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That thou hast ought to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is thy highest art
To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venom lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My Soul will turn to bubbles straight,
And thence by kind
Vanish into a wind,
Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend law and fear,
Or make a new one, since the old
 Is sapless grown,
 And a much sitter stone
To hide my dust, than thee to hold.

¶ *Sin.*

LOrd, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
 Parents first season us; then School-masters
 Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,
 Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprizes,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of Glory ringing in our ears :
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences :
 Angels and Grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

¶ *Affliction.*

WHEN first thou didst intice to thee my heart,
 I thought the service brave :
 So many joys I writ down for my part,
 Besides what I might have
 Out of my stock of natural delights,
 Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
 And made it fine to me ;
 Thy glorious household-stuff did me entwine,
 And 'tice me unto thee.
 Such stars I counted mine : Both Heav'n and Earth,
 Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
 Where joys my fellows were ?
 Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
 No place for grief or fear ;
 Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
 And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face,

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses ;
 I had my wish and way :
 My days were strew'd with flow'rs and happiness ;
 There was no month but May.
 But with my years sorrow did swift and grow,
 And made a party unawares for woe.

My

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sickness clave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to groans :
Sorrow was all my soul ; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more ; for my friends die :
My mirth and edge was lost ; a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,
And wrap me in a gown,
I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often did'st with Academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage ;
I took thy sweetned pill, till I came near,
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwst me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
 None of my books will show:
 I read and sigh, and wish I were a tree,
 For sure then I should grow
 To fruit or shade: At least some bird would trust
 Her household to me, and I should be just.
 Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;
 In weakness must be stout.
 Well, I will change the service, and go seek
 Some other master out.
 Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
 Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

¶ *Repentance.*

Lord, I confess my sin is great;
 Great is my sin. Oh! gently treat
 With thy quick flow'r, thy momentany bloom;
 Whose life still pressing
 Is one undressing,
 A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours work or three;
 Each day doth round about us see.
 Thus are we to delights: But we are all
 To sorrows old,
 If life be told
 From what life feeleth, *Adam's* fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
 Compassionate short-breathed men;
 Cut me not off for my most foul transgression:
 I do confess
 My foolishness;
 My God accept of my confession.

Sweeten

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
 Which thou hast pour'd into my soul;
 Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather;
 For if thou stay,
 I and this day,
 As we did rise, we die together.
 When thou for sin rebukest man,
 Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan:
 Bitterness fills our bowels; all our hearts
 Pine and decay,
 And drop away,
 And carry with them the other parts.
 But thou wilt sin and grief destroy;
 That so the broken bones may joy,
 And tune together in a well-set song,
 Full of his Praises.
 Who dead men raises.
 Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

¶ *Faith.*

LOrd, how couldst thou so much appease
 Thy wrath for sin, as when man's sight was dim
 And could see little, to regard his ease,
 And bring by faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat,
 I did conceit a most delicious feast;
 I had it straight, and did as truly eat,
 As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
 Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
 That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,
 That I can walk to Heav'n well near.

I owed thousands and much more :
 I did believe that I did nothing owe,
 And liv'd accordingly ; my creditor
 Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
 That I believe is in the sacred story :
 And when sin placeth me in *Adam's* fall,
 Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
 What can be lower than the common manger ?
 Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
 Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
 None but the wise and strong had gained it :
 Where now by faith all arms are of a length ;
 One size doth all conditions fit.

A Peasant may believe as much
 As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
 Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and
 crouch,
 While Grace fills up un-even Nature.

When creatures had no real light
 Inherent in them, thou did'st make the Sun
 Impute a lustre, and allow them bright :
 And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
 With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
 Vanisht away, when faith did change the scene :
 And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust ?
 Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain,
 With an exact and most particular trust,
 Reserving all for flesh again.

¶ *Prayer.*

PRayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
 Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
 The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
 The Christian plummet sounding Heav'n and Earth;

Engine against th' Almighty, sinners tow'r,
 Reversed thunder, Christ side-piercing spear,
 The six-days world-transposing in an hour,
 A kind of Tune, which all things hear and fear;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
 Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
 Heaven in ordinary, Man well drest,
 The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
 (blood,
 Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the souls
 The land of spices, something understood.

¶ *Holy Communion.*

NOT in rich furniture, or fine array,
 Nor in a wedge of gold,
 Thou, who from me wast sold,
 To me dost now thy self convey;
 For so thou should'st without me still have been
 Leaving within me sin:

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
 Thou creep'st into my breast;
 Making thy way my rest,
 And thy small quantities my length;
 Which spread their Forces into every part,
 Meeting sins force and art.

C :

Yet

Yet can these not get over to my Soul,
 Leaping the wall that parts
 Our souls and fleshly hearts;
 But as th' out-works, they may controul
 My rebel-flesh, and carrying thy name,
 Affright both sin and shame.

Only thy Grace, which with these elements comes,
 Knoweth the ready way,
 And hath the privy key,
 Op'ning the soul's most subtil rooms:
 While those to spirits refin'd at door attend
 Dispatches from their friend.

Give me my captive soul, or take
 My body also thither.
 Another lift like this will make
 Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,
 And all our lump to leaven;
 A fervent sigh might well have blown
 Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when *Adam* did not know
 To sin, or sin to smother;
 He might to heav'n from paradise go,
 As from one room t' another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
 By this thy heav'nly blood,
 Which I can go to when I please,
 And leave th' earth to their food.

Antiphon.

¶ *Antiphon.*

Cho. **L** Et all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The Heavens are not too high,
 His Praise may thither fly :
 The Earth is not too low,
 His Praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The Church with Psalms must shout,
 No Door can keep them out :
 But above all, the Heart
 Must bear the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

¶ *Love.*

I.

Immortal Love, Author of this great frame,
 Sprung from that beauty which can never fade ;
 How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
 And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,

While mortal Love doth all the title gain !
 Which siding with invention, they together
 Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,
 (Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.
 With

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit ;
 The world is theirs ; they two play out the game,
 Thou standing by : And tho' thy glorious name
 Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,

Who sings thy praise ? only a scarf or glove (love.
 Doth warm our hands, and make them write of

II.

Immortal heat, O let thy greater flame
 Attract the lesser to it : Let those fires
 Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
 And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way. (brain
 Then shall our hearts pant thee ; then shall our
 All her inventions on thine altar lay,
 And there in Hymns send back thy fire again :

Our eyes shall see thee, which before saw dust ;
 Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blind :
 Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind,
 Who were disseized by usurping lust :

All knees shall bow to thee ; all wits shall rise,
 And praise him who did make and mend our eyes.

¶ *The Temper.*

How should I praise thee, Lord ! how should my
 Gladly engrave thy love in steel, (rhymes
 If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
 My soul might ever feel !

Although there were some forty Heav'ns, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
Those distances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
A crumb of dust from Heav'n to Hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there:
Then of a Sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear,

Yet take thy way; for sure thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me thy poor debtor:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the Musick better.

Whether I fly with Angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy Power and Love, my love and trust
Make one place ev'ry where.

¶ The Temper.

I T cannot be. Where is that mighty joy,
Which just now took up all my heart?
Lord! if thou must needs use thy dart,
Say that, and me, or sin for both destroy.

The

The groffer world stands to thy word and art;
 But thy Diviner World of Grace
 Thou suddenly dost raise and raise,
 And ev'ry day a new Creator art.

O fix thy chair of Grace, that all my powers
 May also fix their reverence:
 For when thou dost depart from hence,
 They grow unruly, and sit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:
 Though Elements change, and Heaven move;
 Let not thy higher Court remove,
 But keep a standing Majesty in me.

¶ *Jordan.*

WHo says that fictions only and false hair
 Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
 Is all good structure in a winding stair?
 May no lines pass, except they do their duty
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
 And sudden arbors shadow course-spun lines?
 Must purling streams refresh a lovers love?
 Must all be vail'd, while he that reads, divines,
 Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest People; let them Sing:
 Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime:
 I envy no man's nightingale or spring;
 Nor let them punish me with loss of Rhyme,
 Who plainly say, *My God, My King.*

¶ *Employ-*

¶ *Employment.*

IF as a flower doth spread and die,
 Thou would'st extend me to some good,
 Before I were by frosts extremity
 Nipt in the bud,

The sweetness and the praise were thine :
 But the extension and the room,
 Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
 At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
 The greater shall our glory be.
 The measure of our joys is in this place,
 The stuff with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend.
 A life as barren to thy praise,
 As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,
 But with delays.

All things are busie ; only I
 Neither bring Honey with the Bees,
 Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
 To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
 But all my company is as a weed.
 Lord place me in thy consort ; give one strain
 To my poor reed.

¶ *The*

¶ *The H. Scriptures.*

I.

OH Book ! infinite sweetness ! let my heart
 Suck ev'ry letter, and a honey gain ,
 Precious for any grief in any part,
 To clear the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
 A full eternity : Thou art a mass
 Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
 Ladies, look here : this is the thankful glass,

That mends the looker's eyes : This is the Well
 That washes what it shews : Who can endear
 Thy praise too much ? thou art heav'n's Lieger
 Working against the states of death and hell. (here,

Thou art joys handsel : Heav'n lies flat in thee,
 Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
 And the configurations of their glory !
 Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
 But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
 Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie.

Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
 These three make up some Christian's destinie.

Such

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee : For in ev'ry thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books , and often times do miss :
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

¶ *Whitsunday.*

L Isten sweet Dove unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings on me ;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
On thy Apostles ? thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men ;

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appear :
The Stars were coming down to know,
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The Sun, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wish'd for night,
When he beheld twelve Suns for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
That cordial water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault (wound ;
Of those, who did themselves through their side

Thou

Thou shutt'st the door, and keep'st within ;
 Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink :
 And if the braves of conquering sin
 Did not-excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same ;
 The same sweet God of love and light ;
 Restore this day, for thy great Name,
 Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ *Grace.*

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
 Doth my dull husbandry improve :
 O let thy graces without cease
 Drop from above.

If still the Sun should hide his face,
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
 Thy works night's captives : O let grace.
 Drop from above.

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall ;
 And shall the dew out-strip thy Dove ?
 The dew, for which grasse cannot call,
 Drop from above !

Death is still working like a mole,
 And digs my grave at each remove :
 Let grace work too, and on my soul
 Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart.
 Unto a hardness void of love :
 Let supp'ling grace to cross his art ;
 Drop from above.

O come !

O come ! for thou dost know the way :
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above.

¶ *Praise.*

TO write a verse or two is all the Praise,
That I can raise :
Mend my estate in any ways,
Thou shalt have more.
I go to Church ; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly ;
Or if I mount unto the sky,
I will do more.
Man is all weakness, there is no such thing
As Prince or King :
His arm is short, yet with a sling
He may do more.
An herb distill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the same floor,
To a brave soul : Exalt the poor,
They can do more.
O raise me then ! Poor bees that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work as well as they,
And much, much more.

¶ *Affliction.*

Kill me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of Life ; since thy own death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of *Methusalem's* stay.

If

If all mens tears were let
 Into one common sewer, sea, and brine ;
 What were they all, compar'd to thine ?
 Wherein if they were set,
 They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.
 Thou art my grief alone,
 Thou Lord conceal it not : And as thou art
 All my delight, so all my smart :
 Thy cross took up in one,
 By way of imprest, all my future moan.

¶ *Mattens.*

I Cannot ope mine eyes,
 But thou art ready there to catch
 My morning-soul and sacrifice :
 Then we must needs for that day make a match ;

My God, what is a heart ?
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
 Or star, or rainbow, or a part
 Of all these things, or all of them in one ?

My God, what is a heart,
 That thou shouldst it so eye and woo,
 Pouring upon it all thy art,
 As if that thou hadst nothing else to do ?

Indeed man's whole estate
 Amounts (and richly) to serve thee :
 He did not Heav'n and Earth create,
 Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy Love to know ;
 That this new light, which now I see,
 May both the work and workman show :
 Then by a Sun-beam I will climb to thee.

¶ *Sin.*

OH that I could a sin once see !
 We paint the Devil foul, yet he
 Hath some good in him, all agree.
 Sin is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
 It wants the good of *Virtue* and of *Being*.

But God more care of us hath had,
 If apparitions make us sad,
 By sight of sin we should grow mad.
 Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live ;
 So devils are our sins in prospective.

¶ *Even-Song.*

Blest be the God of Love,
 Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
 Both to be busie, and to play.
 But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me fight alone,
 Which to himself he did deny :
 For when he sees my ways, I die :
 But I have got his Son, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
 For this thy love ? have I discharg'd the debt,
 Which this day's favour did beget ?
 I ran ; but all I brought was some.

Thy diet, care, and cost,
 Do end in bubbles, balls of wind ;
 Of wind to thee whom I have crost,
 But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet

Yet still thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
Saying to man, *It doth suffice ;*
Henceforth repose ; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou dost inclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse which shews more love,
The day or night ; that is the gale, this th' harbour ;
That is the walk, and this the arbour ;
Or that the Garden, this the Grove.

My God, thou art all love.
Not one poor minute scapes thy breast,
But brings a favour from above ;
And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

¶ Church-Monuments.

WHILE that my soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust ;
To which the blast of death's incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My Body to the School, that it may learn
To spell his elements, and find his birth
Written in dusty heraldry and lines.
Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for signs,

To

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
 And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
 When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
 To kiss those heaps, which now they have in trust?
 Dear flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem
 And true descent: That when thou shalt grow fat,
 And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
 That flesh is but the glass which holds the dust
 That measures all our time; which also shall
 Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below,
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
 That thou mayst fit thy self against thy fall.

¶ *Church-Musick.*

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you; when displeasure
 Did through my body wound my mind,
 You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
 A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
 Rising and falling with your wings:
 We both together sweetly live and love,
 Yet say sometimes, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort, I'll die; for if you part from me,
 Sure I shall do so, and much more:
 But if I travel in your companie,
 You know the way to Heavens door.

¶ *Church Lock and Key.*

I Know it is my sin, which locks thine ears,
 And binds thy hands!
 Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears;
 Or else the chilness of my faint demands,

But

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it still;
So I do lay the want of my desire,
Not on my sins, or coldness, but thy Will.
Yet here, O God, only for his Bloods sake
Which pleads for me:
For though sins, plead too, yet like stones they make
His Blood's sweet current much more loud to be

¶ *The Church-floor.*

Mark you the floor? that square & speckled stone,
Which looks so firm and strong
Is *Patience*.

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is check'ed all along,
Humility;

The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is Confidence ;

But the sweet Cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charity*.

Hither sometimes sin steals, and stains
The Marble's neat and curious veins :
But all is cleansed when the Marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the dust about the floor :
But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
Blest be the *Architect*, whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart.

¶ *The Windows.*

Lord, how can Man preach thy eternal Word?
 He is a brittle crazy Glas:
 Yet in thy Temple thou dost him afford
 This glorious and transcendent Place,
 To be a Window, through thy Grace.

But when thou dost anneal in Glas thy Story,
 Making thy Life to shine within
 The Holy Preachers; then the Light and Glory
 More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;
 Which else shews watrish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and Life, Colours and Light, in one
 When they combine and mingle, bring
 A strong Regard and Awe: But speech alone
 Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
 And in the Ear, not Conscience, ring.

¶ *Trinity-Sunday.*

Lord, who hast form'd me out of Mud,
 And hast redeem'd me through thy Blood,
 And sanctify'd me to do good;

Purge all my Sins done heretofore:
 For I confess my heavy score:
 And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my Heart, Mouth, Hands in me,
 With Faith, with Hope, with Charity;
 That I may run, rise, rest with thee.

¶ *Content.*

PEACE mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to
 Within the walls of your own breast. (keep
 Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
 Can on anothers hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest and call
 Of an untrained hope or passion.
 To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
 Is wantonness in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie:
 Content and warm t' it self alone:
 But when it would appear to others eye,
 Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
 Complies and suits with all estates;
 Which can let loose to a Crown, and yet with plea-
 Take up within a cloisters gates. (sure

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
 From either pole unto the centre:
 Where in each room of the well-furnish'd tent
 He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days wonder:
 And after death the fumes that spring
 From private bodies, make as big a thunder,
 As those which rise from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is lost: And yet
 Better by worms be all once spent,
 Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
 Thy name in books, which may not rent.

When

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
 Are chaw'd by others pens and tongues;
 And as their wit is their digestion,
 Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground,
 Do not thy self or friends importune.
 He that by seeking hath himself once found,
 Hath ever found a happy fortune.

¶ *The Quiddity.*

MY God, a Verse is not a Crown;
 No point of honour, or gay suit.
 No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
 Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
 It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
 Nor can it entertain the day
 With a great stable or demain.

It is no Office, Art, or News,
 Nor the Exchange, or busy Hall:
 But it is that, which while I use,
 I am with thee, and *Most* take *All*.

¶ *Humility.*

I Saw the Virtues sitting hand in hand
 In sev'ral Ranks upon an azure Throne,
 Where all the Beasts and Fowls by their command
 Presented tokens of submission.
 Humility, who sat the lowest there

To execute their call,
 When by the Beasts the presents tendred were,
 Gave them about to all.

The angry Lyon did present his Paw,
Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude.
The fearful Hare her Ears, which by their Law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.

The jealous *Turky* brought his Coral-Chain;
That went to Temperance.

On Justice was bestow'd the Fox's Brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacock's Plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave Gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it as proper to his place,
Till they fell out: Which when the Beasts espy'd,
They leapt upon the Throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side,
They had depos'd each one.

Humility, who held the Plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the Tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the Train: Then saying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their Frown
Against the Beasts: So joyntly bandying,
They drive them soon away;
And then amerc'd them double Gifts to bring
At the next Session-day.

¶ Frailty.

Lord, in my Silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is stiled, *Honour, Riches, or fair Eyes*;
But is *fair Dust*!
I surname them *gilded Clay,*
Dear Earth, fine Grass, or Hay;
In all, I think my Foot doth ever tread
Upon their Head.

But

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
 The World's, and Thine,
 Thine clad with Simpleness, and sad Events;
 The other fine,
 Full of Glory and gay Weeds,
 Brave language, braver Deeds:
 That which was Dust before, doth quickly rise,
 And prick mine Eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
 My Foot did tread,
 Affront those Joys wherewith thou didst endow:
 And long since wed
 My poor Soul, ev'n sick of Love;
 It may a *Babel* prove,
 Commodious to conquer Heav'n and thee.
 Planted in me.

¶ *Constancy.*

WHO is the honest Man?
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
 To God, his Neighbour and himself most true:
 Whom neither Force nor Fawning can
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose Honesty is not
 So loose or easy, that a rustling Wind
 Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind:
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
 While the World now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:

All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in any thing a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:

His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and freight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: When the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:

The Sun to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue; Virtue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, Women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:

Whom others faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.

This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

¶ Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,

Making a scepter of the rod:
Hadst thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies ; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind?

Or if some years with it escape,

The sigh then only is

A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be

A point of honour, now to grieve in me,

And in thy members suffer ill.

They who lament one cross,

Thou dying daily, praise thee to thy loss.

¶ *The Star.*

B Right spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviour's face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart ;
For thou canst make a Debter,
And make it better.

First with thy Fire-work burn to Dust
Folly, and worse than Folly, Lust :
Then with thy Light refine,
And make it shine.

So disengag'd from Sin and Sickness,
Touch it with thy Celestial Quickness,
That it may hang and move
After thy Love.

Then with our Trinity of Light,
 Motion, and Heat, let's take our Flight
 Unto the Place where thou
 Before didst bow.

Get me a Standing there, and place
 Among the Beams, which crown the Face
 Of him who dy'd to part
 Sin and my Heart.

That so among the rest I may
 Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
 That winding is their fashion
 Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
 To fly home like a laden Bee
 Unto that Hive of Beams
 And Garland-streams.

¶ *Sunday.*

O Day most calm, most bright,
 The Fruit of this, the next World's Bud,
 Th' indorment of supreme Delight,
 Writ by a Friend, and with his Blood;
 The Couch of Time, Cares balm and bay;
 The Week were dark, but for thy Light:
 Thy Torch doth shew the way.

The other Days and thou
 Make up one Man ; whose Face thou art,
 Knocking at Heav'n with thy Brow :
 The worky-days are the back-part ;
 The Burden of the Week lies there,
 Making the whole to stoop and bow,
 'Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
 To endless Death : But thou dost pull.
 And turn us round to look on one,
 Whom, if we were not very dull,
 We could not choose but look on still ;
 Since there is no place so alone,
 The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the Pillars are,
 On which Heav'n's Palace arched lies :
 The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room with Vanities..
 They are the fruitful Beds and Borders
 In God's rich Garden : That is bare,
 Which parts their Ranks and Orders ;

The Sundays of Man's Life,
 Thredded together on Time's String,
 Make Bracelets to adorn the Wife
 Of the eternal glorious King..
 On Sunday Heaven's Gate stands ope ;
 Blessings are plentiful and rise,
 More plentiful than hope..

This day my Saviour rose,
 And did inclose this Light for his :
 That, as each Beast his Manger knows,
 Man might not of his Fodder miss.
 Christ hath took in this Piece of Ground,
 And made a Garden there for those
 Who want Herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
 Our great Redeemer did remove
 With the same Shake, which at his Passion
 Did th' Earth and all Things with it move.
 As *Samson* bore the Doors away,
 Christ's Hands, tho' nail'd, wrought our Salvation,
 And did unhinge that Day.

The brightness of that Day
 We sullied by our foul Offence :
 Wherefore that Robe we cast away,
 Having a new at his Expence,
 Whose drops of Blood paid the full price,
 That was requir'd, to make us gay,
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of Mirth : -
 And where the week-days trail on Ground,
 Thy Flight is higher, as thy Birth :
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n,
 Till that we both, being toss'd from Earth,
 Fly Hand in Hand to Heaven !

¶ *Avarice.*

Money, thou bane of Bliss, and source of Woe,
 Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and
 I know thy Parentage is base and low: (fine?
 Man found thee poor and dirty in a Mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
 To this great Kingdom, which thou now hast got,
 That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
 To dig thee out of thy dark Cave and Grot.

Then forcing thee, by Fire he made thee bright:
 Nay, thou hast got the Face of Man; for we
 Have with our Stamp and Seal transfer'd our right:
 Thou art the Man, and Man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his Wealth, who made thee rich;
 And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana- { **MARY** }
 { **ARMY** } *gram.*

How well her Name an *Army* doth present,
 In whom the *Lord of Hosts* did pitch his Tent!

¶ *To all Angels and Saints.*

OH glorious Spirits who after all your Bands,
 See the smooth Face of God, without a Frown,
 Or strict Commands;
 Where ev'ry one is King, and hath his Crown,
 If not upon his Head, yet in his Hands:

Not

Not out of Envy or Maliciouſneſs
Do I forbear to crave your ſpecial Aid.

I would addreſs
My Vows to thee moſt gladly, bleſſed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my diſtreſs:

Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,
The great Reſtorative for all Decay

In young and old;
Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewel lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my Soul unfold.

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praiſe,
Bids no ſuch thing:
And where his Pleaſure no Injunſtion lays,
(’Tis your own caſe) ye never move a Wing.

All Worſhip is Prerogative, and a Flower,
Of his rich Crown, from whom lies no Appeal
At the laſt Hour:
Therefore we dare not from his Garland ſteal,
To make a Poſy for inferior Power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What’s done on Earth, we ſhall not fare the worſe,
Who do not ſo;
Since we are ever ready to diſburſe,
If any one our Maſter’s Hand can ſhow.

¶ Employment.

HE that is weary, let him ſit;
My Soul would ſtir
And trade in Courteſies and Wit,
Quitting the Fur,
The cold Complexions needing it.

Man

Man is no Star, but a quick Coal
 Of mortal Fire :
 Who blows it not, nor doth controll
 A faint Desire ,
 Lets his own Ashes choke his Soul.
 When th' Elements did for place contest
 With him whose Will
 Ordain'd the highest to be best.
 The Earth sat still,
 And by the others is oppress'd.
 Life is a business, not good cheer ;
 Ever in Wars.
 The Sun still shineth there or here,
 Whereas the Stars
 Watch an advantage to appear.
 Oh that I were an Orange-tree,
 That bulie Plant !
 Then should I ever laden be,
 And never want
 Some Fruit for him that dresseth me.
 But we are still too young or old ;
 The Man is gone,
 Before we do our Wares unfold :
 So we freeze on,
 Untill the Grave increase our Cold.

¶ *Denial.*

When my Devotions could not pierce
 Thy silent Ears ;
 Then was my Heart broken, as was my Verse ;
 My breast was full of Fears
 And Disorder.

My

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
 Did fly asunder ;
 Each took his way : some would to pleasure go,
 Some to the wars and thunder
 Of alarms.

As good go any where, say they,
 As to benum
 Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, Come, my God, O come !
 But no hearing.

O thou that should'st give dust a tongue
 To cry to thee,
 And then not hear it crying ! all day long.
 My heart was in my knee,
 But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
 Untun'd, unstrung :
 My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
 Like a nipt blossom, hung
 Discontented.

O chear and tune my heartless breast,
 Defer no time ;
 That so thy favours granting my request,
 They and my mind may chime,
 And mend my rhyme.

¶ *Christmas.*

ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
 My horse and I, both tir'd, body and mind,
 With full cry of affections quite astray,
 I took up in the next Inn I could find.

There

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
 My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
 Of pleasures brought me to him, ready there
 To be all passengers most sweet relief?

O thou whose glorious, yet contracted light,
 Wrapt in nights mantle, stole into a Manger,
 Since my dark Soul and brutish is thy right,
 To Man of all beasts be not thou a stranger.

Furnish and deck my Soul, that thou mayst have
 A better lodging, than a rack, or grave.

THE Shepherds sing, and shall I silent be?
 My God, no Hymn for thee?
 My Soul's a Shepherd too; a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
 The pasture is thy word; the streams thy grace
 Enriching all the place.
 Shepherd and Flock shall sing, and all my powers
 Out-sing the day-light hours.
 Then we will chide the Sun for letting night
 Take up his place and right:
 We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should
 Himself the candle hold.
 I will go searching, till I find a Sun,
 Shall stay till we have done;
 A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
 As frost-nipt Suns look sadly.
 Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
 And one another pay:
 His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
 'Till ev'n his beams sing, and my musick shine.

¶ *Ungratefulness.*

LORD, with what Bounty and rare Clemency
Hast thou redeem'd us from the Grave!

If thou had'st let us run,
Gladly had Man ador'd the Sun,
And thought his God most brave;
Where now we shall be better Gods than he.

Thou hast but two rare Cabinets full of Treasure,
The *Trinity*, and *Incarnation*;
Thou hast unlock'd them both,
And made them Jewels to betroth
The Work of thy Creation
Unto thy self in everlasting Pleasure.

The statelier Cabinet is the *Trinity*,
Whose sparkling Light access denies;
Therefore thou dost not show
This fully to us, till Death blow
The Dust into our Eyes;
For by that Powder thou wilt make us see:

But all thy Sweets are pack'd up in the other;
Thy Mercies thither flock and flow;
That, as the first affrights,
This may allure us with Delights;
Because this Box we know;
For we have all of us just such another.

But Man is close, reserv'd, and dark to thee;
When thou demandest but a Heart,
He cavils instantly.
In his poor Cabinet of Bone
Sins have their Box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gavest two for one.

¶ *Sighs and Groans.*

O Do not use me
 After my Sins! look not on my desert,
 But on thy glory! then thou wilt reform,
 And not refuse me: For thou only art
 The mighty God, but I a silly Worm:
 O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!
 For what account can thy ill Steward make?
 I have abus'd thy Stock, destroy'd thy Woods,
 Suck'd all thy Magazins: My Head did ake,
 Till it found out how to consume thy Goods:
 O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!
 I have deserv'd that an *Egyptian* Night
 Should thicken all my Powers; because my Lust
 Hath still sew'd Fig-leaves to exclude thy Light;
 But I am Frailty, and already Dust;
 O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
 With the turn'd Vial of thy bitter Wrath!
 For thou hast other Vessels full of Blood,
 A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
 Ev'n unto Death: Since he dy'd for my good;
 O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me!
 For thou hast *Life* and *Death* at thy command;
 Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *Feast* and *God*,
Cordial and *Corrosive*; Put not thy Hand
 Into the bitter Box; but O my God,
 My God, relieve me.

The

¶ The World.

Love built a stately house; where *Fortune* came :
 And spinning fancies, she was heard to say,
 That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
 Whereas they were supported by the same :
 But *Wisdom* quickly swept them all away.

Then *Pleasure* came, who, liking not the fashion,
 Began to make *Balconies, Terraces,*
 Till she had weakned all by alteration :
 But rev'rend *Laws*, and many a *Proclamation*
 Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sin*, and with that *Sycomore*, (dew,
 Whose leaves first sheltred man from drought and
 Working and winding flily evermore,
 The inward Walls and Sommers cleft and tore :
 But *Grace* shor'd these, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sin* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band,
 To rase the building to the very floor :
 Which they effected, none could them withstand ;
 But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand,
 And built a braver Palace than before.

Colos. 3. 3.

Our Life is hid with Christ in God.

(notion,
MY words and thoughts do both express this
 That *LIFE* hath with the Sun a double motion.
 The first *IS* streight, and our diurnal friend ;
 The other *HID*, and doth obliquely bend :
 One life is wrapt *IN* flesh, and tends to earth :
 The other winds towards *HIM*, whose happy birth
 Taught me to live here so, *THAT* still one eye
 Should aim and shoot at that which *IS* on high ;
 Quitting with daily Labour all *MY* pleasure,
 To gain at Harvest an eternal *TREASURE*.

¶ *Vanity.*

THe fleet Astronomer can bore,
 And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing mind :
 He views their stations, walks from door to door,
 Surveys, as if he had design'd
 To make a purchase there : He sees their Dances,
 And knoweth long before
 Both their full-ey'd Aspects, and secret Glances.

The nimble diver with his side
 Cuts through the working Waves, that he may fetch
 His dearly-earned Pearl, which God did hide
 On purpose from the ventrous Wretch ;
 That he might save his Life, and also hers,
 Who with excessive Pride
 Her own Destruction and his Danger wears.

The

The subtil Chymick can develt
And strip the Creature naked, till he find
The callow Principles within their Nest:

There he imparts to them his Mind,
Admitted to their Bed-chamber, before

They appear trim and drest
To ordinary Suitors at the Door.

What hath not Man sought out and found;
But his dear God? who yet his glorious Law
Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground

With showers and Frost, with love and aw;
So that we need not say, Where's this command?

Poor Man! thou searchest round
To find out *Death*, but missest *Life* at hand.

¶ *Lent.*

WElcom dear Feast of *Lent*; who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
But is compos'd of Passion.

The Scriptures bid us *fast*; the Church says, *Now*;
Give to thy Mother what thou would'st allow
To every corporation.

The humble Soul compos'd of Love and Fear,
Begins at home, and lays the Burden there,
When Doctrines disagree.

He says, in things which use hath justly got;
I am a scandal to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance seeking no Evasion,
When Good is seasonable ;
Unless Authority, which should encrease
The obligation in us, make it less,
And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet Abstinence,
Quick Thoughts and Motions at a small expence,
A Face not fearing Lights :
Whereas in fulness there are sluttish Fumes,
Sour Exhalations, and dishonest Rheums,
Revenging the Delight.

Then those same pendent Profits, which the Spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And Goodness of the Deed.
Neither ought other Mens abuse of *Lent*
Spoil the good use ; left by that Argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth Day ;
Yet to go part of that religious Way,
Is better than to rest :
We cannot reach our Saviour's Purity ;
Yet are we bid, *Be holy ev'n as he.*
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth By-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more
May strengthen my Decays.

Yet Lord instruct us to improve our Fast
 By starving Sin, and taking such repast,
 As may our Faults controul:
 That every Man may revel at his door,
 Not in his Parlour; banqueting the Poor,
 And among those his Soul.

¶ *Virtue.*

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The Bridal of the Earth and Sky,
 The Dew shall weep thy Fall to night;
 For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash Gazer wipe his Eye,
 Thy Root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet Days and Roses,
 A Box where Sweets compacted lie,
 My Musick shews ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous Soul,
 Like season'd Timber, never gives;
 But though the whole World turn to a Coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

¶ *The Pearl.* Matth. 13.

I Know the ways of Learning ; both the Head
 And Pipes that feed the press, and make it run ;
 What Reason hath from Nature borrowed,
 Or of it self, like a good Housewife, spun
 In Laws and Policy ; what the stars conspire ;
 What willing Nature speaks, what forc'd by fire ;
 Both th' old discoveries, and the new found Seas ;
 The Stock and Surplus, Cause and History :
 All these stand open, or I have the Keys :
 Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
 The quick Returns of Courtesie and Wit :
 In vies of Favours whether Party gains,
 When Glory swells the Heart, and moldeth it
 To all expressions both of Hand and Eye,
 Which on the World a True-love Knot may tye,
 And bear the Bundle, wheresoe'er it goes :
 How many Drams of Spirits there must be
 To sell my Life unto my Friends or Foes ;
 Yet I love thee.

I know the Ways of Pleasure, the sweet Strains,
 The lullings and the relishes of it ;
 The propositions of hot Blood and Brains ;
 What Mirth and Musick mean ; what Love and Wit
 Have done these twenty hundred Years, and more :
 I know the Projects of unbridled Store :
 My Stuff is Flesh, not Brass ; my Senses live,
 And grumble oft, that they have more in me
 Than he that curbs them, being but one to five :
 Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand :
 Therefore not sealed, but with open Eyes
 I fly to thee, and fully understand
 Both the main Sale, and the Commodities ;
 And at what Rate and Price I have thy love ;
 With all the Circumstances that may move :
 Yet through the Labyrinths, not my groveling Wit,
 But thy Silk-twist let down from Heav'n to me,
 Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
 To climb to thee.

¶ Affliction.

Broken in pieces all asunder,
 Lord hunt me not
 A thing forgot,
 Once a poor Creature, now a wonder ;
 A Wonder tortur'd in the space
 Betwixt this World and that of Grace.

My Thoughts are all a case of Knives,
 Wounding my Heart
 With scatter'd smart ;
 As Wat'ring-pots give Flowers their Lives.
 Nothing their Fury can control,
 While they do wound and prick my Soul.

All my Attendants are at strife,
 Quitting their Place
 Unto my Face :
 Nothing performs the Task of Life :
 The Elements are let loose to fight,
 And while I live, try out their right.

Oh help, my God ! let not their Plot
 Kill them and me,
 And also thee,
 Who art my Life : Dissolve the Knot,
 As the Sun scatters by his Light
 All the Rebellions of the Night.
 Then shall these Powers, which work for Grief,
 Enter thy Pay,
 And Day by Day
 Labour thy Praise and my Relief ;
 With Care and Courage building me,
 'Till I reach Heav'n, and much more thee.

¶ *Man.*

MY God, I heard this Day,
 That none doth build a stately Habitation,
 But he that means to dwell therein.
 What House more stately hath there been,
 Or can be, than is Man? to whose Creation
 All things are in decay.
 For Man is ev'ry thing,
 And more : He is a Tree, yet bears no Fruit ;
 A Beast, yet is, or should be more.
 Reason and Speech we only bring.
 Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
 They go upon the score.
 Man is all symmetry,
 Full of Proportions, one Limb to another,
 And all to all the World besides :
 Each part may call the farthest Brother :
 For Head with Foot hath private Amity,
 And both with Moons and Tides.

E

Nothing

Nothing hath got so far,
 But Man hath caught and kept it, as his Prey.
 His Eyes dismount the highest Star;
 He is in little all the Sphere;
 Herbs gladly cure our Flesh, because that they
 Find their Acquaintance there.

For us the Winds do blow; (flow.
 The Earth doth rest, Heav'n move, and Fountains
 Nothing we see, but means our good,
 As our *Delight*, or as our *Treasure*;
 The whole is either our Cupboard of *Food*,
 Or Cabinet of *Pleasure*.

The Stars have us to Bed;
 Night draws the Curtain, which the Sun withdraws:
 Musick and Light attend our Head.
 All things unto our *Flesh* are kind
 In their *Descent* and *Being*; to our *Mind*
 In their *Affent* and *Cause*:

Each thing is full of Duty:
 Waters united are our Navigation;
 Distinguished, our Habitation;
 Below, our Drink; above, our Meat:
 Both are our Cleanliness. Hath one such Beauty?
 Then how are all things neat!

More Servants wait on Man,
 Than he'll take notice of: In every Path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,
 When Sickness makes him pale and wan.
 Oh mighty Love! Man is one World, and hath
 Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
'Till then afford us so much Wit,
That as the World serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy Servants be.

¶ *Antiphon.*

Chor. PRAISED be the God of Love,
Men. Here below,

Angels. And here above:

Chor. Who hath dealt his Mercies so,

Ang. To his Friend,

Men. And to his Foe:

Chor. That both Grace and Glory tend

Ang. Us of old,

Men. And us in th' end.

Chor. The great Shepherd of the Fold

Ang. Us did make,

Men. For us was sold.

Chor. He our Foes in pieces brake:

Ang. Him we touch;

Men. And him we take.

Chor. Wherefore since that he is such,

Ang. We adore,

Men. And we do crouch,

Chor. Lord, thy Praises shall be more.

Men. We have none,

Ang. And we no store,

Chor. Praised be the God alone,

Who hath made of two Folds one.

¶ Unkindness.

Lord, make me tender to offend:
In Friendship, first I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my Friends intent and end.
I would not use a Friend as I use thee,

If any touch my Friend, or his good Name,
It is my Honour and my Love to free
His blasted Fame
From the least Spot or Thought of Blame.
I could not use a Friend, as I use thee.

My Friend may spit upon my curious Floor:
Would he have Gold? I lend it instantly;
But let the Poor,
And thou within them starve at Door.
I cannot use a Friend, as I use thee.

When that my Friend pretendeth to a Place,
I quit my Interest, and leave it free ;
But when thy Grace
Sues for my Heart, I thee displace ;
Nor would I use a Friend as I use thee.

Yet can a Friend what thou hast done fulfil?
 O write in brass, *My God upon a Tree*
His Blood did spill,
Only to purchase my good Will;
Yet use I not my Foes as I use Thee.

¶ *Life.*

I Made a Posy, while the Day ran by :
 Here will I finell my Remnant out, and tye
 My Life within this Band.
 But Time did beckon to the Flowers, and they
 By Noon most cunningly did steal away,
 And wither'd in my Hand.

My Hand was next to them, and then my Heart ;
 I took, without more thinking, in good part
 Time's gentle Admonition ;
 Who did so sweetly Death's sad taste convey,
 Making my Mind to smell my fatal Day,
 Yet sug'ring the Suspicion.

Farewel dear Flowers ; sweetly your Time ye spent,
 Fit, while ye liv'd, for Smell or Ornament.
 And after Death for Cures.
 I follow streight without Complaints or Grief,
 Since, if my Scent be good, I care not if
 It be as short as yours.

¶ *Submission.*

BUT that thou art my Wisdom, Lord,
 And both mine Eyes are thine,
 My Mind would be extreemly stirr'd
 For missing my Design.

Were it not better to bestow
 Some Place and Power on me ?
 Then should thy Praises with me grow,
 And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
 I do resume my Sight;
 And pilf'ring what I once did give,
 Disseise thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou should'st me raise,
 That I should then raise thee?
 Perhaps great Places, and thy Praise
 Do not so well agree.
 Wherefore unto my Gift I stand;
 I will no more advise:
 Only do thou lend me a Hand,
 Since thou hast both mine Eyes.

¶ Justice.

I Cannot skill of these thy Ways.
Lord, thou did'st make me, yet thou woundest me;
Lord, thou do'st wound me, yet thou dost relieve me;
Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee;
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my Life and Praise,
 Thy Justice me most fitly pays;
For I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not;
My Prayers mean thee, yet my Prayers stray.
I would do well, yet Sin the Hand hath got;
My Soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
 I cannot skill of these my Ways.

¶ Charms and Knots.

Who read a Chapter when they rise,
 Shall ne're be troubled with ill Eyes.

A poor Man's Rod, when thou dost ride,
Is both a Weapon and a Guide.

Who shuts his Hand, hath lost his Gold :
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to Bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two Nights to ev'ry Day.

Who by Aspersions throw a Stone
At th' Head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on Ground with humble Eyes,
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

When th' Hair is sweet through Pride or Lust,
The Powder doth forget the Dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten still, if Sermons go for Gains.

In shallow Waters Heav'n doth show:
But who drinks on, to Hell may go,

¶ Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradise was not so firm,
As was and is thy floating Ark, whose Stay
And Anchor thou art only, to confirm
And strengthen it in ev'ry Age,
When Waves do rise, and Tempest rage.

At first we liv'd in Pleasure ;
Thine own Delights thou did'st to us impart :
When we grew wanton, thou did'st use Displeasure
To make us thine ; yet that we might not part,
As we at first did board with thee,
Now thou would'st taste our Misery.

There is but Joy and Grief;
 If either will convert us, we are thine:
 Some Angels us'd the first; if our Relief
 Take up the second, then the double Line
 And several Baits in either kind
 Furnish thy Table to thy Mind.

Affliction then is ours;
 We are the Trees, whom shaking fastens more,
 While blustering Winds destroy the wanton Bowers,
 And ruffle all their curious Knots and Store.
 My God, so temper Joy and Woe,
 That thy bright Beams may tame thy Bow.

¶ *Mortification.*

How soon doth Man decay!
 When Clothes are taken from a Chest of Sweets
 To swaddle Infants, whose young Breath
 Scarce knows the way:
 Those Clouts are little winding-sheets,
 Which do consign and send them unto Death.

When Boys go first to Bed,
 They step into their voluntary Graves;
 Sleep binds them fast; only their Breath
 Makes them not dead:
 Successive Nights, like rolling Waves,
 Convey them quickly, who are bound for Death.

When Youth is frank and free,
 And calls for Musick, while his Veins do swell,
 All day exchanging Mirth and Breath
 In Company;
 That Musick summons to the knell,
 Which shall befriend him at the House of Death.

When

When Man grows staid and wise,
Getting a House and Home, where he may move
Within the Circle of his Breath,
Schooling his Eyes;
That dumb Inclosure maketh Love
Unto the Coffin, that attends his Death.

When Age grows low and weak,
Marking his Grave, and thawing ev'ry Year,
'Till all do melt, and drown his Breath
When he would speak;
A Chair or Litter shews the Bier,
Which shall convey him to the House of Death.

Man, e're he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And drest his Herse, while he hath breath
As yet to spare.
Yet Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these Dyings may be Life in Death.

¶ Decay.

Sweet were the Days when thou didst lodge with
Struggle with *Jacob*, sit with *Gideon*, (Lot,
Advise with *Abraham*, when thy Power could not
Encounter *Moses* strong Complaints and Mone:
Thy words were then, *Let me alone*.

One might have sought, and found thee presently
At some fair Oak, or Bush, or Cave, or Well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply:
He is to *Sinai* gone, as we heard tell:
Lift, ye may hear great *Aaron's* Bell.

But now thou dost thy self immure and close
 In some one Corner of a feeble Heart :
 Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old Foes,
 Do pinch and streighten thee, and use much Art
 To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the VWorld grows old, when as the Heat
 Of thy great Love once spread, as in an Urn
 Doth closet up it self, and still retreat,
 Cold Sin still forcing it, till it return,
 And calling Justice all things burn.

¶ Misery.

LOrd, let the Angels praise thy Name.
 Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing ;
 Folly and Sin play all his game.
 His House still burns ; and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but Glafs,
He knows it, fill the Glafs.

How canst thou brook his Foolishness ?
 Nay, he'll not lose a Cup of Drink for thee :
 Bid him but temper his Excess ;
 Not he ; he knows where he can better be,
 As he will swear,
 Than to serve thee in fear.

What strange Pollutions doth he wed,
 And make his own, as if none knew but he !
 No Man shall beat into his Head,
 That thou within his Curtains drawn canst see :
 They are of Cloth,
 Where never yet came Moth.

The best of Men, turn but thy Hand
For one poor Minute, stumble at a Pin :
They would not have their Actions scan'd,
Nor any Sorrow tell them that they sin,
Though it be small,
And measure not their Fall.

They quarrel thee, and would give over
The Bargain made to serve thee : But thy Love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their Follies with the Wing of thy mild Dove,
Not suff'ring those
Who would, to be thy Foes.

My God, Man cannot praise thy Name :
Thou art all Brightness, perfect Purity :
The Sun holds down his Head for shame,
Dead with Eclipses, when we speak of thee..
How shall Infection
Presume on thy Perfection ?

As dirty Hands foul all they touch,
And those things most; which are most pure and fine :
So our Clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To sing thy Praises, make them less divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy Portion is.

Man cannot serve thee ; let him go
And serve the Swine ; there, there is his Delight :
He doth not like this Virtue, no ;
Give him his Dirt to wallow in all Night :
These Preachers make
His Head to shoot and ake.

Oh foolish Man, where are thine Eyes?
 How hast thou lost them in a Croud of Cares?
 Thou pull'st the Rug, and wilt not rise,
 No, not to purchase the whole Pack of Stars:
 There let them shine,
 Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The Bird that sees a dainty Bower
 Made in the Tree where she was wont to sit,
 Wonders and sings, but not his Power,
 Who made the Arbour: This exceeds her Wit.
 But Man doth know
 The Spring whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,
 His Knowledge winks, and lets his Humours reign:
 They make his Life a constant Blot,
 And all the Blood of God to run in vain.
 Ah wretch! what Verse
 Can thy strange ways rehearse?

Indeed at first Man was a Treasure,
 A Box of Jewels, Shop of Rarities,
 A Ring, whose Posy was, *My Pleasure*;
 He was a Garden in a Paradise:
 Glory and Grace
 Did crown his Heart and Face.

But Sin hath fool'd him. Now he is
 A lump of Flesh, without a Foot or VVing
 To raise him to the Glimpse of Bliss:
 A sick toss'd Vessel dashing on each thing;
 Nay, his own Shelf:
 My God, I mean my self.

¶ *Jordan.*

WHEN first my Lines of Heav'nly Joys made
 Such was their Lustre, they did so excel,
 That I sought out quaint words and trim invention:
 My Thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
 Curling with Metaphors a plain intention,
 Decking the Sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of Notions in my Brain did run,
 Off'ring their Service, if I were not sped:
 I often blotted what I had begun;
 This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
 Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the Sun,
 Much less those Joys which trample on his Head.

As Flames do work and wind, when they ascend;
 So did I weave my self into the sense.
 But while I bustled, I might hear a Friend
 Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
There is in love a Sweetness ready penn'd;
Copy out only that, and save Expence.

¶ *Prayer.*

OF what an easie quick access,
 My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly
 May our Requests thine Ear invade!
 To shew that State dislikes not easiness.
 If I but lift mine Eyes, my Suit is made:
 Thou canst no more not hear, than thou canst die.

Of what supream Almighty Power
 Is thy great Arm, which spans the East and West,
 And tacks the Centre to the Sphere !
 By it do all things live their measur'd hour :
 We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
 Blaming the shallowness of our Request.

Of what unmeasurable Love
 Art thou possesst, who when thou couldst not die,
 Wert fain to take our Flesh and Curse,
 And for our sakes in Person sin reprove ;
 That by destroying that which ty'd thy Purse,
 Thou might'st make way for Liberality !

Since then these three wait on thy Throne,
Ease, Power, and Love ; I value Prayer so,
 That were I to leave all but one,
 Wealth, Fame, Endowments, Virtues all should go :
 I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
 And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

¶ *Obedience.*

MY God, if Writings may
 Convey a Lordship any way,
 Whither the Buyer and the Seller please ;
 Let it not thee displease,
 If this poor Paper do as much as they.

On my Heart doth bleed
 As many Lines, as there doth need
 To pass it self, and all it hath to thee :
 To which I do agree,
 And here present it as my special Deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
As if this passed with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion ;
I here exclude the Wrangler from thy Treasure.

O let thy sacred Will
All thy Delight in me fulfil :
Let me not think an Action mine own way,
But as thy Love shall sway,
Resigning up the Rudder to thy Skill.

Lord, what is Man to thee,
That thou should'st mind a rotten Tree ?
Yet since thou can'st not chuse but see my Actions ;
So great are thy Perfections,
Thou may'st as well my Actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy Death and Blood
Show'd a strange love to all our Good :
Thy Sorrows were in earnest ; no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forgo :
To one word only I say, No.
When in the Deed there was an intimation
Of a *Gift* or *Donation*,
Lord, let it now by way of *Purchase* go.

He that will pass his Land,
As I have mine, may set his Hand
And Heart unto this Deed, when he hath read ;
And make the Purchase spread
To both our Goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,
 If some kind Man would thrust his Heart
 Into these Lines ; till in Heavens Court of Rolls
 They were by winged Souls
 Entred for both, far above their Desert !

¶ Conscience.

Peace Pratler, do not lowre :
 Not a fair Look, but thou dost call it foul :
 Not a sweet Dish, but thou dost call it sowre :
 Musick to thee doth howl.
 By list'ning to thy chatting Fears
 I have both lost mine Eyes and Ears.

Pratler, no more, I say :
 My Thoughts must work, but like a noiseless Sphere.
 Harmonious Peace must rock them all the day :
 No room for Pratlers there.
 If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
 That I have Physick to expel thee.

And the Receipt shall be
 My Saviour's Blood : when ever at his Board
 I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
 And leaves thee not a word,
 No not a Tooth or Nail to scratch,
 And at my Actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
 Besides my Physick, know there's some for thee :
 Some Wood or Nails to make a Staff or Bill
 For those that trouble me :
 That bloody Cross of my dear Lord
 Is both my Physick and my Sword.

¶ *Sion.*

Lord, with what Glory wast thou serv'd of old,
 When *Solomon's* Temple stood and flourished !
 Where most things were of purest Gold ;
 The Wood was all embellished
 With Flowers and Carvings, mystical and rare :
 All shew'd the Builders, crav'd the Seer's care.

Yet all this Glory, all this Pomp and State
 Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim,
 Something there was that sow'd Debate :
 Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient Claim :
 And now thy Architecture meets with Sin ;
 For all thy Frame and Fabrick is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish Heart,
 Which some times crosseth thee, thou sometimes it :
 The Fight is hard, on either part.
 Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
 All *Solomon's* Sea of Brass and World of Stone
 Is not so dear to thee as one good Groan.

And truly Brass and Stones are heavy things,
 Tombs for the Dead, not Temples fit for thee :
 But Groans are quick and full of Wings,
 And all their Motions upward be ;
 And ever as they mount, like Larks they sing :
 The note is sad, yet Musick for a King.

¶ *Home.*

Come Lord, my Head doth burn, my Heart is sick
 While thou dost ever, ever stay :
 Thy long Deferrings wound me to the quick,
 My Spirit gaspeth night and day.
 O shew thy self to me,
 Or take me up to thee !

How

How can'st thou stay, considering the pace
 The Blood did make, which thou didst waste ?
 When I beheld it trickling down thy Face,
 I never saw thing make such haste.
 O shew thy self to me,
 Or take me up to thee !

When Man was lost, thy Pity lookt about,
 To see what help in th' Earth or Sky :
 But there was none ; at least no help without :
 The Help did in thy Bosom lie.
 O shew thy self, &c.

There lay thy Son : and must he leave that Nest,
 That Hive of Sweetness, to remove
 Thralldom from those, who would not at a Feast
 Leave one poor Apple for thy Love ?
 O shew thy self, &c.

He did, he came : O my Redeemer dear,
 After all this can'st thou be strange ?
 So many Years baptiz'd, and not appear ;
 As if thy Love could fail or change ?
 O shew thy self, &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay ?
 My God, what is this World to me ?
 This World of wo ? hence all ye Clouds, away,
 Away ; I must get up and see.
 O shew thy self, &c.

What is this weary World, this Meat and Drink,
 That chains us by the Teeth so fast ?
 What is this Woman-kind, which I can wink
 Into a blackness and distaste ?
 O shew thy self, &c.

With

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the Joys about me :
And scouling on them, as they pin'd away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me,
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way so'ere I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves, and come to thee,
O shew thy self, &c.

We talk of Harvest ; there are no such things,
But when we leave our Corn and Hay :
There is no fruitful Year, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadful day.
O shew thy self, &c.

O loose this Frame, this knot of Man untie,
That my free Soul may use her Wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality ;
As an entangled hamper'd thing.
O shew thy self, &c.

What have I left that I should stay and groan ?
The most of me to Heav'n is fled :
My Thoughts and Joys are all packt up and gone,
And for their old Acquaintance plead.
O shew thy self, &c.

Come dearest Lord, pass not this holy Season,
My Flesh, and Bones, and Joints do pray :
And ev'n my Verse, when by the Rhyme and Season
The word is *Stay*, says ever, *Come*.
O shew thy self to me
Or take me up to thee !

The

¶ *The British Church.*

I Now dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect Lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright.

Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her Letters from thy Face,
When she doth write.

A fine Aspect in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shews who is best.

Outlandish Looks may not compare :
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

She on the Hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiss'd so long her painted Shrines,
That ev'n her Face by kissing shines,
For her Reward.

She in the Valley is so shie
Of dressing, that her Hair doth lie
About her Ears :

While she avoids her Neighbour's Pride,
She wholly goes on th' other side
And nothing wears

But dearest Mother, (what those miss)
The mean thy Praise and Glory is,
And long may be.

Blessed be God whose love it was
To double-mote thee with his Grace,
And none but thee.

¶ *The Quip.*

THE merry World did on a day
With his Train-bands and Mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a Rose ;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, whose Hands are those ?
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
What Tune is this, poor Man ? said he :
I heard in Musick you had Skill.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In Silks that whistled, who but he ?
He scarce allow'd me half an Eye.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a Comfort be,
And, to be short, make an Oration.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come ;
Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
And then they have their Answer home.

¶ *Vanity.*

¶ *Vanity.*

Poor silly Soul, whose Hope and Head lies low ;
 Whose flat Delights on Earth do creep and grow ;
 To whom the Stars shine not so fair, as Eyes ;
 Nor solid work, as false Embroideries ;
 Hearn and beware, lest what you now do measure,
 And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
 May come too late !
 To purchase Heaven for repenting,
 Is no hard rate.
 If Souls be made of earthly Mold,
 Let them love Gold ;
 If born on high,
 Let them unto their Kinred fly :
 For they can never be at rest,
 Till they regain their ancient Nest.
 Then silly Soul take heed ; for earthly Joy
 Is but a Bubble, and makes thee a Boy.

¶ *The Dawning.*

A Wake sad Heart, whom Sorrow ever drowns :
 Take up thine Eyes, which feed on Earth ;
 Unfold thy Forehead gather'd into Frowns :
 Thy Saviour comes, and with him Mirth :
 Awake, awake ;
 And with a thankful Heart his Comforts take.
 But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry,
 And feel his Death, but not his Victory.

Arise

Arise sad Heart ; if thou dost not withstand,
 Christ's Resurrection thine may be :
 Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
 Which as it riseth, raiseth thee :

Arise, arise ;

And with his Burial-linen dry thine Eyes. (Grief.
 Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when
 Draws Tears, or Blood, not want an Handkerchief.

¶ JESU.

JESU is in my Heart, his sacred Name
 Is deeply carved there : but th' other week
 A great Affliction broke the little Frame,
 Ev'n all to pieces ; which I went to seek :
 And first I found the corner, where was J,
 After, where ES, and next where U was graved.
 When I had got these Parcels, instantly
 I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
 That to my broken Heart he was *I ease you*,
 And to my whole is JESU.

¶ Business.

CAn't be idle, can't thou play,
 Foolish Soul, who sin'd to day ?

Rivers run, and Springs each one
 Know their Home, and get them gone :
 Hast thou Tears, or hast thou none ?

If, poor Soul, thou hast no Tears,
 Would thou hadst no Faults or Fears !
 Who hath these, those ills forbears.

Winds

Winds still work: it is their plot,
Be the Season cold or hot:
Hast thou Sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no Sighs or Groans,
Would thou hadst no Flesh and Bones!
Lesser pains scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish Soul, who dy'd for thee?

Who did leave his Father's Throne,
To assume thy Flesh and Bone?
Had he Life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadst dy'd most wretchedly;
And two Deaths had been thy Fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That his own self he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not dy'd for thee,
Thou hadst liv'd in miserie;
Two Lives worse than ten Deaths be.

And hath any space of Breath
'Twixt his Sins and Saviour's Death?

He that loseth Gold, though Dross,
Tells to all he meets, his Cross:
He that sins, hath he no loss?

He that finds a silver Vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again;
Brings thy Saviour's Death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither Sin nor Saviour feels.

¶ Dialogue.

Sweetest Saviour, if my Soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then controul

Any Thought of waving.

But when all my Care and Pains
Cannot give the Name of Gains
To thy Wretch so full of Stains;
What Delight or Hope remains?

What (Child) is the Ballance thine?

Thine the Poize and Measure?

If I say thou shalt be mine,

Finger not my Treasure.

What the Gains in having thee

Do amount to, only he,

Who for Man was sold, can see,

That transfer'd th' Accounts to me.

But as I can see no Merit,

Leading to his Favour:

So the way to fit me for it,

Is beyond my Saviour.

As the Reason then is thine;

So the Way is none of mine:

I disclaim the whole Design:

Sin disclaims, and I resign.

That is all, if that I could

Get without repining;

And my Clay, my Creature would

Follow my resigning;

That as I did freely part

With my Glory and Desert,

Lest all Joys to feel all Smart-----

Ah! no more: Thou break'st my Heart.

F

¶ Dulness.

¶ *Dulness.*

Why do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
 As if I were all Earth?
 O give me Quickness, that I may with Mirth
 Praise thee brim-full.

The wanton Lover in a curious Strain
 Can praise his fairest Fair;
 And with quaint Metaphors her curled Hair
 Curl o're again:

Thou art my Loveliness, my Life, my Light,
 Beauty alone to me:
 Thy bloody Death and undeserv'd, makes thee
 Pure red and white.

When all Perfections as but one appear,
 That those thy Form doth show,
 The very Dust where thou dost tread and go,
 Makes Beauties here.

Where are my Lines then? my Approaches? Views?
 Where are my window-Songs?
 Lovers are still pretending, and ev'n Wrongs
 Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in Flesh, whose sugered Lies
 Still mock me, and grow bold:
 Sure thou didst put a Mind there, if I could
 Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy Gift, that with a constant Wit
 I may but look towards thee:
 Look only: For to love thee, who can be,
 What Angel fit?

¶ *Love-*

¶ *Love-joy.*

AS on a Window late I cast mine Eye,
 I saw a Vine drop Grapes, with *ƒ* and *C*
 Anneal'd on every Branch. One standing by
 Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
 To spend my Judgment) said, it seem'd to me
 To be the Body and the Letters both
 Of *ƒey* and *Charity*; Sir, you have not miss'd,
 The Man reply'd; It figures *ƒESUS CHRIST*.

¶ *Providence.*

○ Sacred Providence, who from end to end
 Strongly and sweetly movest! Shall I write,
 And not of thee, through whom my Fingers bend
 To hold my Quill? Shall they not do thee right?
 Of all the Creatures both in Sea and Land
 Only to Man thou hast made known thy Ways,
 And put the Pen alone into his Hand,
 And made him Secretary of thy Praise.
 Beasts fain would sing; Birds ditty to their Notes;
 Trees would be tuning on their native Lute
 To thy Renown: But all their Hands and Throats
 Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.
 Man is the World's High-Priest: He doth present
 The Sacrifice for all: While they below
 Unto the Service mutter an Assent,
 Such as Springs use that fall, and Winds that blow.
 He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,
 Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
 But robs a thousand, who would praise thee fain;
 And doth commit a World of Sin in one.

The Beasts say, Eat me; but if Beasts must teach,
 The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
 The Trees say, Pull me; but the Hand you stretch,
 Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
 For me and all my Fellows praise to thee:
 And just it is that I should pay the Rent,
 Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy Power and Love
 To be exact, transcendent and divine;
 Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
 While all things have their Will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *Command* or thy *Permission*
 Lay Hands on all; they are thy *right* and *left*,
 The first puts on with speed an Expedition;
 The other curbs Sin's stealing Pace and Theft,

Nothing escapes them both; all must appear,
 And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
 Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
 Thy Skill and Art, what Musick would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any;
 Thy even Praise can neither rise nor fall.
 Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
 For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy Hand,
 And hold it fast, as Children do their Fathers,
 Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor Sand
 Check the proud Sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

Thy Cupboard serves the World; the Meat is set,
 Where all may reach; no Beast but knows his feed.
 Birds teach us Hawking; Fishes have their Net:
 The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his Meat ;
Flies have their Tables spread, e're they appear ;
Some Creatures have in Winter what to eat ;
Others do sleep, and envy not their Chear.

How finely dost thou Times and Seasons spin,
And make a Twist checker'd with Night and Day !
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As Bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each Creature hath a Wisdom for his good.
The Pigeons feed their tender Off-spring, crying,
When they are callow ; but withdraw their Food,
When they are fledg, that Need may teach 'em flying.

Bees work for Man ; and yet they never bruise
Their Master's Flow'r, but leave it, having done,
As far as ever, and as fit to use :
So both the Flow'r doth stay, and Honey run.

Sheep eat the Grass, and dung the Ground for more :
Trees after bearing drop their Leaves for Soil :
Springs vent their Streams, and by Expence get store :
Clouds cool by Heat, and Baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the Virtue to express the rare
And curious Virtues both of Herbs and Stones ?
Is there an Herb for that ? O that thy care
Would shew a Root that gives Expressions ?

And if an Herb hath power, what have the Stars !
A Rose, besides his Beauty, is a Cure.
Doubtless our Plagues and Plenty, Peace and Wars
Are there much surer than our Art is sure.

Thou hast hid Metals : Man may take them thence ;
But at his Peril ; when he digs the Place,
He makes a Grave ; as if the thing had Sense,
And threatned Man, that he should fill the Space.

Ev'n Poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost?
Should Creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are Poysons, Antidotes are most;
The Help stands close, and keeps the Fear in view.

The Sea, which seems to stop the Traveller,
Is by a Ship the speedier Passage made.
The VVinds, who think they rule the Mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his Trade.

And as thy House is full, so I adore
Thy curious Art in marshalling thy Goods.
The Hills with Health abound, the Vales with store;
The South with marble; North with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easy things good cheap;
The common all Men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have and care to keep.
The healthy Frosts with Summer Fruits compare.

Light without Wind is Glas; Warm without Weight
Is Wool and Furs; Cool without Coldness, shade;
Speed without Pains, a Horse; Tall without Height
A servile Hawk; Low without Loss, a Spade.

All Countries have enough to serve their Need:
If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
For their Offence; and then dost turn their Speed
To be commerce and trade from Sun to Sun.

Nothing wears Clothes but Man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth Fire,
But Man alone, to shew his heav'nly Breed:
And only he hath Fewel in Desire.

When th'earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet; (tains;
When that lay gather'd, thou did'st broach the moun-
When yet some places could no moisture get, (tains.
The winds grew gardners, and the clouds good foun-

Rain

Rain doth not hurt my Flowers ; but gently spend
Your Honey drops ; press not to smell them here ;
When they are ripe, their Odour will ascend,
And at your Lodging with their Thanks appear.

How harsh are Thorns to Pears ! and yet they make
A better Hedge, and need less Reparation.
How smooth are Silks, compared with a Stake,
Or with a Stone ! yet make no good Foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy Gifts to Man,
Sometimes unite. The *Indian* Nut alone
Is Cloathing, Meat and Trencher, Drink and Can,
Boat, Cable, Sail and Needle, all in one.

Most Herbs that grow in Brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold Fruits warm Kernels help against the wind.
The Limon's Juice and Rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

Thy Creatures leap not, but express a Feast,
Where all the Guests sit close, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry Fish and Flesh ; Bats, Bird and Beast ;
Sponges, non-sense and sense ; mines, th' earth & plants.

To shew thou art not bound, as if thy Lot
Were worse than ours, sometimes thou shiftest hands.
Most things move th' under Jaw ; the Crocodile not.
Most things sleep lying, th' Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them ;
And none can know thy works, which are so many,
And so compleat, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have sev'ral ways,
Yet in their being joyn with one advice
To honour thee ; and so I give thee praise
In all my other Hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
 It go for one, hath many ways in store
 To honour thee; and so each Hymn thy Fame
 Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

¶ *Hope.*

I Gave to Hope a Watch of mine; but he
 An Anchor gave to me.
 Then an old Prayer-book I did present:
 And he an Optick sent.
 With that I gave a Vial full of Tears:
 But he a few green Ears.
 Ah Loyterer! I'll no more, no more I'll bring:
 I did expect a Ring.

¶ *Sins Round.*

SOrry I am, my God, sorry I am,
 That my Offences course it in a Ring.
 My Thoughts are working like a busy Flame;
 Until their Cockatrice they hatch and bring:
 And when they once have perfected their Draughts.
 My words take fire from my enflamed Thoughts.
 My words take fire from my enflamed Thoughts.
 Which spit it forth like the *Sicilian* Hill.
 They vent the Wares, and pass them with their Faults,
 And by their breathing ventilate the Ill.
 But words suffice not, where are lowd Intentions:
 My Hands do joyn to finish the Inventions.
 My Hands do joyn to finish the Inventions:
 And so my Sins ascend three Stories high,
 As *Babel* grew, before there were Dissensions.
 Yet ill Deeds loyter not; for they supply
 New Thoughts of sinning; wherefore to my shame,
 Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

¶ Time.

MEeting with Time, Slack thing, said I,
 Thy Sithe is dull, whet it for shame.
 No Marvel, Sir, he did reply,
 If it at length deserve some blame:
 But where one Man would have me grind it,
 Twenty for one too tharp do find it.

Perhaps some such of old did pass,
 Who above all things lov'd this Life;
 To whom thy Sithe a Hatchet was,
 Which now is but a pruning Knife.
 Christ's coming hath made Man thy Debter,
 Since by thy cutting he grows better,

And in his Blessing thou art blest:
 For where thou only wert before
 An Executioner at best;
 Thou art a Gard'ner now and more.
 An Usher to convey our Souls
 Beyond the utmost Stars and Poles.

And this is that makes Life so long,
 While it deteins us from our God.
 Ev'n Pleasures here increase the wrong:
 And length of Days lengthen the Rod.
 Who wants the Place where God doth dwell,
 Partakes already half of Hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,
 Which ev'n Eternity excludes!
 Thus far Time heard me patiently:
 Then chafing said, this Man deludes:
 What do I here before his Door?
 He doth not crave less time, but more.

¶ *Gratefulness.*

THou that hast given so much to me,
 Give one thing more, a grateful Heart.
 See how thy Beggar works on thee
 By Art.

He makes thy Gifts occasion more,
 And says, if he in this be crost,
 All thou hast given him heretofore
 Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
 Thy word our Hearts and Hands did crave,
 What it would come to at the worst
 To save.

Perpetual Knockings at thy Door,
 Tears sullying thy transparent Rooms,
 Gift upon Gift, much would have more,
 And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou went'st on,
 And didst allow us all our Noise :
 Nay, thou hast made a Sigh and Groan
 Thy Joys.

Not that thou hast not still above
 Much better Tunes than Groans can make ;
 But that these Country-Airs thy love
 Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again ;
 And in no quiet can'st thou be,
 'Till I a thankful Heart obtain
 Of thee :

Not thankful, when it pleaseth me ;
As if thy Blessings had spare Days :
But such a Heart, whose Pulse may be
Thy Praise.

¶ Peace.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly
Let me once know. (crave,
I sought thee in a secret Cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow Wind did seem to answer, No :
Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going, did a Rain-bow note :
Surely thought I,
This is the Lace of Peace's Coat :
I will search out the Matter.
But while I look'd, the Clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a Garden, and did spy
A gallant Flower,
The Crown Imperial : Sure said I,
Peace at the Root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a Worm devour
What shew'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old Man :
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began ;
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
Of Flock and Fold.

He sweetly liv'd; yet Sweetness did not save
His Life from Foes.

But after death out of his Grave
There sprang twelve Stalks of Wheat:
Which many wondring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the Earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That Virtues lie therein;
A secret Vertue, bringing Peace and Mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this Grain, which in my Garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make Bread of it; and that Repose
And Peace, which every where
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.

¶ Confession.

O What a cunning Guest
Is this same Grief! within my Heart I made
Closets and in them many a Chest;
And; like a Master in my Trade,
In those Chests, Boxes; in each Box, a Till:
Yet Grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No Scrue, no Piercer can
Into a Piece of Timber work and wind;
As God's Afflictions into Man,
When he a Torture hath design'd:
They are too subtil for the subt'lest Hearts;
And fall, like Rheums upon the tenderest parts,

We

We are the Earth, and they,
 Like Moles within us, heave and cast about :
 And till they foot and clutch their Prey,
 They never cool, much less give out.
 No Smith can make such Locks, but they have Keys :
 Closets are Halls to them ; and Hearts High-ways.

Only an open Breast
 Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter ;
 Or if they enter, cannot rest,
 But quickly seek some new Adventure.
 Smooth open Hearts no Fastning have ; but Fiction
 Doth give a hold and handle to Affliction.

Wherefore my Faults and Sins,
 Lord, I acknowledge : take thy Plagues away :
 For since Confession Pardon wins,
 I challenge here the brightest Day,
 The clearest Diamond : let them do their best,
 They shall be thick and cloudy to my Breast.

¶ *Giddiness.*

OH what a thing is Man ! how far from Power,
 From settled Peace and Rest !
 He is some twenty sev'ral Men at least
 Each sev'ral hour.

One while he counts of Heav'n, as of his Treasure :
 But then a Thought creeps in,
 And calls him coward, who for fear of Sin.
 Will lose a Pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the Wars ;
 Now eat his Bread in peace,
 And snudge in quiet ; now he scorns increase ;
 Now all day spares.

He builds a House, which quickly down must go,
 As if a Whirlwind blew
 And crush'd the Building : And it's partly true,
 His Mind is so.

O what a fight were Man, if his Attires
 Did alter with his Mind !
 And like a Dolphin's Skin, his Clothes combin'd
 With his Desires !

Surely, if each one saw another's Heart,
 There would be no commerce,
 No Sale or Bargain pass : All would disperse,
 And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us : One Creation
 Will not suffice our turn :
 Except thou make us daily, we shall spurn
 Our own Salvation.

¶ *The Bunch of Grapes.*

Joy, I did lock thee up, but some bad Man
 Hath let thee out again :
 And now, methinks, I am where I began
 Seven Years ago ; one Vogue and Vein,
 One Air of Thoughts usurps my Brain.
 I did towards *Canaan* draw ; but now I am
 Brought back to the Red Sea, the Sea of Shame.

For

For as the Jews of old by God's command
 Travell'd, and saw no Town;
 So now each Christian hath his Journey spann'd:
 Their Story pens and lets us down.
 A single Deed is small Renown.
 God's Works are wide, and let in future Times;
 His ancient Justice overflows our Crimes.

Then have we too our Guardian-fires and Clouds;
 Our Scripture-dew drops fast;
 We have our Sands and Serpents, Tents and Shrouds;
 Alas! our Murmurings come not last.
 But where's the cluster? Where's the Taste
 Of mine Inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
 Let me as well take up their Joy as Sorrow.

But can he want the Grape, who hath the Wine?
 I have their Fruit and more.
 Blessed be God, who prosper'd Noah's Vine,
 And made it bring forth Grapes good store.
 But much more him I must adore,
 Who of the Laws sower Juice sweet Wine did make,
 Ev'n God himself being pressed for my sake.

¶ *Love unknown.*

DEAR Friend, sit down, the Tale is long and sad:
 And in my Faintings I presume your Love
 Will more comply than help. A Lord, I had,
 And have, of whom some grounds, which may improve
 I hold for two Lives, and both lives in me.
 To him I brought a Dish of Fruit one day,
 And in the middle plac'd my Heart. But he
 (I sigh to say)

Lookt

Lookt on a Servant, who did know his Eye
 Better than you knew me, or (which is one)
 Than I my self. The Servant instantly
 Quitting the Fruit, seiz'd on my Heart alone,
 And threw it in a Font, wherein did fall
 A Stream of Blood, which issu'd from the Side
 Of a great Rock : I will remember all,
 And have good cause : There it was dipt and dy'd,
 And washt, and wrung : The very wringing yet
 Enforceth Tears. *Your Heart was foul, I fear.*
 Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
 Many a Fault, more than my Lease will bear ;
 Yet still ask'd Pardon, and was not deny'd.
 But you shall hear. After my Heart was well,
 And clean and fair, as I one even-tide

(I sigh to tell)

Walkt by my self abroad, I saw a large
 And spacious Furnace flaming, and thereon
 A boiling Caldron, round about whose Verge
 Was in great Letters set *AFFLICTION*.
 The greatness shew'd the Owner. So I went
 To fetch a Sacrifice out of my Fold,
 Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
 To warm his Love, which I did fear grew cold.
 But as my Heart did tender it, the Man
 Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
 And threw my Heart into the scalding Pan ;
 My Heart that brought it (do you understand ?)
 The Offerer's Heart. *Your Heart was hard, I fear.*
 Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous Matter
 Began to spread and to expatiate there :
 But with a richer Drug than scalding Water
 I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy Blood,
 Which at a Board, while many drunk bare Wine,
 A Friend did steal into my Cup for good,
 Ev'n taken inwardly, and most Divine

To supple hardnesſes. But at the length
 Out of the Caldron getting, ſoon I fled
 Unto my Houſe, where to repair the Strength
 Which I had loſt, I haſted to my Bed :
 But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe Faults,
 (I ſigh to ſpeak)
 I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the Bed with Thoughts,
 I would ſay *Thorns*. Dear, could my Heart not break,
 When, with my Pleaſures ev'n my Reſt was gone ?
 Full well I underſtood who had been there :
 For I had giv'n the Key to none but one :
 It muſt be he. *Your Heart was dull, I fear.*
 Indeed a ſlack and ſleepy State of Mind
 Did oft poſſeſs me ſo, that when I pray'd,
 Though my Lips went, my Heart did ſtay behind.
 But all my Scores were by another paid,
 Who took the Debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*
For ought I hear, your Maſter ſhows to you
More Favour than you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did only what was old renew ;
The Caldron ſuppled what was grown too hard ;
The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull ;
All did but ſtrive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be chear'd, and praife him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the Week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.

¶ Man's Medly.

HEark how the Birds do ſing,
 And Woods do ring.
 All Creatures have their Joy, and Man hath his.
 Yet, if we rightly meaſure,
 Man's Joy and Pleaſure
 Rather hereafter, than in preſent, is.

To

To this Life things of sense
 Make their pretence :
 In th'other Angels have a right by Birth :
 Man ties them both alone,
 And makes them one, (Earth.
 With th' one Hand touching Heav'n, with th' other

In Soul he mounts and flies,
 In Flesh he dies :
 He wears a Stuff, whose Thread is coarse and round,
 But trimm'd with curious Lace,
 And should take place
 After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not, that he may not here
 Taste of the cheer :
 But as Birds drink, and straight lift up their Heads ;
 So must he sip, and think
 Of better drink
 He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his Joys are double ;
 So is his Trouble.
 He hath two Winters, other things but one ;
 Both Frosts and Thoughts do nip,
 And bite his Lip ;
 And he of all things fears two Deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest Grievs
 May be Reliefs,
 Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
 Happy is he, whose Heart
 Hath found the Art
 To turn his double Pains to double Praise.

¶ *The Storm.*

IF, as the Winds and Waters here below
 Do fly and flow,
 My Sighs and Tears as busie were above ;
 Sure they would move
 And much affect thee, as tempestuous Times
 Amaze poor Mortals, and object their Crimes.

Stars have their Storms, ev'n in a high degree,
 As well as we.

A throbbing Conscience spurred by Remorse
 Hath a strange Force :
 It quits the Earth, and mounting more and more,
 Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy Door.

There it stands knocking to thy Musick's wrong,
 And drowns the Song.
 Glory and Honour are set by, till it
 An answer get.

Poets have wrong'd poor Storms : such days are best ;
 They purge the Air without, within the Breast.

¶ *Paradise.*

I Bless thee, Lord, because I G R O W
 Among thy Trees, which in a R O W
 To thee both Fruit and Order O W.

What open Force, or hidden C H A R M
 Can blast my Fruit, or bring me H A R M,
 While the Inclosure is thine A R M ?

Inclosure

Inclose me still for fear I START.
 Be to me rather sharp and TART,
 Than let me want thy Hand and ART.

When thou dost greater Judgments SPARE,
 And with thy Knife but prune and PARE,
 Ev'n fruitful Trees more fruitful ARE.

Such Sharpness shows the sweetest FRIEND:
 Such Cuttings rather heal than REND:
 And such Beginnings touch their END.

¶ The Method.

Poor Heart, lament.
 For since thy God refuseth still,
 There is some rub, some discontent,
 Which cools his Will.

Thy Father *could*
 Quickly effect what thou dost move:
 For he is *Power*; and sure he *would*;
 For he is *Love*.

Go search this thing,
 Tumble thy Breast, and turn thy Book:
 If thou had'st lost a Glove or Ring,
 Would'st thou not look?

What do I see
 Written above there? *Yesterday*
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And

And should God's Ear
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own Motions hear?
Is God less free?

But stay : What's there ?
*Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.*

And should God's Ear,
Which needs not Man be ty'd to those
Who hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter Foes?

Then once more pray ;
Down with thy Knees, up with thy Voice ;
Seek Pardon first, and God will say,
Glad Heart rejoice.

¶ Divinity.

AS Men for fear the Stars should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have Spheres supply'd ;
As if a Star were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a Guide :

Just so the other Heav'n they also serve,
Divinities transcendent Skie :
Which with the Edge of Wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and Faith lyes by.

Could not that Wisdom, which first broach'd the Wine,
Have thicken'd it with Definitions ?
And jagg'd his seamless Coat, had that been fine,
With curious Questions and Divisions ?

But

But all the Doctrine which he taught and gave,
 Was clear as Heav'n, from whence it came :
 At least those Beams of Truth, which only save,
 Surpass in Brightness any Flame.

*Love God, and love your Neighbour. Watch and pray.
 Do as you would be done unto.*

O dark Instructions, ev'n as dark as day !
 Who can these Gordian Knots undo ?

But he doth bid us take his Blood for Wine.
 Bid what he please ; yet I am sure,
 To take and taste what he doth there design,
 Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish Man ;
 Break all thy Spheres, and save thy Head.
 Faith needs no Staff of Flesh, but stoutly can
 To Heav'n alone both go and lead.

Ephes. iv. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

AND art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
 When I am sour,
 And cross thy Love ?
 Grieved for me ? the God of Strength and Power
 Griev'd for a Worm, which when I tread,
 I pass away and leave it dead ?

Then

Then weep mine Eyes, the God of Love doth grieve :
Weep foolish Heart,
And weeping live ;
For Death is dry as Dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the Night, whose fable Hue
Your Sins express : melt into Dew.

When sawcy Mirth shall knock or call at Door,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on Sense :
I sin not to my Grief alone,
But to my God's too ; he doth groan.

O take thy Lute, and tune it to a Strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no Discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep ; and surely Strings
More Bowels have than such hard Things :

Lord, I adjudge my self to Tears and Grief,
Ev'n endless Tears
Without Relief.
If a clear Spring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry ;
I am no Cryſtal, what ſhall I ?

Yet if I wail not ſtill, ſince ſtill to wail
Nature denies ;
And Fleſh would fail,
If my Deſerts were Maſters of mine Eyes ;
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
My want of Tears with ſtore of Blood.

¶ *The Family.*

(Heart,

What doth this Noise of Thoughts within my
 As if they had a part ?
 What do these loud Complaints and pulling Fears,
 As if there were no Rule or Ears ?

But, Lord, the House and Family are thine,
 Though some of them repine,
 Turn out these Wranglers, which defile thy Seat :
 For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First, Peace and Silence all disputes controul,
 Then Order plays the Soul ;
 And giving all things their set Forms and Hours,
 Makes of wild Woods sweet Walks and Bowers.

Humble Obedience near the Door doth stand,
 Expecting a Command :
 Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
 Nothing more quick, when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and Griefs as oft as Joys ;
 But Grief's without a noise :
 Yet speak they louder, than distemper'd Fears ;
 What is so shrill as silent Tears ?

This is thy House, with these it doth abound :
 And where these are not found,
 Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day ;
 But not to make a constant stay.

¶ *The*

¶ *The Size.*

C O n t e n t thee, greedy Heart.

Modest and moderate Joys to those, that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are passing brave.

Let th' upper Springs into the low
Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
Of Cloves and Nutmegs, and in Cinamon sail?
If thou hast wherewithal to spice a Draught,
When Griefs prevail,
And for the future time art Heir
To the Isle of Spices, is't not fair?

To be in both Worlds full
Is more than God was, who was hungry here.
Wouldst thou his Laws of Fasting disannul?
Enact good Chear?
Lay out thy Joy, yet hope to save it?
Wouldst thou both eat thy Cake, and have it?

Great Joys are all at once;
But little do reserve themselves for more:
Those have their hopes; these what they have re-
And live on score: (nounce
Those are at Home; these journey still,
And meet the rest on *Sion's* Hill.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd Joy,
And in the Flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
At least in Lump; for such doth oft destroy,
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present Health restore.

A Christian's State and Case
 Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare,
 Yet active Strength: Whose long and bony Face
 Content and Care
 Do seem to equally divide,
 Like a Pretender, not a Bride.

Wherefore sit down good Heart
 Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all:
 If Comforts feel according to desert,
 They would great Frosts and Snows destroy:
 For we should count since the last Joy.

Then close again the Seam
 Which thou hast open'd; do not spread thy Robe
 In hope of great Things. Call to mind thy Dream,
 An earthly Globe,
 On whose Meridian was engraven,
These Seas are Tears, and Heav'n the Haven.

¶ Artillery.

AS I one Evening sat before my Cell,
 Me-thoughts a Star did shoot into my Lap.
 I rose and shook my Clothes, as knowing well,
 That from small Fires comes oft no small Mishap:
 When suddenly I heard one say,
Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expel good Motions from thy Breast,
Which have the Face of Fire, but end in Rest.

I, who had heard of Musick in the Spheres,
But not of Speech in Stars, began to muse :
But turning to my God, whose Ministers
The Stars and all Things are; If I refuse,
Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good ;
Then I refuse not ev'n with Blood
To wash away my stubborn Thought :
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also Stars and Shooters too,
Born where thy Servants both Artilleries use.
My Tears and Prayers Night and Day do woe.
And work up to thee; yet thou dost refuse.
Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more oblig'd to do thy Will,
Than thou to grant mine : But because
Thy Promise now hath ev'n set thee thy Laws :

Then we are Shooters both, and thou dost deign
To enter Combat with us and contest
With thine own Clay. But I would parley fain :
Shun not my Arrows, and behold my Breast.
Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine :
I must be so, if I am mine.
There is no articing with thee :
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

¶ *Church Rents and Schisms.*

BRave Rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the Chair,
 Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
 A Worm doth sit, whose many Feet and Hair
 Are the more foul the more thou art divine.
 This, this hath done it, this did bite the Root
 And bottom of the Leaves; which when the Wind
 Did once perceive, it blew them under Foot,
 Where rude unhallow'd Steps do crush and grind
 Their beauteous Glories. Only Shreds of thee,
 And those all bitten, in thy Chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? Is she the Rose,
 And shows it so? Indeed Christ's precious Blood
 Gave you a Colour once; which when your Foes
 Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
 And made you look much fresher than before.
 But when Debates and fretting Jealousies
 Did worm and work within you more and more,
 Your Colour faded, and Calamities
 Turned your Ruddy into Pale and Bleak;
 Your Health and Beauty both began to break.

Then did you sev'ral parts unloose and start:
 Which when your Neighbours saw, like a North-wind
 They rushed in, and cast them in the Dirt
 Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
 Where shall I get me Eyes enough to weep,
 As many Eyes as Stars? Since it is Night,
 And much of *Asia* and *Europe* fast asleep,
 And ev'n all *Africk*; would at least I might
 With these two poor ones lick up all the Dew,
 Which falls by Night, and pour it out for you.

¶ *Justice.*

¶ *Justice.*

O Dreadful Justice, what a Fright and Terror
 Wait thou of old,
 When Sin and Error
 Did show and shape thy Looks to me,
 And through their Glass discolour thee!
 He that did but look up, was proud and bold.
 The Dishes of thy Balance seem'd to gape,
 Like two great Pits;
 The Beam and Scape
 Did like some tort'ring Engine show:
 Thy Hand above did burn and glow,
 Danting the stoutest Hearts, the proudest Wits.
 But now that Christ's pure Vail presents the sight,
 I see no Fears:
 Thy hand is white,
 Thy Scales like Buckets, which attend -
 And interchangeably descend,
 Lifting to Heaven from this Well of Tears.
 For where before thou still didst call on me,
 Now I still touch
 And harp on thee.
 God's Promises have made thee mine:-
 Why should I Justice now decline?
 Against me there is none, but for me much.

¶ *The Pilgrimage.*

I Travel on, seeing the Hill, where lay
 My Expectation.
 A long it was and weary way.
 The gloomy Cave of Desperation
 I left on th' one, and on the other side
 The Rock of Pride.

And so I came to Phancy's Meadows strow'd
 With many a Flower :
 Fain would I here have made Abode,
 But I was quickn'd by my Hour.
 So to Care's Cops I came, and there got through
 With much ado.

That led me to the Wild of Passion ; which
 Some call the World ;
 A wasted Place, but sometimes rich.
 Here I was robb'd of all my Gold,
 Save one good Angel, which a Friend had ty'd
 Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladfome Hill,
 Where lay my Heart ; and climbing still,
 When I had gain'd the brow and top,
 A Lake of brackish Waters on the Ground
 Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a Sting,
 Of swarming Fears,
 I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King !
 Can both the way and end be Tears ?
 Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceiv'd
 I was deceiv'd.

My Hill was further : So I flung away,
 Yet heard a Cry
 Just as I went, *None goes that way
 And lives ;* If that be all, said I,
 After so foul a Journey Death is fair,
 And but a Chair.

¶ *The Hold-fast.*

I Threatned to observe the sweet Decree
Of my dear God with all my Power and Might:
But I was told by one it could not be;
Yet I might trust in God to be my Light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.

Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his:
We must confess that nothing is our own.
Then I confess that he my Succour is.

But to have nought is ours, not to confess
That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, 'till I heard a Friend express,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ *Complaining.*

DO not beguile my Heart,
Because thou art
My Power and Wisdom. Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy Clay that weeps, thy Dust that calls.
Thou art the Lord of Glory;
The Deed and Story
Are both thy due: But I a silly Fly,
That live or die,
According as thy Weather falls.
Art thou all Justice, Lord?
Shows not thy Word
More Attributes? Am I all Throat or Eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no Parts but those of Grief?

Let not thy wrathful Power
 Afflict my Hour,
 My Inch of Life; or let thy gracious Power
 Contract my Hour,
 That I may climb and find Relief.

¶ *The Discharge.*

Busy enquiring Heart, what wouldst thou know?
 Why dost thou pry,
 And turn, and leer, and with a licorous Eye
 Look high and low,
 And in thy Lookings stretch and grow?
 Hast thou not made thy Counts, and summ'd up all?
 Did not thy Heart
 Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
 Let what will fall:
 That which is past who can recal?
 Thy Life is God's, thy Time to come is gone,
 And is his Right.
 He is thy Night at Noon: He is at Night
 Thy Noon alone.
 The Crop is his, for he hath sown.
 And well it was for thee, when this befel,
 That God did make
 Thy Business his, and in thy Life partake:
 For thou canst tell,
 If it be his once, all is well.
 Only the present is thy part and fee.
 And happy thou,
 If, though thou didst not beat thy future Brow,
 Thou couldst well see
 What present things requir'd of thee.

They

They ask enough; why shouldst thou further go?
 Raise not the Mud
 Of future Depths, but drink the clear and good.
 Dig not for Woe,
 In Times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the Present fit: If he provide,
 He breaks the Square.
 This Hour is mine: If for the next I care,
 I grow too wide,
 And do incroach upon Death's side:

For Death each Hour environs and surrounds.
 He that would know
 And care for future Chances, cannot go
 Unto those Grounds,
 But through a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die: But they that spend
 Their Thoughts and Sense
 On future Grief, do not remove it thence,
 But it extend,
 And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the Dog till Night: Wilt loose the Chain,
 And wake thy Sorrow?
 Wilt thou forestal it, and now grieve to Morrow,
 And then again
 Grieve over freshly all thy Pain?

Either Grief will not come; or if it must,
 Do not forecast:
 And while it cometh, it is almost past.
 Away distrust:
 My God hath promis'd; he is just.

¶ Praise.

King of Glory, King of Peace,
 I will love thee:
 And that Love may never cease,
 I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my Request,
 Thou hast heard me
 Thou didst note my working Breast,
 Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost Art
 I will sing thee.
 And the Cream of all my Heart
 I will bring thee.

Though my Sins against me cryed,
 Thou didst clear me;
 And alone, when they replyed,
 Thou didst hear me.

Sev'n whole Days, not one in seven,
 I will praise thee.
 In my Heart, though not in Heaven,
 I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with Tears,
 Thou relentedst:
 And when Justice call'd for Fears,
 Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
 To enrol thee:
 Ev'n Eternity is too short
 To extol thee.

¶ *An Offering.*

Come, bring thy Gift. If Blessings were as flow,
 As Mens Returns, what would become of Fools?
 What hast thou there? a Heart? but is it pure?
 Search well and see; for Hearts have many holes.
 Yet one pure Heart is nothing to bestow;
 In Christ two Natures met to be thy Cure.

O that within us Hearts had Propagation,
 Since many Gifts do challenge many Hearts!
 Yet one, if good, may title to a number,
 And single things grow fruitful by Deserts.
 In publick Judgments one may be a Nation,
 And fence a Plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is, lest thy Heart displease,
 As neither good, nor one: So oft Divisions
 Thy Lusts have made, and not thy Lusts alone;
 Thy Passions also have their set Partitions.
 These parcel out thy Heart. Recover these,
 And thou may'st offer many Gifts in one.

There is a Balsam, or indeed a Blood, (close
 Dropping from Heav'n, which doth both cleanse and
 All sorts of Wounds; of such strange force it is.
 Seek out this All-heal, and seek no Repose,
 Until thou find and use it to thy good;
 Then bring thy Gift, and let thy Hymn be this;

Since my Sadness
 Into Gladness;
 Lord, thou dost convert;
 O accept
 What thou hast kept,
 As thy due Desert.

Had

Had I many,
 Had I any,
 (For this Heart is none)
 All were thine
 And none of mine,
 Surely thine alone.

Yet thy Favour
 May give favour
 To this poor Oblation;
 And it raise
 To be thy Praise,
 And be my Salvation.

¶ *Longing.*

With sick and famish'd Eyes,
 With doubling Knees, and weary Bones,
 To thee my Cries,
 To thee my Groans,
 To thee my Sighs, my Tears ascend:
 No end?

My Throat my Soul is hoarse;
 My Heart is wither'd like a Ground
 Which thou dost curse.
 My Thoughts turn round,
 And make me giddy: Lord, I fall,
 Yet call.

From thee all Pity flows.
 Mothers are kind, because thou art,
 And dost dispose
 To them a part:
 Their Infants them, and they seek thee
 More free.

Bowels of pity, hear !
 Lord of my Soul, Love of my mind,
 Bow down thine Ear !
 Let not the Wind
 Scatter my Words, and in the same
 Thy name !

Look on my Sorrows round !
 Mark well my Furnace ! O what Flames,
 What Heats abound !
 What Griefs, what Shames !
 Consider, Lord ; Lord, bow thine Ear,
 And hear !

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
 Thy dying Head upon the Tree :
 O be not now
 More dead to me !
 Lord hear ! *Shall he that made the Ear*
 Not hear ?

Behold, thy Dust doth stir ;
 It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee :
 Wilt thou defer
 To succour me,
 Thy pile of Dust, wherein each Crumb
 Says, Come ?

To thee help appertains.
 Hast thou left all things to their course,
 And laid the Reins
 Upon the Horse ?
 Is all lockt ? Hath a Sinner's Plea
 No Key ?

Indeed

Indeed the World's thy Book,
 Where all things have their Leaf assign'd :
 Yet a meek Look
 Hath interlin'd.
 Thy Board is full, yet humble Guests
 Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
 And fall to nothing ; thou dost reign,
 And rule on high,
 While I remain.
 In bitter Grief : Yet am I stil'd
 Thy Child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy Throne,
 Not to relieve ? How can it be,
 That thou art grown
 Thus hard to me ?
 Were Sin alive, good cause there were
 To bear.

But now both Sin is dead,
 And all thy Promises live and bide :
 That wants his Head ;
 These speak and chide,
 And in thy Bosom pour my Tears,
 As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
 Which hath been broken now so long,
 That ev'ry part
 Hath got a Tongue.
 Thy Beggars grow ; rid them away
 To day.

My Love my sweetness hear, hear !
 By these thy Feet, at which my Heart
 Lies all the year,
 Pluck out thy Dart,
 And heal my troubled Breast, which cries,
 Which dies.

¶ *The Bag.*

A Way despair ; my gracious Lord doth hear,
 Though Winds and Waves assault my keel,
 He doth preserve it : he doth steer,
 Ev'n when the Boat seems most to reel.
 Storms are the triumph of his Art :
 Well may he close his Eyes, but not his Heart.

Hast thou heard that my Lord JESUS di'd ?
 Then let me tell thee a strange Story.
 The God of Power, as he did ride
 In his majestick Robes of Glory,
 Resolv'd to light : and so one day
 He did descend, undressing all the way.

The Stars his tire of Light and Rings obtain'd,
 The Cloud his Bow, the Fire his Spear,
 The Sky his azure Mantle gain'd.
 And when they askt what he would wear ;
 He smil'd, and said as he did go,
 He had new Clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as Travellers are wont,
 He did repair unto an Inn.
 Both then and after, many a brunt
 He did indure to cancel Sin :
 And having given the rest before,
 Here he gave up his Life to pay our Score.

But

But as he was returning, there came one
 That ran upon him with a Spear.
 He who came hither all alone,
 Bringing nor Man, nor Arms, nor fear,
 Receiv'd the Blow upon his Side,
 And straight he turn'd, and to his Brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to send or write,
 (I have no Bag, but here is room)
 Unto my Father's Hands and Sight
 (Believe me) it shall safely come.
 That I shall mind what you impart;
 Look, you may put it very near my Heart.

Or if hereafter any of my Friends
 Will use me in this kind, the Door
 Shall still be open; what he sends
 I will present, and somewhat more,
 Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
 Any thing to me. Hark Despair, away.

¶ *The Jews.*

Poor Nation, whose sweet Sap and Juice
 Our Cyens have purloin'd, and left you dry:
 Whose Streams we got by the Apostles sluice,
 And use in Baptism, while ye pine and die;
 Who by not keeping once, became a Debtor;
 And now by keeping lose the Letter:

O that my Prayers! mine alas!
 Oh that some Angel might a Trumpet sound:
 At which the Church falling upon her Face
 Should cry so loud, until the Trump were drown'd,
 And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
 That your sweet Sap might come again!

¶ *The*

¶ The Collar.

I Struck the Board, and cry'd, no more;
 I will abroad.
 What shall I ever Sigh and Fine?
 My Lines and Life are free; free as the Road,
 Loose as the Wind, as large as Store.
 Shall I be still in Suit?
 Have I no Harvest, but a Thorn
 To let me Blood, and not restore
 What I have lost with Cordial Fruit?
 Sure there was Wine,
 Before my Sighs did dry it: There was Corn,
 Before my Tears did drown it.
 Is the Year only lost to me?
 Have I no Bays to crown it?
 No Flowers, no Garlands gay? all blasted?
 All wasted?
 Not so, my Heart: but there is Fruit,
 And thou hast Hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown Age
 On double Pleasures: Leave thy cold Dispute
 Of what is fit, and not forsake thy Cage,
 Thy Rope of Sands,
 Which petty Thoughts have made, and made to thee
 Good Cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy Law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away; take heed:
 I will abroad,
 Call in thy Death's-head there: Ty up thy Fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load.
 But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild.
 At every word,
 Methoughts I heard one calling, *Child*;
 And I reply'd, *My Lord*.

The

¶ *The Glimpse.*

W Hither away Delight ?
 Thou cam'st but now ; wilt thou so soon depart,
 And give me up to Night ?
 For many Weeks of ling'ring pain and smart
 But one half hour of comfort for my Heart ?

Merthinks delight should have
 More Skill in Musick, and keep better Time.
 Wert thou a Wind or Wave,
 They quickly go and come with lesser Crime :
 Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
 Feeds not, but adds to the desire of Meat.
 Lime begg'd of old (they say)
 A Neighbour spring to cool his inward heat ;
 Which by the Springs access grew much more great.

In hope of thee my Heart
 Pickt here and there a Crumb, and would not die ;
 But constant to his part,
 When as my Fears foretold this, did reply,
 A slender Thread a gentle Guest will ty.

Yet if the Heart that wept
 Must let thee go, return when it doth knock,
 Although thy heap be kept
 For future times, the droppings of the stock
 May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
 The Wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short. .
 Thou know'st how Grief and Sin
 Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
 Who by thy coming may be made a Court !

¶ *Assu-*

¶ Assurance.

O Spiteful bitter Thought !
Bitterly spiteful Thought ! Couldst thou invent
So high a Torture ? Is such Poyson bought ?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When Wit contrives to meet with thee ;
No such rank Poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me ; that I allow
And coin large hopes : But that I was deceiv'd ;
Either the League was broke, or near it ;
And that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this ? What more
Could Poyson, if it had a Tongue, express ?
What is thy aim ? Wouldst thou unlock the Door
To cold Despairs and gnawing Pensiveness ?
Wouldst thou raise Devils ? I see, I know,
I writ thy Purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the Hope and Comfort that I gather,
Were from my self, I had not half a Word,
Not half a Letter to oppose
What is objected by my Foes.

But thou art my Desert ;
And in this League, which now my Foes invade,
Thou art not only to perform thy part,
But also mine : As when the League was made,
Thou didst at once thy self endite,
And hold my Hand, while I did write.

Where-

Wherefore if thou canst fail,
 Then can thy Truth and I : But while Rocks stand,
 And Rivers stir, thou canst not shrink or quail :
 Yea, when both Rocks and all Things shall disband,
 Then shalt thou be my Rock and Tower,
 And make their Ruin praise thy power.

Now foolish Thought go on,
 Spin out thy Thread, and make thereof a Coat
 To hide thy shame : For thou hast cast a Bone,
 Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy Throat.
 What for it self Love once began,
 Now Love and Truth will end in Man.

¶ *The Call.*

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life :
 Such a Way, as gives us breath :
 Such a Truth, as ends all strife :
 Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength :
 Such a Light, as shows a Feast :
 Such a Feast, as mends in length :
 Such a Strength, as makes his Guest.

Come my Joy, my Love, my Heart :
 Such a Joy, as none can move :
 Such a Love, as none can part :
 Such a Heart, as joys in love.

¶ *Clasping*

¶ *Clasping of Hands.*

Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine,
 If mine I am : And thine much more,
 Then I or ought, or can be mine.
 Yet to be thine, doth me restore ;
 So that again I now am mine,
 And with advantage mine the more :
 Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
 And thou with me dost thee restore.
 If I without thee would be mine,
 I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine.
 So mine thou art, that something more
 I may presume thee mine, than thine.
 For thou didst suffer to restore
 Not thee, but me, and to be mine :
 And with advantage mine the more,
 Since thou in Death wast none of thine,
 Yet then as mine didst me restore.
 O be mine still ! Still make me thine !
 Or rather make no Thine and Mine !

¶ *Praise.*

Lord, I will mean and speak thy Praise,
 Thy Praise alone.
 My busy Heart shall spin it all my days :
 And when it stops for want of store,
 Then will I wring it with a Sigh or Groan,
 That thou mayst yet have more.

When

When thou dost favour any Action,
It runs, it flies;
All Things concur to give it a Perfection,
That which had but two Legs before, (rise
When thou dost bless, hath twelve: one Wheel doth
To twenty then, or more.

But when thou dost on Business blow,
It hangs, it clogs :
Not all the Teams of *Albion* in a row
Can heal or draw it out of Door.
Legs are but Stumps, and *Pharaoh's* Wheels but Logs,
And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of Things do thee employ
In ruling all
This spacious Globe: Angels must have their Joy,
Devils their Rod, the Sea his Shore,
The Winds their stint; and yet when I did call,
Thou heardest my Call, and more.

I have not lost one single Tear :
But when mine eyes
Did weep to Heav'n, they found a Bottle there
(As we have Boxes for the Poor)
Ready to take them in, yet of a size
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadst slipt a Drop
From thy right Eye,
(Which there did hang like Streamers near the top
Of some fair Church, to show the fore
And bloody Battel which thou once didst try)
The Glas was full and more.

Where-

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,
 Though press'd, runs thin;
 O that I might some other Hearts convert,
 And so take up at Use good store;
 That to thy Chests there might be coming in
 Both all my Praise, and more!

¶ *Joseph's Coat.*

Wounded I sing, tormented I endite,
 Thrown down I fall into a Bed, and rest:
 Sorrow hath chang'd its Note: such is his will,
 Who changeth all things as him pleaseth best.
 For well he knows, if but one Grief and Smart
 Among my many had his full Career,
 Sure it would carry with it ev'n my Heart,
 And both would run until they found a Bier
 To fetch the Body; both being due to Grief.
 But he hath spoil'd the Race, and given to Anguish
 One of Joy's Coats, ticing it with Relief
 To linger in me, and together languish.
 I live to shew his Power, who once did bring
 My Joys to weep, and now my Griefs to sing,

¶ *The Pulley.*

W HEN God at first made Man,
 Having a Glass of Blessing standing by;
 Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:
 Let the World's Riches, which dispersed ly,
 Contract into a Span.

So Strength first made away :
 Then Beauty flow'd, then Wisdom, Honour, Pleasure:
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone of all his Treasure
 Rest in the Bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
 Bestow this Jewel also on my Creature,
 He would adore my Gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
 So both should Losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining Restlessness :
 Let him be Rich and Weary, that at least,
 If Goodness lead him not, yet Weariness
 May toss him to my Breast.

¶ The Priesthood.

BLeft Order, which in Power dost so excel,
 That with th'one Hand thou liftest to the Sky,
 And with the other throwest down to Hell
 In thy just Censures ; fain would I draw nigh,
 Fain put thee on, exchanging my Lay-sword
 For that of the holy Word.

But thou art Fire, sacred and hallow'd Fire ;
 And I but Earth and Clay : Should I presume
 To wear thy Habit, the severe attire
 My slender Compositions might consume.
 I am both Foul and brittle, much unfit
 To deal in holy Writ.

Yet

Yet have I often seen, by cunning Hand
And force of Fire, what curious Things are made
Of wretched Earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That Earth is fittest by the Fire and Trade
Of skilful Artists, for the Boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the Earth, from whence those Vessels come,
So that at once both Feeder, Dish, and Meat,
Have one beginning and one final Sum;
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
If Earth in Earth delight.

But th' Holy Men of God such Vessels are,
As serve him up, who all the World commands;
When God vouchsafeth to become our Fare,
Their Hands convey him, who conveys their Hands;
O what pure Things, most pure must those Things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my Hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th' old Sins and new Doctrines of our Land.
Only, since God doth often Vessels make
Of lowly Matter for high Uses meet,
I throw me at his Feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker seek
For some mean Stuff whereon to show his Skill:
Then is my Time. The distance of the Meek
Doth flatter Power. Lest Good come short of Ill
In praising might, the Poor do by Submission,
What Pride by Opposition.

¶ *The Search.*

W^Hither, O whither art thou fled,
 My Lord, my Love?
 My Searches are my daily Bread;
 Yet never prove.

My Knees pierce th' Earth, mine Eyes the Sky:
 And yet the Sphere
 And Centre both to me deny
 That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how Herbs below
 Grow green and gay:
 As if to meet thee they did know,
 While I decay.

Yet can I mark how Stars above
 Simper and shine,
 As having Keys unto thy Love,
 While poor I pine.

I sent a Sigh to seek thee out,
 Deep drawn in Pain,
 Wing'd like an Arrow: But my Scout
 Returns in vain.

I turn'd another (having store)
 Into a Groan,
 Because the Search was dumb before:
 But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new Fabrick mold
 Which Favour wins,
 And keeps thee present, leaving th' old
 Unto their Sins?

Where

Where is my God? What hidden place
 Conceals thee still?
 What Covert dare eclipse thy Face?
 Is it thy Will?

O let not that of any thing:
 Let rather Brass,
 Or Steel, or Mountains be thy Ring,
 And I will pass.

Thy Will such an intrenching is,
 As passeth Thought:
 To it all Strength, all Subtilties
 Are Things of nought.

Thy Will such a strange distance is,
 As that to it
 East and West touch, the Poles do kiss,
 And Parallels meet.

Since then my Grief must be as large,
 As is thy Space,
 Thy distance from me; see my charge,
 Lord, see my Case.

O take these Bars, these Lengths away:
 Turn and restore me:
 Be not Almighty, let me say,
Against but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be near;
 What Edge so keen,
 What Point so piercing can appear
 To come between?

For as thy Absence doth excel
 All distance known.
 So doth my nearness bear the Bell;
 Making two one.

¶ *Grief.*

O Who will give me Tears? Come all ye Springs,
 Dwell in my Head and Eyes: Come Clouds and
 My Grief hath need of all the watry things, (Rain:
 That Nature hath produc'd. Let every Vein
 Suck up a River to supply mine Eyes,
 My weary weeping Eyes too dry for me,
 Unless they get new Conduits, new Supplies,
 To bear them out, and with my State agree.
 What are two shallow Fords, two little Spouts
 Of a less World? The greater is but small,
 A narrow Cupboard for my Grieffs and Doubts,
 Which want Provision in the midst of all.
 Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
 For my rough Sorrows; cease, be dumb and mute,
 Give up your Feet and running to mine Eyes,
 And keep your Measures for some Lover's Lute,
 Whose Grief allows him Musick and a Rhyme:
 For mine excludes both Measure, Tune and Time.
 Alas, my God!

¶ *The Cross.*

What is this strange and uncouth thing!
 To make me sigh, and seek, and faint and dy,
 Until I had some place, where I might sing,
 And serve thee; and not only I,
 But all my Wealth and Family might combine
 To set thy Honour up, as our Design.

And

And then, when after much delay,
 Much wrestling, many a Combate, this dear end,
 So much desir'd, is giv'n, to take away
 My Power to serve thee ; to unbend
 All my Abilities, my Designs confound,
 And lay my Threatnings bleeding on the Ground.

One Ague dwelleth in my Bones,
 Another in my Soul (the Memory
 What I would do for thee, if once my Groans
 Could be allow'd for Harmony)
 I am in all a weak disabled Thing,
 Save in the Sight thereof, where Strength doth sting.

Besides, things fort not to my Will,
 Ev'n when my Will doth study thy Renown :
 Thou turn'st th' Edge of all things on me still,
 Taking me up to throw me down :
 So that, ev'n when my Hopes seem to be sped.
 I am to Grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my Aim, and yet to be
 Farther from it than when I bent my Bow :
 To make my Hopes my Torture, and the Fee
 Of all my Woes another Woe,
 Is in the midst of Delicates to need,
 And ev'n in Paradise to be a Weed.

Alas my dear Father, ease my Smart !
 These Contrarieties crush me ; these cross Actions-
 Do wind a Rope about, and cut my Heart :
 And yet since these thy Contradictions
 Are properly a Cross felt by thy Son,
 With but four words, my words, *Thy will be done ?*

¶ *The Flower.*

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are thy Returns! Ev'n as the Flow'rs in Spring:
 To which, besides their own Demean,
 The late-past Frosts, Tributes of Pleasure bring.
 Grief melts away
 Like Snow in May,
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shriv'd Heart
 Could have recover'd Greenness? It was gone
 Quite under Ground, as Flow'rs depart
 To see their Mother-root, when they have blown;
 Where they together
 All the hard Weather
 Dead to the World, keep House unknown.

These are thy Wonders, Lord of Power,
 Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to Hell
 And up to Heav'n in an Hour;
 Making a chiming of a Passing-Bell.
 We say amiss,
 This or that is:
 Thy word is all, if we would spell.

O that I once past changing were,
 Fast in thy Paradise, where no Flow'r can wither!
 Many a Spring I shot up fair,
 Offring at Heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
 Nor doth my Flower
 Want a Spring-shower,
 My Sins and I joyning together.

But

But while I grow in a straight Line :

Still upwards bent, as if Heav'n were mine own,

Thy Anger comes, and I decline :

What Frost to that ? What Pole is not the Zone

Where all things burn,

When thou dost turn,

And the least Frown of thine is shown ?

And now in Age I bud again,

After so many Deaths I live and write,

I once more smell the Dew and Rain,

And relish versing. O my only Light,

It cannot be

That I am he,

On whom thy Tempests fell all Night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of Love,

To make us see we are but Flow'rs that glide :

Which when we once can find and prove,

Thou hast a Garden for us, where to bide.

Who would be more,

Swelling through store,

Forfeit their Paradise by their Pride.

¶ Dotage.

False glozing Pleasures, Casks of Happiness,

Foolish Night-fires, Womens and Childrens

Chases in Arras, gilded Emptiness,

Shadows well mounted, Dreams in a Career,

Embroyder'd Lyes, nothing between two Dishes ;

These are the Pleasures here.

True earnest Sorrows, rooted Miseries,

Anguish in Grain, Vexations ripe and blown,

Sure-footed Grievs, solid Calamities,

Plain Demonstrations, evident and clear,

Touching their Proofs, ev'n from the very Bone ;

These are the Sorrows here.

But O the Folly of distracted Men,
 Who Griefs in earnest, Joys in jest pursue;
 Preferring, like brute Beasts, a loathsome Den
 Before a Court, ev'n that above so clear,
 Where are no Sorrows, but Delights more true
 Than Miseries are here!

¶ *The Son.*

L Et Foreign Nations of their Language boast,
 What fine Variety each Tongue affords:
 I like our Language, as our Men and Coast:
 Who cannot dress it well, want Wit, not Words.
 How neatly do we give the only Name
 To Parents Issue and the Sun's bright Star!
 A Son is Light and Fruit; a fruitful Flame
 Chasing the Father's Dimness, carry'd far
 From the first Man in th' East, to fresh and new
 Western Discoveries of Posterity.
 So in one word, our Lord's Humility
 We turn upon him in a Sense most true:
 For what Christ once in Humbleness began,
 We him in glory call, *The Son of Man.*

¶ *A true Hymn.*

MY Joy, my Life, my Crown!
 My Heart was meaning all the day,
 Somewhat it fain would say:
 And still it runneth muttring up and down
 With only this, *My Joy, my Life, my Crown!*

Yet

Yet slight not these few words;
 If truly said, they may take part
 Among the best in Art.
 The fineness which a Hymn or Psalm affords,
 Is, when the Soul unto the Lines accords.

He who craves all the Mind,
 And all the Soul, and Strength, and Time,
 If the words only rhyme,
 Justly complains, that somewhat is behind
 To make his Verse, or write a Hymn in kind.

Whereas if the Heart be mov'd,
 Although the Verse be somewhat scant,
 God doth supply the Want:
 As when th' Heart says (sighing to be approv'd)
O, could I love! and stops; God writeth, *Love'd.*

¶ The Answer.

MY Comforts drop and melt away like Snow:
 I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
 Which my fierce Youth did bandy, fall and flow
 Like Leaves about me, or like Summer Friends,
 Flies of Estates and Sunshine. But to all.
 Who think me eager, hot and undertaking,
 But in my Prosecutions slack and small;
 As a young Exhalation, newly waking,
 Scorns his first Bed of Dirt, and means the Sky;
 But cooling by the way, grows purfy and slow,
 And settling to a Cloud, doth live and die
 In that dark State of Tears: To all, that so.

Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
 Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

¶ *Dialogue-Anthem.*

Christian.

Death.

Chr. **A** Las poor Death! where is thy Glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Dea. *Alas, poor Mortal, void of Story!*
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poor Death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy Curse being laid on him makes thee accurſt.

Dea. Let Losers talk, yet thou shalt die; (worst.)
 These Arms shall crush thee. Chr. Spare not, do thy
 I shall be one day better than before:
 Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

¶ *The Water-Course.*

THou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the Condition of this World is frail,
Where of all Plants, Affliction soonest grow :
If Troubles overtake thee, do not wail :

For who can look for less, that loveth { Life?
Strife?

But rather turn the Pipe and Waters-Course
To serve thy Sins, and furnish thee with store
Of Sov'reign Tears, springing from true Remorse;
That so in Purity thou may'st him adore,

Who gives to Man, as he sees fit, { Salvation.
Damnation.
Self-

¶ *Self-Condernnation.*

THou who condemnest Jewish hate,
 For chusing *Barabbas* a Murderer
 Before the Lord of Glory;
 Look back upon thine own Estate,
 Call home thine Eye (that busy Wanderer)
 That Choice may be thy Story.

He that doth love, and love amiss,
 This World's Delights before true Christian Joy,
 Hath made a Jewish Choice:
 The World an ancient Murderer is;
 Thousands of Souls it hath and doth destroy
 With her enchanting Voice.

He that hath made a sorry Wedding
 Between his Soul and Gold, and hath preferr'd
 False Gain before the true,
 Hath done what he condemns in reading:
 For he hath sold for Money his dear Lord,
 And is a *Judas-Few*.

Thus we prevent the last great day,
 And judge our selves. That Light which Sin and
 Did before dim and choak, (Passion
 When once those Snuffs are ta'n away,
 Shines bright and clear, ev'n unto Condernnation,
 Without Excuse or Cloak.

¶ *Bitter-Sweet.*

AH my dear angry Lord!
 Since thou dost love, yet strike;
 Cast down, yet help afford;
 Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;
 I will bewail, approve:
 And all my fowre-sweet Days
 I will lament, and love.

¶ *The Glance.*

WHen first thy sweet and gracious Eye
 Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of Youth and Night
 To look upon me, who before did lie
 Weltring in Sin:

I felt a sugar'd strange Delight,
 Passing all Cordials made by any Art,
 Bedew, embalm, and over-run my Heart;
 And take it in:

Since that time many a bitter Storm
 My Soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
 Had the malicious and ill-meaning Harm
 His swing and sway:

But still thy sweet original Joy,
 Sprung from thine Eye, did work within my Soul,
 And surging Griefs, when they grew bold, controul,
 And got the day.

If thy first Glance so powerful be,
 A Mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again;
 What Wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
 Thy full-ey'd Love!

When thou shalt look us out of Pain,
 And one Aspect of thine spend in Delight
 More than a thousand Suns disburse in Light
 In Heav'n above!

¶ The 23 Psalm.

THE God of Love my Shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed.
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender Grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the Streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my Mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy Name.

Yea, In Death's shady black Abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy Rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me fit and dine,
Ev'n in my En'mies fight;
My Head with Oyl, my Cup with Wine
Runs over Day and Night.

Surely thy sweet and wond'rous Love
Shall measure all my Days:
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my Praise.

¶ Mary,

¶ *Mary Magdalen.*

W H E N blessed *Mary* wip'd her Saviour's Feet,
 (Whose Precepts she had trampled on before)
 And wore them for a Jewel on her Head :
 Shewing his Steps should be the Street,
 Wherein she thenceforth evermore
 With penfive Humbleness would live and tread :

She being stain'd her self, why did she strive
 To make him clean, who could not be defil'd ?
 Why kept she not her Tears for her own Faults,
 And not his Feet ? Though we could dive
 In Tears like Seas, our Sins are pil'd
 Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear Soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
 To bear her filth ; and that her Sins did dash
 Ev'n God himself : Wherefore she was not loth,
 As she had brought wherewith to stain,
 So to bring in wherewith to wash :
 And yet in washing one, she washeth both.

¶ *Aaron.*

H O l i n e s s on the Head ;
 Light and Perfections on the Breast,
 Harmonious Bells below, raising the Dead,
 To lead them unto Life and Rest ;
 Thus are true *Aarons* drest.

Profaneness in my Head,
 Defects and Darknes in my Breast,
 A noise of Passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a Place where is no rest ;
 Poor Priest thus am I drest.

Only

Only another Head

I have, another Heart and Breast,
Another Musick, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest.
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my only Head,
My alone only Heart and Breast,
My only Musick, striking me e'en dead :
That to the old Man I may rest,
And be in him new drest.

So holy in my Head,
Perfect and light in my dear Breast,
My Doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest)
Come People, *Aaron's* drest.

¶ *The Odour.* 2 Cor. 2.

HOW sweetly doth *My Master* sound, *My Master* !
As Ambergrice leaves a rich Scent
Unto the Taster :

So doth these Words a sweet Content,
An oriental Fragrancy, *My Master*.

With these all day I do perfume my Mind,
My Mind ev'n thrust into them both ;
That I might find

What Cordials make this curious Broth,
This Broth of smells, that feeds and fats my Mind.

My Master, shall I speak ? O that to thee
My Servant were a little so,
As Flesh may be :

That these two Words might creep and grow
To some degree of Spiciness unto thee !

Then

Then should the Pomander, which was before
 A speaking Sweet, mend by Reflection,
 And tell me more :
 For pardon of my Imperfection
 Would warm and work it sweeter than before..
 For when *My Master*, which alone is sweet,
 And ev'n in my Unworthiness pleasing,
 Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as thee not displeasing ;
 That Call is but the breathing of the sweet.
 This Breathing would with Gains by sweetning me
 (As sweet Things traffick when they meet)
 Return to thee,
 And so this new Commerce and sweet
 Should all my Life employ and busy me.

¶ *The Foil.*

IF we could see below
 The Sphere, of Vertue, and each shining Grace.
 As plainly as that above doth show ;
 This were the better Sky, the brighter Place..
 God hath made Stars the foil
 To set off Vertues, Grievs to set off sinning ;
 Yet in this wretched World we toil,
 As if Grief were not foul, nor Vertue winning.

¶ *The Forerunners.*

THE Harbingers are come. See, see their Mark
 White is their colour, and behold my Head.
 But must they have my Brain? must they dispark
 Those sparkling Notions, which therein were bred?
 Must dulness turn me to a Clod?
 Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God.*

Good,

Good Men ye be, to leave me my best Room,
Ev'n all my Heart, and what is lodged there :
I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
So, *Thou art still my God*, be out of fear.

He will be pleased with that ditty ;
And if I please him, I write fine and witty.

Farewel sweet Phrases, lovely Metaphors :
But will you leave me thus ? when ye before
Of Stews and Brothels only knew the Doors,
Then did I wash you with my Tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well drest, and clad :
My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting Language, Sugar-cane,
Honey of Roses, whither wilt thou fly ?
Hath some fond Lover tic'd thee to thy bane ?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a Sty ?
Fy, thou wilt soil thy broider'd Coat,
And hurt thy self, and him that sings the Note.

Let foolish Lovers, if they will love Dung,
With Canvas, not with Arras, cloth their Shame :
Let Folly speak in her own native Tongue.
True Beauty dwells on high : Ours is a Flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous Words should go together.

Yet, if you go, I pass not ; take your way :
For, *thou art still my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more imbellishment can say.
Go Birds of spring : Let Winter have his fee ;
Let a bleak Paleness chalk the Door,
So all within be livelier than before.

¶ *The Rose.*

PReſs me not to take more Pleaſure
 In this World of ſugar'd lies,
 And to uſe a larger Meaſure
 Than my ſtrict, yet welcome Size.

Fiſt, there is no Pleaſure here:
 Colour'd Griefs indeed there are,
 Bluſhing Woes, that look as clear,
 As if they could Beauty ſpare.

Or if ſuch Deceits there be,
 Such Delights I meant to ſay;
 There are no ſuch things to me,
 Who have paſſ'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe
 Unto what you now adviſe:
 Only take this gentle Roſe,
 And therein my Answer lies.

What is fairer than a Roſe?
 What is ſweeter; yet it purgeth.
 Purgings enmity diſcloſe,
 Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that Wordlings prize
 Be contracted to a Roſe;
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,
 But it biteth in the cloſe.

So this Flower doth judge and ſentence
 Worldly Joys to be a ſcourge:
 For they all produce Repentance,
 And Repentance is a purge.

But I Health, not Physick chuse :
 Only though I you oppose,
 Say that fairly I refuse,
 For my Answer is a Rose.

¶ Discipline.

THrow away thy Rod,
 Throw away thy Wrath.
 O my God,
 Take the gentle Path.
 For my Heart's desire
 Unto thine is bent :
 I aspire
 To a full Consent.
 Not a Word or Look
 I affect to own,
 But by Book,
 And thy Book alone.
 Though I fail, I weep :
 Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
 To the Throne of Grace.
 Then let Wrath remove,
 Love will do the Deed :
 For with Love
 Stony Hearts will bleed.
 Love is swift of Foot ;
 Love's a Man of War,
 And can shoot,
 And can hit from far,

Who

Who can 'scape his Bow ?
 That which wrought on thee,
 Brought thee low,
 Needs must work on me :

Throw away thy Rod ;
 Though Man Frailties hath,
 Thou art God :
 Throw away thy wrath.

¶ *The Invitation.*

Come ye hither, all whose taste
 Is your waste ;
 Save your Cost and mend your Fare.
 God is here prepar'd and drest,
 And the Feast,
 God, in whom all Dainties are.

Come ye hither all whom Wine
 Doth define,
 Naming you not to your good :
 Weep what ye have drunk amiss,
 And drink this,
 Which before you drink is Blood.

Come ye hither all whom Pain
 Doth arraign,
 Bringing all your Sins to fight :
 Taste and fear not : God is here
 In this Cheer,
 And on Sin doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither all whom Joy
 Doth destroy,
 While ye graze without your Bounds :
 Here is Joy that drowneth quite
 Your Delight,
 As a Flood the lower Grounds.

Come

Come ye hither all, whose Love
Is your Dove,
And exalts you to the Sky:
Here is Love, which having Breath,
Ev'n in Death,
After Death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to thee:
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

¶ *The Banquet.*

Welcome sweet and sacred Cheer,
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy Neatness passeth sight,
Thy Delight,
Passeth Tongue to taste or tell,

O what sweetness from the Bowl
Fills my Soul,
Such as is, and makes Divine!
Is some Star (fled from the Sphere)
Melted there,
As we Sugar melt in Wine?

Or hath sweetness in the Bread
Made a Head
To subdue the smell of Sin,
Flow'rs, and Gums, and Powders giving
All their Living,
Lest the Enemy should win?

Doubt-

Doubtless neither Star nor Flower
Hath the Power
Such a Sweetness to impart;
Only God, who gives Perfumes,
Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my Heart.

But as Pomanders and Wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruised are better scented;
God, to shew how far his Love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my Birth,
And on Earth
In Delights of each was drown'd;
God took Blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And so found me on the Ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a Cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taste;
But I still being low and short,
Far from Court,
Wine becomes a Wing at last.

For with it alone I fly
To the Sky:
Where I wipe mine Eyes, and see
What I seek, for what I sue;
Him I view,
Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this Pity
 Be my Ditty,
 And take up my Lines and Life :
 Harken under pain of Death,
 Hands and Breath,
 Strive in this, and love the Strife.

¶ *The Posy.*

LET Wits contest,
 And with their Words and Posies Windows fill :
Less than the least
Of all thy Mercies, is my Posy still :

 This on my Ring,
 This by my Picture in my Book I write.
 Whether I sing,
 Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

 Invention rest,
 Comparisons go play, Wit use thy will :
Less than the least
Of all God's Mercies, is my Posy still.

¶ *A Parody.*

SOULS Joy, when thou art gone,
 And I alone,
 Which cannot be,
 Because thou dost abide with me,
 And I depend on thee ;
 Yet when thou dost suppress
 The Chearfulness
 Of thy abode,
 And in my Power not stir abroad,
 But leave me to my load :

O what a Damp and Shade
 Doth me invade !
 No stormy Night
 Can so afflict, or so affright;
 As thy eclipsed Light.

Ah Lord ! do not withdraw,
 Lest want of Aw
 Make Sin appear ;
 And when thou dost but shine less clear,
 Say that thou art not here.

And then what Life I have,
 While Sin doth rave,
 And falsely boast,
 That I may seek, but thou art lost ;
 Thou and alone thou know'st

O what a deadly Cold
 Doth me infold !
 I half believe
 That Sin says true : But while I grieve,
 Thou com'st and dost relieve.

¶ *The Elixir.*

TEach me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see,
 And what I do in any thing,
 To do it as for thee :

Not rudely as a Beast,
 To run into an action ;
 But still to make thee prepossess ;
 And give it his Perfection.

A Man that looks on Glasſs,
On it may ſtay his Eye;
Or if he pleaſeth, through it paſs.
And then the Heav'n ſpy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be ſo mean,
Which with his Tincture (for thy ſake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A Servant with this Claufe
Makes Drudgery divine:
Who ſweeps a Room, as for thy Laws,
Makes that and th' Action fine.

This is the famous Stone,
That turneth all to Gold:
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for leſs be told.

¶ *A Wreath.*

A Wreathed Garland of deſerved Praise,
Of Praise deſerved unto thee I give,
I give to thee who knoweſt all my Ways,
My crooked winding Ways wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live; for Life is ſtraight,
Straight as a Line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more far above Deceit,
Than Deceit ſeems above Simplicity.
Give me Simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy Ways,
Know them and praſtiſe them; then ſhall I give
For this poor Wreath, give thee a Crown of Praise.

I

¶ *Death.*

¶ *Death.*

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous
 Nothing but Bones, (thing,
 The sad Effect of sadder Groans:
 Thy Mouth was open, but thou could'st not sing.

For we consider'd thee, as at some six
 Or ten years hence,
 After the loss of Life and Sense,
 Flesh being turn'd to Dust, and Bones to Sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short;
 Where we did find
 The Shells of fledge Souls left behind,
 Dry Dust, which sheds no Tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's Death did put some Blood
 Into thy Face,
 Thou art grown fair and full of Grace,
 Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
 As at Dooms-day;
 When Souls shall wear their new Aray,
 And all thy Bones with Beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
 Half that we have
 Unto an honest faithful Grave;
 Making our Pillows either Down or Dust.

¶ *Dooms-*

¶ *Dooms-day.*

Come away,
Make no delay.

Summon all the Dust to rise,
'Till it stir, and rub the Eyes;
While this Member jogs the other,
Each one whisp'ring, *Live you, Brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no Musick feels
But thy Trumpet : Then it kneels,
As peculiar Notes and Strains
Cure Tarantulaes raging Pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the Graves make their Confession,
Left at length they plead Possession :
Flesh's stubbornness may have
Read that Lesson to the Grave.

Come away,
Thy Stock doth stray.
Some to Winds their Body lend,
And in them may drown a Friend :
Some in noisome Vapours grow
To a Plague and publick Woe.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the World.
Lord, thy broken consort raise,
And the Musick shall be praise.

¶ Judgment.

A Almighty Judge, how shall poor Wretches brook
 Thy dreadful look,
 Able an Heart of Iron to appall,
 When thou shalt call
 For every Man's peculiar Book?
 What others mean to do, I know not well;
 Yet I here tell,
 That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
 So void of sin,
 That they in Merit shall excell.
 But I resolve, when t'ou shalt call for mine,
 That to decline,
 And thrust a Testament into thy Hand.
 Let that be scann'd:
 There thou shalt find my Faults are thine.

¶ Heav'n.

O Who will shew me those Delights on high?
Echo. *I.*
 Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all Men know.
Echo. *No.*
 Wert thou not born among the Trees and Leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
 And are there any Leaves that still abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
 What Leaves are they? Impart the Matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
 Are holy Leaves the Echo then of Bliss?
Echo *Yes.*
 Then tell me, What is that supreme Delight?
Echo. *Light.*
 Light to the Mind: What shall the Will enjoy?
Echo. *Foy.*

But

But are there Cares and Businels with the Pleasure?

Echo.

Leisure.

Light Joy and Leisure; but shall they persevere?

Echo.

Ever.

¶ *Love.*

Love bad me welcome: Yet my Soul drew back,
Guilty of Dust and Sin.

But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A Guest I answer'd worthy to be here:
Love said, you shall be he.

I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my Dear,
I cannot look on thee.

Love took my Hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the Eyes but I?

Truth Lord; but I have marr'd them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.

And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My Dear then I will serve.

You must sit down, says Love, and taste my Meat:
So I did sit and eat.

*Glory be to God on high, and on Earth
Peace, good Will towards Men.*

T H E CHURCH MILITANT.

A Lmighty Lord, who from thy glorious Throne
 Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one :
 The smallest Ant or Atom knows thy Power,
 Known also to each Minute of an Hour :
 Much more do Common-wealths acknowledge thee,
 And wrap their Policies in thy Decree,
 Complying with thy Counsels, doing nought
 Which doth not meet with an eternal Thought.
 But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
 Not the Decrees of Power, but Bands of Love.
 Early did'st thou arise to plant this Vine,
 Which might the more indear it to be thine.
 Spices come from the East; so did thy Spouse,
 Trim as the Light, sweet as the laden Boughs
 Of *Noah's* shady Vine, chaste as the Dove,
 Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy Love.
 The Course was westward, that the Sun might light
 As well our Understanding as our Sight.
 Where th'Ark did rest, there *Abraham* began
 To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.
Moses pursu'd this : But King *Solomon*
 Finish'd and fixt the old Religion.
 When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
 By nailing Christ to fasten it again.
 But to the Gentiles he bore Cross and all,
 Rending with Earthquakes the Partition-Wall :
 Only whereas the Ark in Glory shone,
 Now with the Cross, as with a Staff alone,
 Religion like a Pilgrim, westward bent,

Knock.

Knocking at all Doors, ever as she went.
Yet as the Sun, though forward be his Flight,
Listens behind him, and allows some Light,
'Till all depart : So went the Church her way,
Letting, while one Foot stept, the other stay
Among the Eastern Nations for a time,
'Till both removed to the Western Clime,
To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of Anger once, but now of Love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter Plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*
Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' History.
Goshen was Darkness, *Egypt* full of Lights,
Nilus for Monsters brought forth *Israelites*.
Such Power hath mighty Baptism to produce
For things mishapen, things of highest use.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are !

Who may with thee compare ?

Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
Gave her the highest Place in all Mens Hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a Fishers Net.
Plato and *Aristotle* were at a loss,
And wheel'd about again to spell *Christ's Cross*.
Prayers chas'd Syllogisms into their Den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took Horse as soon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both, yet *Egypt* faster rid,
And spent her Period and prefixed Time
Before the other. *Greece* being past her Prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,
Who, that they might subdue, made all their Foes.
The Warriour his dear Scars no more resounds,
But seems to yield *Christ* hath the greater Wounds ;
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his Bliss,
Who by an Ambush lost his Paradise.

186 *The CHURCH MILITANT.*

The great Heart stoops, and taketh from the Dust
 A sad Repentance, not the Spoils of Lust :
 Quitting his Spear, lest it should pierce again
 Him in his Members, who for him was slain.
 The Shepherds Hook grew to a Scepter here,
 Giving new Names and Numbers to the Year.
 But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece* to comfort them,
 Who were cut short in *Alexander's* Stem.
 In both of these Prowess and Arts did tame
 And tune Mens Hearts against the Gospel came :
 Which using, and not fearing Skill in th' one,
 Or Strength in th' other, did erect her Throne.
 Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew,
 As dying things are wont, until it flew
 At length to *Germany*, still Westward bending,
 And there the Churches Festival attending :
 That as before Empire and Arts made way,
 For no less Harbingers would serve than they :
 So they might still, and point us out the place (Face.
 Where first the Church should raise her down-cast
 Strength levels Grounds, Art makes a Garden there;
 Then show'rs Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shar'd with *Germany*,
 But *England* in the higher Victory :
 Giving the Church a Crown to keep her State,
 And not go less than she had done of late.
Constantine's British Line meant this of old,
 And did this Mystery wrap up and fold
 Within a Sheet of Paper, which was rent
 From Time's great Chronicle, and hither sent.
 Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
 Unto the farthest old Meridian.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ?
 Much about one and the same Time and Place,
 Both where and when the Church began her Race,

Sin did set out of Eastern *Babylon*,
And travell'd Westward also; journeying on
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her Peace, and tainting her good Name.
At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow
Gardens of Gods, which ev'ry Year did grow,
Fresh and fine Deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a God clearly a Sallet lost.
Ah, what a thing is Man devoid of Grace,
Adoring Garlick with an humble Face,
Begging his Food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshippeth his Meat!
Who makes a Root his God, how low is he,
If God and Man be sever'd infinitely!
What wretchedness can give him any room,
Whose House is foul, while he adores his Broom?
None will believe this now, though Money be
In us the same transplanted Foolery.
Thus Sin in *Egypt*, sneaked for a while;
His highest was an Ox or Crocodile,
And such poor Game. Thence he to *Greece* doth pass;
And being Craftier much than Goodness was,
He left behind him Garrisons of Sins,
To make good that which ev'ry day he wins.
Here Sin took heart, and for a Garden-bed
Rich Shrines and Oracles he purchased:
He grew a Gallant, and would needs foretel
As well what should befall, as what befall.
Nay, he became a Poet, and would serve
His Pills of sublimate in that Conserve.
The World came both with Hands and Purses full
To this great Lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious Cheating, brave Deceit,
Where some poor Truths were shuffled for a Bait,
To credit him, and to discredit those,
Who after him should braver Truths disclose.

From

188 *The CHURCH MILITANT.*

From *Greece* he went to *Rome*; and as before
 He was a God, now he's an Emperor.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
 Put him in trust to rule the *Roman* Sphere.
 Glory was his chief instrument of old:
 Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold.
 Which soon was blown to such a mighty Flame,
 That though our Saviour did destroy the Game,
 Disparking Oracles, and all their Treasure,
 Setting Affliction to encounter Pleasure;
 Yet did a Rogue with hope of Carnal Joy,
 Cheat the most subtil Nations. Who so Coy,
 So trim, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? Yet their Hearts
 Are given over, for their curious Arts,
 To such *Mikometan* Stupidities,
 As the old Heathen would deem Prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are!

Who may with thee compare?

Only the West and *Rome* do keep them free
 From this contagious Infidelity.
 And this is all the Rock whereof they boast,
 As *Rome* will one day find unto her cost.
 Sin being not able to extirpate quite
 The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one Night
 To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre:
 The old debauched Russian would turn Writer.
 I saw him in his Study where he sat
 Busy in Controversies sprung of late.
 A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well:
 His grave Aspect had more of Heav'n than Heli:
 Only there was a handsome Picture by,
 To which he lent a Corner of his Eye.
 As Sin in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
 And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperor;
 So now being Priest he plainly did profess
 To make a Jest of Christ's three Offices:

The CHURCH MILITANT. 189

The rather since his scatter'd Juglings were
United now in one, both Time and Sphere.
From *Egypt* he took petty Deities,
From *Greece* oracular Infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the Liberty of Pleasure,
By free Dispensings of the Churches Treasure.
Then in Memorial of his antient Throne,
He did surname his Palace *Babylon*.
Yet that he might the better gain all Nations,
And make that Name good by their Transmigrations;
From all these Places, but at divers times,
He took fine Vizards to conceal his Crimes :
From *Egypt* Anchorism and Retiredness :
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* Stateliness :
And blending these he carry'd all Mens Eyes,
While Truth sat by counting his Victories :
Whereby he grew apace, and scorn'd to use
Such Force as once did captivate the Jews ;
But did bewitch, and finely work each Nation
Into a voluntary Transmigration.
All post to *Rome* : Princes submit their Necks
Either t' his publick Foot or private Tricks.
It did not fit his Gravity to stir,
Nor his long Journey, nor his Gout and Fur.
Therefore he sent out able Ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors Cloisterers :
Who without Spear or Sword, or other Drum,
Than what was in their Tongue, did overcome ;
And having conquer'd did so strangely rule,
That the whole World did seem but the Pope's Mule.
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist :
So both together are one Antichrist ;
Yet with two Faces, as their *Janus* was,
Being in this their old crackt Looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ?

Thus

190 *The CHURCH MILITANT.*

Thus Sin triumphs in Western *Babylon* ;
 Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
 Of his two Thrones he made the latter best,
 And to defray his Journey from the East.
 Old and new *Babylon* are to Hell and Night,
 As is the Sun and Moon to Heav'n and Light.
 When th' one did set, the other did take place,
 Confronting equally the Law and Grace.
 They are Hell's Land-marks, Satan's double Crest :
 They are Sin's Nipples, feeding th' East and West.
 But as in Vice the Copy still exceeds
 The Pattern, but not so in virtuous Deeds ;
 So though Sin made his latter Seat the better,
 The latter Church is to the first a Debter.
 The second Temple could not reach the first :
 And the late Reformation never durst
 Compare with antient Times and purer Years ;
 But in the Jews and us deserveth Tears.
 Nay, it shall ev'ry Year decrease and fade ;
 'Till such a Darknes do the World invade
 At Christ's last coming, as his first did find :
 Yet must there such Proportions be assign'd
 To these Diminishings, as is between
 The spacious World and *Jury* to be seen.
 Religion stands on tip-toe in our Land,
 Ready to pass to the *American* Strand.
 When height of Malice, and prodigious Lusts,
 Impudent sinning, Witchcrafts, and Distrusts
 The Marks of future Bane, shall fill our Cup
 Unto the Brim, and make our Measure up ;
 When *Sein* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*
 By letting in them both, pollutes her Streams :
 When *Italy* of us shall have her Will,
 And all her Kalender of Sins fulfil ;
 Whereby one may foretel, what Sins next Year
 Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer :

Then

The CHURCH MILITANT. 191

Then shall Religion to *America* flee:
They have their Times of Gospel, ev'n as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their Gold from them away:
For Gold and Grace did never yet agree:
Religion always sides with Poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss:
We are more Poor, and they more Rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their Quarrel, making Grace
To pay our Debts, and leave our ancient Place
To go to them, while that, which now their Nation
But lends to us, shall be our Desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither Westward fly,
So Sin shall trace and dog her instantly:
They have their Period also and set Times
Both for their vertuous Actions and their Crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in Men's Hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, and Sin the Church shall smother.
That when they have accomplished the round, (ther:
And met in th' East their first and ancient sound,
Judgment may meet them both & search them round.
Thus do both Lights, as well in Church as Sun,
Light one another, and together run.
Thus also Sin and Darkness follow still
The Church and Sun with all their Power and Skill.
But as the Sun still goes both West and East:
So also did the Church by going West
Still Eastward go; because it drew more near
To Time and Place, where Judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

¶ *L'Envoy.*

King of Glory, King of Peace,
With the one make Wars to cease ;
With the other bleſs thy Sheep,
Thee to Love, in thee to Sleep.
Let not Sin devour thy Fold,
Bragging that thy Blood is cold,
That thy Death is alſo dead,
While his Conqueſts daily ſpread ;
That thy Fleſh hath loſt his Food,
And thy Croſs is common Wood.
Choke him, let him ſay no more,
But reſerve his Breath in ſtore,
Till thy Conqueſt and his Fall
Make his Sighs to uſe it all,
And then bargain with the Wind
To diſcharge what is behind.

*Bleſſed be God alone,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One.*

F I N I S.

A TABLE.

A

A Aaron's Garments should be still worn by Ministers	Page 168, Line 19
Abraham brought Religion with him from the East	184, 19
Abstinence, how profitable	79, 7
Abuse of things taketh not away their use	79, 16
Abusiveness, the scum of Wit	8, 29. 9, 1
Account, see Rules	
Action. The Glory of an Action is, to do it for God's Glory	178, 21
Active Spirits only Live	12, 13. 71, 3
Adoration of Saints, why unlawful	70, 1
Affliction succeedeth Prosperity 38, 25, &c. it is not to be grieved for 164, 11. or rather Grief for Affliction is to be turned into Grief for Sin 164, 17. how to carry our selves therein 40, 7. it is Advantage to a Christian 35, 90, 7. 124, 25. Affliction's Caldron helpeth to supple the Heart 122, 17-----29. 123, 1. Affliction to Christians, like the pruning Knife, to Trees 126, 2. Afflictions com. pared to Moles 119, 1. all our Afflictions nothing to Christ's Sufferings 53, 26. Christ hath his part in our Afflictions	64, 27. 65, 7. 89, 28
Alms, the most thriving Trade 89, 3. Motives thereunto 13, 9, &c. see Rules.	

Altar,

A T A B L E.

Altar, see Gods.

*America's Conversion calculated 190,25. Their parting
with their Gold prepareth them for the Gospel pag. 191,
lin. 3*

Anagram of J E S U 105,9. of M A R Y 69,15

Anchorism, whence 189,13

Angels, held with Joy; Man recovered with Grief 90,1.

Both have great Cause to praise God 85,7,&c.

Angry Men give advantage to their Adversaries 11,19

*Antickrist's various Policies, whereby he hath prevailed
over the World 189,1,&c. see Rome*

Apparel, see Rules

Arguing, see Rules.

*Ark; where the Ark stood, Religion began her Race 184
16*

Arms and Arts usher in the Gospel 186,9-----22. 191,17.

*The Power of Art 155,1. Arts yield to the Simplicity
of the Gospel 185,20*

*Assurance assaulted by doubting 149,1. how cleared 149,
19*

Astronomy 77,11. 127,17

Attention in time of Divine Service 15,1

B.

B *abylon, old and new, deciphered 190,5. Both Ene-
mies to God's Church 190,8. see Rome.*

Back-biter, see Evil-speaker

*Banquet none so dainty as the holy Communion 174,175,
176*

*Baptism why administred in our Infancy 36,15. Its sacred
Efficacy 36,4. 185,16. It is the Heart's laver 122,4*

Baths 111,20

Eats 113,13

Beasts, see Vertue.

*Beauty, how to be accounted of 62,25. it is one of the
World's Baits 103,5. It raiseth Wit 46,1. True Beauty
where 171,22*

I.e.l, an Emblem of the Grave 90,19. 180,21

Bees

A T A B L E.

Bees	111,13
Blessings how variously dealt	112,10. 113,5
Blasting of Sin, a desying of God	2,25,&c.
Bodies. Our Bodies, though vilely dishonoured and disordered by Death 180,1. 181,21. shall rise in Glory 180,	17. 181,3
Boldness, when commendable	8,1. 9,19
British Church, see Church	
Broken Heart, see Heart	
Business, to be actively followed 12,17. see Employment.	
What Business we have for Tears 105,19. and Sighs	106,1

C.

C almness in arguing, a great Advantage	11,9
Careless Persons past cure	12,18
Care's Cops 136,5. Busy Care for future Chances, blamed	139,1,&c.
Charity, like the Cement in a Building	58,18
Children, how to be educated 4,13---30. They are Paterns for Men	36,20
CHRIST , His love to us, free 107,1, &c. 176,13. and incomparable 29,17. 86,21. 96,7. 97,16. 100,10,&c. 106,8,&c. 151,12. 175,4. We can never sufficiently admire it 177,1. We can nor do; nor suffer enough to requite him 27,3,&c. 28,19. 97,21. 141,5. How he humbled himself to redeem us 31,26. He laid aside his Robes, to put on our Rags 145,15. He is lodged in an Inn 72,29. 145,25. Cradled in a Manger 73,6. His Forty days Fast 79,19. We ought to imitate him 79,20. Why Mary washed his Feet 168,1. his Passion and Grief set forth 19,&c. his Sale 19,17. Bloody-sweat 19,21. 54,5. 100,1. His Disciples drowsiness 20,1. and flight 20,21. his Apprehension 20,17. Accusation 20,26,&c. Willingness to dye 20,30. Condemnation 21,9. 23,21. Patience 21,29. Herod and Pilate combine against him 21,13. the Jews spite against him, see Jews. B-rabbas	

A T A B L E.

- rabbas preferred before him* 22,21. *he is Scourged* 23,1.
Buffeted 23,5. *Spit on* 23,9. 24,25. *Hood-winked* 23,
 13. *Flouted* 23,17. 26,1. *scornfully Arrayed* 24,1.
cruelly Crowned 24,5. *smitten with a Reed* 24,13. *scoff-*
ingly Saluted 24,17. *he beareth his Cross* 25,9. *he is*
Crucified on it 25,13. *betwixt two Thieves* 26,9. *they*
give him Vinegar and Gall 26,17. *part his Garments* 26,
 21. *pierce his Side* 26,25. 146,1. *what rare Liquor*
flowed thence 26,27. 29,18. 36,4.
His Title 26,13. 27,1. *Death* 26,29. 118,1. 145,13,30.
by dying hath destroyed Death 164,1-----10
The unconceivableness of his Sufferings 25,21. 27,1----10
All our Sufferings nothing to his 53,26
An Arithmetick to cast up his Sufferings by 30,15
Our benefit from them 25,15. 26,5. 27,13. 106,8-----28.
 164,1-----10
His Sepulchre 32,7. *His Grave-clothes a Christian's Hand-*
kerchief 105,6
The use and fruits of his Resurrection 104,19,&c. *how to*
share with him in his Victories 29,1. *an Hymn on his*
Resurrection 33,1
His Blood an Antidote to expel Sin 31,13. *the only Quieter*
of the Conscience 98,17. *the Price of Paradise* 68,19.
the true Panacea 141,19. *it serveth both to cleanse*
the Heart 122,5. 141,19. *and soften it* 122,32. *it*
supplieth the defect of our Tears 129,25. 152,25
His Cross, a Tree of Life to us 25,15. *what Adam lost*
we have in him 137,13. 185,36
He is the weary Soul's best Relief 72,26. *both the Grief*
and Joy of a Christian 54,6. *our Peace* 117,26. *our*
Way, Truth, Life 150, 13. *Our Light, Feast, Strength*
 150,17. *our Joy, Love, Heart* 150,21. *our Food in the*
Sacrament 155,14. 174,12,20,24. 175,13. 176,1,&c.
He is more ours than his own 151,12. *we more his than*
our own 151,1. *and then most our own when his* 151,4
He is most lovely and beautiful 108,9. *he hath changed*
the shape of Justice from terrible to amiable 135,1. *he*
presenteth

A T A B L E.

presenteth our Suits to his Father with advantage	146,
7. he supplieth his Ministers defects	168,24. 169,1. he
suffereth still in his Members	64,24. 65,7
What he requireth of us for all he hath done for us	107,
25. our Ingratitude to him	86,5-----25. Vows of Gra-
-titude and Love to him	27,17. 40,11
Christ's three Offices made a Jest of	188,33
He is importuned to hasten his second Coming	99,25. 100,
	101,150,13. 181,1,&c.
Christian Religion, its rise	184,25. progress Westward
184,29. it leaveth the East by degrees	185,2. cometh
into Egypt	185,8. Greece 185,20. Italy 185,32.
Germany 186,15. England 186, 24. when it shall	
pass over to America	190,25. see Religion. Arts
and Arms both give way to it	185,20-----35. both make
way for it	186,9----22. 191,17
Christians should not be caught with the World's Bait	103,
1-----24. 172,1,&c. see World. Their Joy, see Joy.	
Their State here	132,1. their Life, a Mixture of bitter
and sweet	158,20, &c. 160,161,165,25. 166,5,13.
their Journey to Heaven described	135,25. It is that
of the Jews towards Canaan	121,1
A Christmas Anthem	73,11
Church, see God's House.	
The Church, how tenderly regarded by God	184,9. Her
Grace and Beauty	184,14. Her Progress like the Suns
from the East Westward	184,13,24. 185,2- 186,31.
191,13,24. she is still dogged and driven away by Sin	
185,35. see Sin.	
She is but a small part of the World	134,27
The reformed Church, far short of the Primitive	190,14.
Gifts of the Holy Ghost, how plentiful in the Primitive	
Church	51,11. how scarce now
	51,23
Churches Authority to be obeyed	78,16. Innocent Customs
in the Church to be observed	78, 24
Church Schisms, how sad and lamentable	134,1. whence
caused	134,16
	The

A T A B L E.

<i>The British Church, of late the most beautiful</i>	102,1---30.
<i>the Pontifician in the mean time painted</i>	102,13.
<i>the rest undressed</i>	102,19.
<i>Evils threatening ruin to our Church</i>	155,20. 190,27
<i>Chymistry</i>	78,1
<i>Cleanliness recommended</i>	13,3
<i>Clothes worn by Man only</i>	112,25. <i>see Rules.</i>
<i>Clouds</i>	111,20. 112,32
<i>Command, God's Right-hand ; Permission, his Left</i>	110,13
<i>Commerce and Trade</i>	112,22
<i>Commonwealth steered by God's Counsels</i>	184,5
<i>Communion, see Sacrament.</i>	
<i>Complaint, see Praise.</i>	
<i>Condemn. Men oft condemn that in others, which themselves are guilty of</i>	165,1
<i>Confession a special Remedy against Grief of Heart</i>	119,7
<i>Confidence</i>	58,15. <i>The Confidence of the Godly</i> 167,1,&c.
<i>Conscience. Its busy Nature</i>	98,6. <i>How to quiet it</i> 98,17. <i>a remorseful Conscience, of how strange a force</i> 125,3,&c.
<i>Constancy. A constant good Man set forth</i>	63,17. <i>Be constant to thy Purposes</i> 5,1
<i>Constantine the Great</i>	186,27
<i>Contented Men only Happy</i>	60,13. 61,7. <i>Contentment only maketh Rich</i> 4,25. <i>It is likened to Fire in Flint</i> 60,9. <i>Motives to Contentation</i> 87,19. <i>Our Hopes of so much hereafter should make us Content here with a little</i> 131,1
<i>Continence. All bound to contain, or marry</i>	1,13
<i>Conveyance, see Soul.</i>	
<i>Corrections, God's Pruning-knife</i>	126,1
<i>Covetousness ; base</i>	6,7. 69,3. <i>dangerous</i> 6,19. <i>the Root of all Evil</i> 69,1,14. <i>as foolish an Idolatry as ever Egypt was guilty of</i> 187,17. <i>an acting of Judas's part over again</i> 165,13
<i>Countries. Several Countries have several Blessings</i>	112,11. <i>all enough to serve their need</i> 112,21
	<i>Creatures,</i>

A T A B L E.

Creatures, all strongly and sweetly ruled by God's Will
 110,9----20. 184,1. *all shew his infinite Power* 110,
 21. *all Praise him, see Praise. All useful one way*
or other 112,11----20. 113,5. *all Wise for their own*
Good 111,9. *None of them to be rested in* 154,6.
They express a Feast 113,17
Credit, how to be regarded 1,15. 12,12
Crocodile 113,23. *worshipped in Egypt* 187,20
Cross, it is the Christian's Burden 25,11. *see Affliction.*
Curiosity in Divinity checked 127,17. *and about future*
Chances 138,6. 139,1
Customs, see Church.

D.

D*AY and Night a checkered Twist* 111,6. *Day made*
for business; Night for rest 55,12. 56,6. 10.
Work-days and Sundays compared 67,1,15. 68,23.
see Sunday. The last Day best 101,14
Day of Judgment, see Judgment.
Death's Nature, altered by Christ 115,9----18. *it was*
once hideous 180,1. *now lovely* 180,13. *O Death*
where is thy Sting! 164,1. *Death desired* 99,25.
 100,22. 101,17. 138,3. 148,26. 168,8. 180,13. *it rob-*
beth us of all but our God 170,25. 171,1. *its Advan-*
tage to a Christian 164,9. 180,16. *the Gate of Heaven*
 136,27. 148,30. *it openeth our Eyes to see clearly* 74,
 16. *it is a curb to Sin, if well thought of* 57,5. *it de-*
stroyeth Sin 58,24. *it equalleth Kings and private Per-*
sons 60,21. *No Age without something to mind it of*
Death 90,13. 91,1. *Death's Harbingers* 170,24.
Death surpriseth Procrastinators 71,21. *Man only*
feareth two Deaths 124,24
Delight, see Joy.
Denial, or delay of Prayers breedeth Discontent 71,26.
 72,1----25
Deserts, see Merit.
 Despairing

A T A B L E.

<i>Despairing Thoughts, how sad and bitter</i>	149,1. 177,19.
178,1. <i>a Charm for Despair</i>	145,7. 146,18. <i>Desperation's Cave</i>
	135,18
<i>Devil, he is not so ugly as Sin</i>	55,22
<i>Disciples, see Christ.</i>	
<i>Discontent. Arguments to lay it</i>	87,19. 18,1
<i>Discourse, see Rules.</i>	
<i>Distances huge and irreconcilable</i>	157,13,29
<i>Diving for Pearls</i>	77,18
<i>Divinity, in it self easy and plain</i>	128,1. <i>made difficult</i>
<i>by Men's vice Curiosity</i>	127,17
<i>Doctrine and Life in Ministers, like Colours and Light in Glass</i>	59,16
<i>Doing Good, see Good.</i>	
<i>Dolphine</i>	120,11
<i>Doomsday longed for</i>	181. <i>how terrible it will be</i>
<i>see Judgment,</i>	182,1.
<i>Doubtings of God's Favour</i>	149,1. <i>how removed</i>
	149,19. 178,19
<i>Drunkennes, how abominable</i>	2,1. <i>a Caveat for Drunkards</i>
	89,15. <i>Drunkards invited to the best draught that can be</i>
	174,15
<i>Dulness of Heart, see Heart.</i>	

E.

E <i>Ager Undertakers and slack Prosecutors, likened to an Exhalation</i>	163,31
<i>Earthen Vessels, oft curious, though of mean Stuff</i>	155,1
<i>Earthly Joys, see Wordly.</i>	
<i>East, the Churches, as well as the Sun's Rising-place, see Church.</i>	
<i>Easter</i>	33,34
<i>Easy things, see Hard.</i>	
<i>Egypt's Garden-gods derided</i>	187,5. <i>she was once the Seat of Plagues; after of Religion</i>
	185,8. <i>she shaketh off Christ's Yoke</i>
	185,22. <i>and submitterh to Mahomet's</i>
	188,11
	<i>Elements</i>

A T A B L E.

<i>Elements placed according to their worth</i>	71,6
<i>Elephant</i>	113,24
<i>Eloquence where best bestowed</i> 171,7-----24. <i>the Language of the Heart, the highest Eloquence</i> 163,1----15.	171,5
<i>Empire and Arts usher in the Gospel</i> 186,9----22. 191,17. <i>see Roman.</i>	
<i>Employment, see Doing good.</i>	
<i>Emulation, see Envy.</i>	
<i>England's Character</i> 4,7. <i>Marks of her Ruin</i> 190,27.	191,7
<i>English, careless in breeding their Children</i>	4,13
<i>English, a Language copious and eloquent enough</i>	162,9
<i>Envy, a Worm ; Emulation, a Spur</i>	9,25
<i>Evil-speaker, see Speaker</i>	
<i>Evils future, forestal not</i>	139,1,&c.
<i>Expenses, see Rules.</i>	
<i>Eyes. A Good Receipt for them</i>	88,25

F.

F <i>Aith's Care, Nature and Efficacy</i> 41,19,&c. <i>It equal- leth different Conditions</i> 42,15. <i>see Reason.</i>	
<i>Fame. The Fame of the Dead in the Power of the Living</i> 60,25. <i>see Credit.</i>	
<i>Fast, which best</i> 80,1. <i>see Abstinence, and Lent.</i>	
<i>Fathers. Children are nearer to them than any Friends</i> 10,13. <i>yet they are oft more careful of any thing than of their Children</i>	4,14
<i>Feast. That is the best, where the Poor are Guests</i> 80,4	
<i>None like that at the Lord's Table</i>	174,&c.
<i>Fire, used by no Creature but Man</i>	112,26
<i>Flatterers, parcel of Devils</i>	9,23
<i>Flies</i>	111,2
<i>Flowers an Emblem of our Life here</i> 87,1-----18. <i>What Thanks thy return for Rain</i> 113,1. <i>A Christian's Joys and Griefs compared to the springing and withering of Flowers</i>	

A T A B L E.

<i>Flowers</i>	160,161. <i>A Christian Flower for Paradise</i>	161,1
<i>Folly</i>	to forecast and forestal future Evils	13,9,1,&c
<i>Food</i>	provided for all	110,2
<i>Fortitude</i>	presented with the Hare's Ears	62,
<i>Fortune</i>	is the Goddess of Fools	76,
<i>Fountains</i>	see Springs.	
<i>Fox's brain</i>	given to Justice	62,
<i>Friends.</i>	Loss of Friends a great Loss 39 7. Some Friends like Flies 163,19. We use God worse than our Friends 86,2,&c. 108,1-----21. yea than our Foes 86,25. yea none so much our Friends as he 86,21. 100,	
<i>Friendship</i>	must give place to Piety 27,25. see Rules.	
<i>Frogs</i>		113,19
<i>Frosts</i>		112,16. 160,4
<i>Fruits</i>	112,1,6. Cold Fruits have warm Kernels	113,14
<i>Furres</i>		112,12,18

G.

G ain, which best	106,26
G aming, see Rules.	
<i>Gardens of Gods in Egypt</i>	187,5
<i>Gazing at Church, unlawful</i>	14,19
<i>Holy Ghost</i> , see Church.	
<i>Glass</i> 112,17. see Doctrine	
<i>Glory</i> shall be according to the measure of Grace 49,1----12.	
<i>Worldly Glory</i> not worth a Christian's Regard	103,13
<i>Gluttony</i> , see Intemperance. Gluttons bid to the best of Banquets	174,9
G O D. His Altar a broken Heart	18,1
<i>His Anger</i> intolerable 161,4. When he hideth his Face, O how are we troubled !	177,19. 178,1
<i>His Blessing</i> speedeth Man's Actions 152,1. the want of it cloggeth them	152,7
<i>His Bounty</i> to Man 74,1. 84,29. His two Cabinets 74,7. why, having heaped other Blessings on Man 53,21. he kept	

A T A B L E.

- kept rest only from him 154,3. God our Landlord 31,
21. 121,24. He liketh no present from us so well as the
Heart 121,27. 122,4,22. He accepteth the Will for
the Deed 163,1---15
- His care of our Souls* 37,19. 41,19. 78,9. 39,23. 100,7.
122,123. *His two Lines to draw us to himself* 90,1.
How he striveth with Man 93,7. 99,13. 133,17. *His*
Care of his People, and their Confidence in him 167,
1, &c. He careth most for us when he seemeth least to
do so 145,7. *How cross and strange his Dealings are*
sometimes with his Children 158,20. 159,1, &c. 161,
1. and *how various* 160,1, &c. 161,1, &c. 165,25.
166,5,13. *How he tempereth our Grievs with Joys, and*
why 153,7. 161,15. *He is our God even to Death, and*
after 170,29
- His Corrections, Tokens of his Love* 126,2. *His Love*
worketh more on our Hearts than his Rod 173,5, &c.
- His due in Tythe and Time to be given him* 13,20
- His Gifts far exceed our Deserts and Returns* 132,9.
141,1. 177,9. *they encourage still to crave more* 116,
1---15
- His Glory must not be given to any other* 70,11. *it should*
be our end in every thing 178,21
- His Goodness to Angels and Men* 85,10
- His Grace restraineth our impetuous Lusts* 147,1---36.
we stand in continual need of it 120,17. 137,3, &c.
we can do nothing well without it 137,1. 149,29. *God*
is wont to add his Help to Man's Endeavours 79,24
- His Grief for our Sins* 128,17. *calleth upon us to grieve*
129,1
- His House to be longed for* 13,18. *hasted unto* 13,24.
14,13. 4,25. *entred with Reverence* 147,17. 1, &c.
how we ought to behave our selves there 14, &c. *much*
Benefit by coming thither 14---34
- His Immensity* 47,6. *He dwelleth not in Temples made*
with Hands 99,1, 24. *He is invited to dwell in*
K Man

A TABLE.

Man 83,13. 85,1. *desire of God's Presence maketh this Life irksome* 115,19. *he conversed of Old familiarly with the Patriarchs* 91,19. *now he taketh up his Mansion in the Heart* 92,1. *see Heart.*

His Justice, see Justice.

His Kingdom. A Prayer for the Advancement of God's, and the overthrow of Sin's Kingdom 192,1

His Love unmeasurable 90,7. 110,9. 126,16. 140,5. 13, 11. *it is shewn unto us Day and Night* 56,9. *yea, every Minute* 56,14. *it is our sweetest Repose* 56,16. *the Ground of our Assurance* 149,19, &c. 150,1. *the sole Cause of our Happiness* 183,6, &c. *it keepeth us from falling from God* 93,1,12. 149,20. 150,1. *God cannot wholly forsake his People* 177,21. *the first Glance of God's Favour on the Soul, how permanent and powerful* 166,5. *God commended his Love to us by giving his Son to dy for us* 176,10

His Omniscience 179,19. 184,2. *see Sinner. We should still admire and adore God's eternal Counsels* 185,18. 186,33. 188,17. 189,35. 191,32. *according to which all things come to pass* 184, 1----10

His Pity, transcendent 142,25. *Arguments to excite it* 137,15. 142,13, &c. 173,5. *what a quick access Prayer hath to God* 95,19. *he is more ready to hear than we to ask* 54,11. *why he turneth, sometime a deaf Ear to our Prayers* 126,11. 127,1

His Power infinite 96,1. 126,14. *what can resist his Will* 157,5. *or separate from his Love* 157,5.

He is to be praised by all, by Man especially 45,1. 57, &c.

His Mercy to his, above all Praise 140,1, &c. *see Praise.*

His Promises bind him 133,16. 139,30. *and plead for us* 144,20

His Providence how Praise-worthy 109,9
110----113. *his two Hands* 110,13. *it ruleth all* 109,10. 110,9. *see Creatures. God is infinite in all and each of his Works* 110,21. *He stilleth Tempests* 110,

A T A B L E.

110,25. maketh Sand check the Sea	110,27. feedeth his Creatures	110,29. 111,1. ordereth Time	111,5. curiously and variously divideth his Gifts	112,10,&c. 113,5,&c. provideth better for us than we should for our selves	87,9. 88,5. continually taketh care for all Things	152,13. especially for his Church	184,9	
His Purity							93,14	
His Robes laid aside for our Rags							145,15	
His Ways, and Mans	88,13. 165,25. He oft imployeth mean Instruments about high Matters						155,22	
His Will should be ours	87,19. 97,6. 159,30. it is the Rule of his Actions						164,21	
His Word, the Rule of all Religious Worship	70,13. it should be our Rule in every thing						173,9---16	
Gold, as ridiculous a God as Garlick	187,17. Gold and Grace agree not						191,3	
Good, doing Good, both comfortable	12,1. and profitable						49,1,&c. 70,26. A good Man described	63,17
Gospel how ushered in, see Arts. It prevaileth over Arts	185, 20. And Arms	185,32. see Christian Religion. It hath its set Periods in every Country	185, 25. 191,2,15. its admirable Rise, Growth, Fruits				118,3,&c.	
Grace more glorious than the Stars	170,16. It supporteth the World	76,15. It is but small in us in comparison of Corruption	30,1,&c. it hath its ebbs and flows	46, 23. 47, 1. 48, 1. 120, 21. As Grace aboundeth so should Duty	53, 7. see Glory. God's Grace, see God.			
Gratitude, see Thankful.								
Grave, see Bed.								
Great Men not to be envied	9,25. how to be dealt with						9, 19	
Grecian Oracles							187,26	
Grief, Sins foil	170,21. It is of a subtle and searching Nature	118,19. 119,1. wasteth the Body	41,7. 129,25. 153,11. A Remedy against it	119,7. Grieffs			future,	

K 2

A TABLE.

future, not to be forestalled 139, 1, &c. Grief good, if right taken 124, 25. Grief for Affliction, see Affliction. The Greatness of Grief emphatically set out 158, 1. It is proportioned by God's distance from us 157, 17. Grief and Joy interchangeably succeed each other 160, 1, &c. 161, 1, &c, see Sighs and Sorrow. Groans, God's Musick 99, 17. see Sighs.

H.

H Air. A Brush for powdred Hair 89, 11
 Hard-heart, see Heart. Hard things glorious, easy, cheap and common 112, 13
 Hare's Ears given to Fortitude 62, 3
 Harvest, which best 101, 12
 Hawk 112, 20
 Hear. God beareth not those who hear not their own Prayers 126, 24. nor his Precepts 127, 6
 Heart how intricate and winding 118, 20. its Furniture 30, 1. 31, 11. 32, 11. it is only in God's Power 18, 5. 37, 4. The Method of his Care about it 122, 123. How earnestly God woeth it 54, 11. 86, 18, 22. He esteemeth it more than any Gift else 121, 27. 122, 4, 22. 163, 1, 15. it is all he requireth of us 77, 26. 86, 18. 107, 25. A good Heart is God's House 130, 5. and his Temple 92, 1. more dear to him than that of Solomon 99, 1, &c. How faulty our Hearts are, and unworthy of God's Acceptance 141, 3. How to make them good 141, 19. The Heart best when one and single 141, 4. but it is oft divided and parcelled out 141, 16
 The Heart's Deed of Gift 96, 24. 138, 12. 141, 24. Christ hath purchased it 97, 21. it is never at rest till it come to God 99, 25. 100, 101, 104, 15. 115, 19. 142, 13. 154, 12. 156, 157. A broken Heart described 82, 11. how earnestly it longeth for God's Mercy

A T A B L E.

<i>Mercy</i>	143,13, &c. 144,25.	<i>its best Cordial</i>	105,9.
<i>a purge for the Heart</i>	31,13. 141,19.	<i>a dull Heart,</i>	
<i>how quickened</i>	123,4,&c.	<i>a grateful Heart, earnestly</i>	
<i>to be begged</i>	116,2,25.	<i>Hardness of the Heart</i>	18,5.
	30,13. 32,9,&c. 37,17.	<i>52,25. how removed</i>	122,25,
	32.	<i>a sad Heart, how made glad</i>	126,10,&c.
<i>Heavenly Joys how best expressed</i>			95,1---18
<i>Heaven's Light and Glory</i>	65,13. 66,6,15.	<i>the Joys</i>	
<i>there only pure and true</i>	162,4. 166,24.	<i>Heavens</i>	
<i>Happiness described</i>	182,16. 183,1.	<i>We have here</i>	
<i>sometimes a Glimpse of Heaven, and but a Glimpse</i>	148,1,&c. 166,21.	<i>our Conversation and Cogitations</i>	
<i>should be there</i>	101,23.	<i>the way thither</i>	125,25.
<i>it is</i>		<i>the Gift of God's most free and undeserved Love</i>	183,6
<i>Mr. Herbert giveth some Account of himself and his</i>		<i>Life</i>	38,7,&c. 158,21. 163,16. 166,5. 169,21.
<i>how</i>		<i>fearfully he entred into Holy Orders</i>	154,16. 155,19.
<i>his Pomander</i>	169,16. 170,1.	<i>his Posy or Motto</i>	177,9
<i>Herbs, full of Vertue</i>	111,21.	<i>how they cure us</i>	85,5,26.
<i>Herbs in Brooks hot and dry</i>	113,13.	<i>each Herb sheweth</i>	
<i>a Deity</i>			156,9
<i>Hills, healthy</i>			112,11
<i>Home, our Home above</i>	99,25. 100,22. 101,7,32		
<i>Honest Man, who</i>			63,17
<i>Honour, what</i>	62,25.	<i>how best employed</i>	27,21. 87,25.
<i>how maintained</i>	18,11.	<i>due to base Persons, when in</i>	
<i>Place</i>	10,1.	<i>see Preferment.</i>	
<i>Hope of future Happiness, a main Ground of Contentation</i>		<i>here</i>	113,1.
<i>a Christian's Hope grounded on nothing</i>		<i>in himself</i>	149,21.
<i>but on God's unchangeable Love</i>			149,25.
<i>Hopes requital of Watching, Prayer, Repen-</i>		<i>tence</i>	114,5
<i>Horse</i>			112,19
<i>Humble. Be humble in thy Behaviour, but high in thy</i>		<i>Projects</i>	22,7
			K 3
			Humility

A T A B L E.

Humility 58,12. 61,25. 62,17. *it is ever welcome* 144,
3. 155,27. *not apt to take Offence* 78,21. *a Step to*
Honour 89,9

J. & I.

J.C. <i>Unridled</i>	109,1----8
<i>Idleness, to be fled</i> 3,25. 12,13. 49,13. 70, 26. 71,1	
<i>Idle Persons neither consider their Sins</i> 105,19. <i>nor their</i> <i>Saviour</i>	106,7
<i>Idolatry of Egypt, strange and monstrous</i>	187,5
<i>Man prone to Idolatry</i>	74,3
<i>Jealousy, when good</i>	9,28
<i>Fests must be cleanly</i> 3,7. 9,1. <i>not profane</i>	9,2. 15,25
<i>JESU, how precious a Name</i>	105,9
<i>Jewish Religion, its rise, establishment, ruin</i>	184,19,26
<i>Jews, see Christians. Their Ingratitude to Christ</i> 19,5. <i>eager Spite against him</i> 20,5. 21,25. 22,1,&c. 24,29. <i>cause of their Rejection, and present Blindness</i> 146,23. <i>Their Fall was our Rise</i> 149,19. <i>Their Restitution shall</i> <i>be our Heart's Desire</i> 146,25. <i>Their Design in cruci-</i> <i>fying Christ, crossed</i>	184,23
<i>Incarnation</i> 145,15. <i>see Trinity.</i>	
<i>Indian Nut, how useful</i>	113,10
<i>Infants Clouts, little Winding-sheets</i>	90,14
<i>Ingratitude. Ours to God how great</i>	74,1----30
<i>Intemperance. Its effects</i>	79,10
<i>Joy's Coat given to Anguish</i> 153,16. <i>All Creatures have</i> <i>their Joy single ; only Man his double</i> 123,27,&c. 142, 1,&c. <i>Great Joys, and little, weighed</i> 131,19. <i>see</i> <i>Pleasure. Our Joys should be modest and moderate</i> 131,1. 172,1. <i>Whether Joy or Grief be wholesomer for</i> <i>us</i> 89,23. 90,1. <i>Earthly Joys unfit for the Soul</i> 104, 1----18. <i>bitter and biting in the Close</i> 172,17----28. <i>Spiritual Joys drown them</i> 174,30, <i>Joys above only</i> <i>pure and perfect</i>	161,22. 162,4
	<i>Judas's</i>

A T A B L E.

Judas's Treason	19,13. 20,13
Judgment. Last Judgment, when and where	190,20.
191,21,31. how dreadful	182,1
Justice, once dreadful to the Sinner	135,1. now lovely
135,13. see Fox.	
Justification, illustrated by a Similitude	42,21

K.

K Ind. Be kind and useful	11,26
Kings, God help poor Kings	57,20

L.

L Anguage. Fine Language ill becometh foul Matter	171,9----15
Laughter, see Rules.	
Laws, their Use and Benefit	76,4
Learning stoopeth to Christ's Cross	185,20. its Branche
	81,1
Lent-fast, to be observed	78,15
Less than the least of all God's Mercies, Mr. Herbert's Posy	177,9
Lies, see Lying.	
Life, twofold	77,2. Our Life lik'ned to a Posy of Flowers
87,1. it is a Mixture of Sweet and Sowre	160,161,
165,25. tedious to the Godly	115,1,19. rather a Death
than a Life	179,20. God's due
138,16. not to be loitered away, but spent in Business	71,1. No Life without Christ
106,12. No Age of our Life without Memento's of Death	90,13,&c. 91,1,&c. A good Life
rather to be desired than a long	87,17
Light, how necessary	52,13. Light, Joy, and Leisure for ever in Heaven
	182,16. 183,1
Lime, of how strange a Nature	148,13
Limons	113,15
Lion. The Lion's Paw given to Mansuetude	62,1
K 4	Little

A TABLE.

<i>Little Things not to be despised</i>	12,13,19
<i>Longing. The Longing of a broken heart described</i>	142,
	13,&c. 156,157
<i>Loss of Friends, see Friends. Loss of Love or Honour,</i> <i>though small, not to be slighted</i>	12,13. what Loss the greatest
	106,25
<i>Love and Sin, two the vastest Things</i>	29,5---10. Love,
<i>how powerful</i>	173,22. it is the best Rhetorick
	95,
	1---18. sharpeneth Wit, and quickneth Industry
	108,
	5,17. prevaieth over God and Man
	174,1. Love of
	the Creature 45,17. of the Creator 46,7. Worldly
<i>Love, how vain and foolish</i>	104,1. To love God, who
<i>is fit?</i>	108,26. He is to be loved above all
	81,1,&c.
	140,2. even when he afflicteth
	40,11. Love of the
<i>meanest to be accepted</i>	12,13. see Charity.
<i>Love-Verses, fond and foolish</i>	171,9---21
<i>Lust, how filthy</i>	1,7 its Remedy
	1,13
<i>Lying, to be avoided</i>	3,19. who most subject to it
	3,21.
<i>it doubleth the Fault it would cloke</i>	3,24

M.

M <i>Agistrates should be severe</i>	4,1
<i>Magnanimity and Humility do well together</i>	12,1
<i>Mahomet's Imposture</i>	188,11. how far it prevaieth
	188,19
<i>Man, a little World</i>	83,17. the great World is his
<i>Servant</i>	84,1---30. 85,5. the Symmetry and Sympa-
	thy between his Parts 85,25. and between them
	and other Creatures 83,27---30. 84,5,&c. his Na-
<i>ture, a Medley of Angelical and sensitive</i>	124,4.
<i>Man, how rare a Creature at first</i>	94,19. how happy
<i>before his Fall</i>	44,17. 89,23. how miserable and
<i>helpless since</i>	94,25. 100,8. short-lived, and full of
<i>Sorrow</i>	46,14. subject to Changes 38,7,&c. 47,1,
	120,21. 130,17. mortal 56,18. 57,5. perverse 1,19.
	Rebellious

A T A B L E.

Rebellious 37, 1. 92. 12, &c. foolish and strangely wicked and wilful 92, 12. 94, 1. vile and filthy 93, 13---28. averſe from Goodneſs 93, 27. impatient of Reproof and Correction 93, 3. having his Reason hoodwinked by Luſts 94, 13. giddy and unconstant 119, 19, 120, 1. groſſly doting in what moſt concerneth him 162, 1. 165, 7. 170, 22. ungrateful to God 74, 1---30. 86, 5, &c. 100, 14. an ill Steward of God's Goods 75, 8. a buſy Searcher after every thing but God 77, 11, &c. 78, 1---14. a Beaſt 73, 7. 83, 21. a Tree 83, 20. 125, 19. likened to a Flower 87, 1. 160, 161. What is Man that God ſhould ſo love and woe him 54, 11. 97, 11

Man's Fall and Riſe 34, 89, 23, his Standing, more firm now than in Paradife 89, 18. being weak and poor of himſelf, all his juſticiency is of God 53, 5. he hath no Ability to the leaſt Good without God 137, 1. he hath his Being and all from him 137, 16---24. he is more God's than his own 151, 2. and the more his own by being God's 151, 4. Man loveth God, becauſe God loveth Man firſt 54, 11. 30. Man, when void of Grace, how ſilly 187, 9. 188, 12. apt to fall off from God 93, 7. Man is ſooner wrought upon by love than force 173, 5

Man's Services of God, how full of Failings 88, 20. 93. 15. Man only among the Creatures below able to take notice of the Creator 94, 7. 109, 13. he is the Secretary of God's Praise 109, 13. the World's high Priest 109, 21. how he is wont to requite God's Love 55, 19. 86, 5---25. he is unworthy to praiſe God's Name 92, 11, &c. Men and Angels can never praiſe God enough 85, 25. 113, 25. 140, 9, 17, 25

Mans Attempts thrive only when God bleſſeth them 152, 1. God oft croſſeth his Deſigns, even when good 158, 20. 159, 1, &c. 160, 24. 161, 1. Man's Extremity maketh much for God's Glory 135, 8. Man's Artillery againſt Heaven 133, 9. 142, 15. 143, 19. 156, 5

A TABLE.

<i>Man only without Rule</i>	5,20.	<i>Man only useth Clothes,</i>	
<i>and Fire</i>	112,25.	<i>feareth two Deaths</i>	124,24.
<i>hath double Joys and Grievs</i>	123,29.	<i>124,19.</i>	<i>hath Pleasure</i>
<i>both in this Life and the next</i>	123,27.	<i>124,1,&c.</i>	
<i>Manfuetude,</i>	<i>see Lion.</i>		
<i>Marble, where most plentiful</i>			112,12
<i>Mary, see Anagram, and Virgin.</i>			
<i>Mary Magdalene, by washing Christ, washed herself</i>			168,1----
			18
<i>Master. My Master, the Author's usual Title for Christ</i>			169,21
<i>Mean. The meanest Services done for God's sake, cease to</i>			
<i>be mean</i>			179,6
<i>Means of Grace, how various</i>			37,19
<i>Mediator Christ, our Mediator to his Father</i>			146,7
<i>Meditation of Death</i>			56,17
<i>Merit (though some brag of it</i>	182,8.)	<i>none in us</i>	107,1.
<i>all in Christ</i>			107,13,29.
			182,13
<i>Metals, why hid</i>			111,29
<i>Milk</i>			113,17
<i>Mine and Thine how they stand between Christ and a</i>			
<i>Christian</i>			151,1
<i>Minerals</i>			113,20
<i>Ministry, a venerable and holy Calling</i>			154,16.
<i>13. see Preachers and Priests.</i>			155,
<i>Mirth becometh not a Sinner</i>	129,7.	<i>see Joy.</i>	
<i>Mocking sacred Persons or Things, exceeding dangerous</i>			15,9.
			15,15
<i>Money, its rise and original</i>			69,1
<i>Monuments, mortal, as well as Men.</i>	57,3.	<i>see Tombs.</i>	
<i>Mothers kindness, whence</i>			142,26
<i>Motions. Good Motions to be cherished</i>			127,6.
			132,24
<i>Musick. Church-musick how ravishing</i>			57,13

A T A B L E.

N.

N avigation	112,51
Night made for Man to rest in	56,2. 84,12. 122
Day.	
Noah's Vine	121,17. 128,15

O.

O aths, of all Sins, may be best spared	3,2
Obedience 130,13. The right Rule of it	173,9, 16
Oeconomy. The Oeconomy of a good Soul	130,5
Old Age	91,7
One, sometimes equivalent to a Number	141,9
Oracles, the Devils Cheats 187,26. silenced	188,8
Order, how beautiful	130,10
Holy Orders, not rashly to be entred into	154,16
Orange-tree	71,16

P.

P aradise, not so stable a Mansion as the Ark	89,18.
how forfeited	161,19. 185,37
Paradoxes	88,14---23. 101,12
Parrats	83,23
Passions would 136,7. Passions should follow, not lead	
8,11. They are loth to be curbed by reason 81,27. Though	
fierce and wild 174,1. They are bridled by Divine	
Grace 147,33. When so corrected they are very ser-	
viceable	9,29
Patience, an Emblem of it	58,9
Peace, where to be found 117,23. 118,1---18. Where	
not	117,7. 11,13
Peacock's Plume quarrelled for	62,9
Pearls	

A T A B L E.

<i>Pearls dearly earned</i>	77,18.	<i>and dearly worn</i>	77,22
<i>Pentecost, how glorious</i>			51,11
<i>Perfections, all in Christ</i>			108,13
<i>Perfume, what sweetest</i>	169,16.	175,25.	176,1
<i>Permission, see Command.</i>			
<i>Persecution not so hurtful to the Church as Schism</i>	134,		13, &c.
<i>Perseverance, caused by God's Love</i>			93,7
<i>Phansies meadow</i>			136,1
<i>Philosophy. Two Things too great for a Philosopher to measure</i>			29,5---10
<i>Pigeons</i>			111,10
<i>Pity in the Creature floweth from God</i>			142,25
<i>Pleasure not so good for us as Affliction</i>	89,23.	<i>see Mirth.</i>	
<i>Pleasures immoderately followed, dangerous</i>	175,25.		
<i>Arguments perswading to Moderation in the use of them</i>	172,1,&c.	<i>The ways of Pleasure</i>	81,21.
<i>Earthly Pleasures wearisom</i>	72,26,	<i>and Bitterness in the end</i>	104,5.
<i>Pleasure weakneth the World</i>	76,6.	<i>Pleasure here, but short; Pain, long</i>	148,1.
<i>Pleasures here, vain and empty; Sorrows real and solid</i>	161,22----		33.
<i>172,5. Pleasure, Mahomet's main Argument</i>	188,11.		
<i>Man's Pleasure, where chiefly</i>	123,30.	124,13.	131,2.
	132,15.	148,23.	166,21
<i>Poetry, what best</i>	44,13.	163,1,&c.	<i>its efficacy</i> 1,3. <i>see Verses.</i>
<i>Poysons commonly have their Antidotes at hand</i>			112,3
<i>Pomander</i>			171,1. 176,7
<i>Poor soonest receive the Gospel.</i>			191,3
<i>Pope. His Policy, Power, Pride</i>	188,25.	189,1,&c.	
<i>Powdred Hair, see Hair.</i>			
<i>Practice. In our Practice we oft go cross to our Judgment</i>			62,25. 63,1
<i>Praise due to God from Men and Angels</i>	85, 7, &c.		
<i>All Creatures praise him</i>	109, 17-----	28, 110, 1.	
<i>113, 29. 114, 1. But Man is bound to do it above</i>			all

A TABLE.

all, and for all 109, 9, &c. 110, 1-----9. Man is unworthy to do it 92, 11. 93, 13. God's Praise can neither rise nor fall 110, 22. He can never be praised enough 85, 25. 113, 25. 140, 9. 17, 25. Praise should be lively and chearful 198, 1. and continual 117, 1. 123, 24. 151, 21. 153, 1. Praise and Complaint may stand together 161, 1

Prayer, better than Preaching 14, 13. best when most publick 14, 1. its Excellency 96, 14. an exquisite Encomium of it 43, 1. it is the best Key for the Evening 89, 5. Motives to Prayer, from God's readiness to hear 95, 19. and his Power and Will to help 96, 1, 7. Prayer and Tears, Man's Artillery against Heaven 133, 9. what hindreth Prayer 57, 25. 126, 11. 127, 1. Denial of Prayer, how troublesome 71, 26. 72, 1 ----- 25. A Prayer against Sin's Triumphs 192, 1

Preachers likened to Church-Windows 59, 1. Doctrin and Life should combine in them 59, 6. whatever they should not be despised 14, 31. nor jested at 15, 9

Preferment maketh some worse 88, 5

Present time only ours. 138, 26

Presumption 135, 30

Pride, an absurd Sin for Dust and Ashes 89, 11

Priesthood, how sacred and venerable 154, 16. 155, 13. who is sufficient for such a Function 154, 22

155, 15

Priests how to be dressed 168, 19

Procrastinators, see Death.

Prognosticks of England's Woe 155, 20. 190, 27. of the Gospel's Removal to America 190, 25. of Christ's second Coming 190, 20. 191, 21, 31

Providence reacheth upward and downward 156, 9-----15 even to the smallest things 184, 3. most of all, to the

A T A B L E.

the Church, 184, 9. *God's continual Providence about other Things*, hindereth not his hearing of Prayers 152, 13. *see God*

Purging Medicines 172, 18
Purposes should be pursued 5, 1. *what such are like as be hot in undertaking, but cold in prosecuting their Purposes.* 163, 21

Q.

Q *Varrels to be avoided* 8, 13

R.

R *Ain* 113, 1
Rain-bow 117, 11. 145, 20
Reason in Divine Matters should give place to Faith 127, 21. 128, 9, &c.
Redemption, a more difficult Work than Creation 25, 18
described 31, 21
Reformed Church, not comparable to the Primitive 190, 14
Religion's Rise and Progress 184, 13. *Jewish* 184, 19
Christian 184, 25. *see Christian.* *Religion left the East by degrees* 185, 2. *her removal hence to America foretold* 190, 25. 191, 1. ----- 20. *she best agreeth with Poverty* 191, 3. *she is best at first, and decayeth continually* 190, 14. ----- 24

Renovation of the Heart 122, 3, 10. 123, 20
Repentance 40, 13. *Repent in time* 104, 7
Respect of Persons, none with God 142, 13
Rest, why with-held from Man in this World 154, 31
Resurrection, certain 42, 29. *the Glory thereof maketh grim Death welcome* 180, 1, &c. *Christ's Resurrection a Christian's Cordial* 104, 19

Reverence

A TABLE.

<i>Reverence, to be used in God's House</i>	14,7
<i>Rhetorick. None like Love for Spiritual Matters</i>	95,1 -----18
<i>Riches, one of the World's Snares</i>	103,9. <i>what Esteem we should have of them</i> 62,25. <i>they are only good when used</i> 6,10. <i>but if we take not good heed dangerous</i> 6,19. <i>see Wealth. How to make thy Son rich</i>
	4,19,&c.
<i>Roman Empire seated in Greece</i>	186,7. <i>translated to Germany</i>
	186,13
<i>Rome's Ambition after Empire</i>	185,33. <i>she stoopeth to Christ</i> 185,32. <i>Rome's Rock</i> 188,21. <i>her Saints, Infallibility, Indulgencies, whence</i> 189,3. <i>with what ease she now subdueth all Nations</i> 189,9,-----30
<i>how she deserveth and maketh good her name</i>	B A- B Y L O N 189,7. <i>new and old Rome, both one Antichrist</i>
	189,31
<i>Romish Church, see Church.</i>	
<i>Rose</i>	80,11. 111,26. <i>an Emblem of earthly Delights</i> 172
<i>the Church likened to a Rose</i>	134,1
<i>Rule, observed by all but Man</i>	5,20
<i>Rules for Alms-giving</i>	13,9-----20. <i>Apparel</i> 7,13 <i>arguing</i> 11,9. <i>Behaviour at Table</i> 5,13. <i>calling our selves to account</i> 6,1. 15,20. 55,19. 126,8. <i>carriage toward great Persons</i> 9,19. <i>Contentation</i> 60,1. 61,5. <i>Conversation</i> 8,1,&c. <i>Discourse</i> 10,25,&c. <i>Drinking</i> 2,1,&c. <i>Education of Children</i> 4,17. <i>Friendship</i> 10,7. 86,2,&c. <i>Gaming</i> 7,19. <i>Getting and spending</i> 6,7,&c. <i>Relating Fests and Tales</i> 3,7. <i>Keeping the Lord's Day</i> 13,23,16. <i>Laughter and Mirth</i> 8,25. 9,1. <i>Spending of Time</i> 3,25. 4,1. 15,21,&c. <i>Suretiship</i> 10,13-----21. <i>Travellers</i>
	12,21-----12

A T A B L E.

S.

S abbath gave way to the Lord's Day 68, 8. see Sunday.	
Sacramental Mysteries, easy to Faith	128, 9
Sacraments flowed from Christ's side 26, 27. 122, 5.	
the Sacrament an especial Antidote against Sin 174, 24.	
175, 25. to administer the Sacrament, how high and holy an Office 155, 13. see Supper.	
Saints their Happiness and Glory 69, 17. why we may not afford them Adoration	71, 11
Scandals in the Church, whence	78, 15---26
Schisms in the Church, how lamentable	134, 1
Scholar, his Task	4, 2
Scorn to Man's Love	12, 19
Scriptures, their excellence and use 50, 1, &c. consent and harmony 50, 15. necessary and saving Truths therein, plain and easy	128, 1
Sea bounded with Sand 110, 27. it affordeth a quicker Passage than Land	112, 5
Seek. The Souls seeking of God	156, 157
Self-examination needful	6, 1. 126, 11
Services, see Sweet.	
Shade	112, 13
Sheep	111, 17
Shepherd. The Soul is a Shepherd	73, 13
Sickness described	39, 1
Sighs and Groans 75, 1-----30. 82, 11. how wel- to God 99, 17. they are Musick to him 99, 24. 116, 19. how necessary they are and advantageous to Man 106, 1-----6. 146, 17. they waft the Godly to Bliss 65, 4. Sighs and Tears are Souls Artillery 133, 9. 142, 15. 156, 17. 160, 25. storm Heaven-gate 125, 1. one good Sigh better than all worldly Joys	101. 1

Sinners

A TABLE.

Sinners think not of God's Omniscience 92, 23. are not to be soothed 9, 23. are the greatest Losers 106, 25. oft condemn themselves by condemning others 165, 1-----24. their Task 105, 19. 106, 1. Mirth becometh them not 129, 7. the penitent Sinner's Inventory 30, 1

*Sins foil what 170, 2. it still pursueth the Church, as
Darkness the Sun 191, 14, 20, 26. it chideth and
driveth away Religion 187, 3. its various Postures
and Plots to that end 187 ---- 191. At Rome it
weareth the Habit of Religion 188, 25. 190, 1. what
Sins shall chase the Gospel hence 190, 27. Sin's Over-
throw prayed for 192, 5*

Sin is not to be jested with 3, 7. 9, 1. nor boasted of 2, 25. nor committed to please others 2, 13----12 how prevalent it is 38, 5. how and where an estimate may be taken of it 29, 11. it far exceedeth Grace in the best 30, 1. is greater than the World 25, 18. 29, 5 ----- 10. weakeneth, undermineth, ruineth the World 76, 6, 11, 16. causeth Sorrow 41, 1. 55, 26. hardeneth the Heart 52, 25. 122, 11, 30, maketh Prayer succesless 57, 25. staineth all where it cometh 58, 21. 168, 7, 14. is fouler than the Devil 55, 2. grieveth God 128, 17. 129, 10. Christ's Sorrow for it unconceivable 25, 21. 29, 13. it deserveth our Tears 105, 19 ----- 26, 129, 1, &c. and Sighs 106, 1. a sovereign Antidote for it 31, 13. how it is cleansed 58, 23---26. 122, 5---13. 123, 16. how happy Man was before Sin 44, 17

Sin, how ruled by Divine Providence 110, 13,
16. *its Circular Motion* 114, 14 ---- 29. *its three*
Stories 114, 26. *cheapest Sins dearest punished* 3,

Sleep, a kin to Death 90, 19. the Elephant's Posture
when he sleepeth 113, 24. some Creatures sleep out
the

A T A B L E.

<i>the Winter</i>	111,4
<i>Slight not the smallest Loss</i>	12,13
<i>Sneaking, unmanly</i>	5,7
<i>Solomon's Temple, though glorious 99,1. not so dear to God as a broken Heart</i>	99,7. 24
<i>Son and Sun agree in sound and sense</i>	162,11
<i>Son of Man, our Saviour's Title</i>	162,17
<i>Sorrow mindeth us of Sin 174,21. Worldly Sorrow to be turned into Godly Sorrow 164,14. Sorrow for sin causeth Joy 41,13. 125,18. Sorrow suiteth not with Christ's Resurrection 104,19. Our Sorrows here true; our Pleasures false 161,22-----33. 172,5</i>	
<i>Soul, subject to great Variety of Temper 46,23. 47,25. 120,21. and it is good for her to be so 47,17. she is too high born to love the World 104,1-----18. she is clogged and dilled by the Flesh 101,18. 108,21. how earnestly she longeth for Mercy 142,13,&c. 156,157. and for God's Presence 99,25. 100,101. God's Favour, the Life and Light of the Soul 177,19. 178,1. A Godly Soul, like a well-ordered Family 130,5. Her Employment</i>	105,19
<i>Sowre Natures, how allayed</i>	8,7
<i>Spade</i>	112,20
<i>Speech, proper to Man</i>	83,22
<i>Speaker. An evil Speaker most Foe to himself</i>	89,7
<i>Spices, whence</i>	184,13
<i>Spite turneth Honey into Gall</i>	22,17
<i>Sponges</i>	113,20
<i>Spring</i>	18,15
<i>Springs</i>	111,19. 112,30
<i>Stars 65,13. 66,10,15. 71,14. 127,17. 132,19. 145, 19. 156,13. 175,22. causes of the Alterations here below 111,25. Virtue's Foil</i>	170,16
<i>Stones</i>	111,21. 113,8
<i>Storms, of two sorts 125,1. their use</i>	125,17

Strangers,

A TABLE.

Strangers, how far to be followed	12,31
Sun, see Son, Sun, thought to make too much hast	73,
19. regular in his Course	5,22. he hath a double Motion 77,2. his Course like the Churches. See Church.
Sunday. How it became the Christians Sabbath,	68,1.
its End and Benefit	66,18. 67,9. 14,19,&c. 68,3,
22. pre-eminence above other days	61,17. 67,1,15.
68,22. how it is to be observed	13,21. 14,19. 15,
15.	
Supper. The Lord's Supper, how ravishing a Food	43,21.
44,13. all invited thereto	174,9,&c. the Delicacy and Efficacy thereof 174,11,20,24,30. 175,176. see Sacraments. The Cup there, a sovereign Bath for an hard Heart 122,30. the Liquor in that Cup, Wine to some, Blood to others 122,34. 174,20.
Suretiship, to be avoided by Fathers of Children	10,13. see Rules.
Swearing, a cheap sin, but dearly punished	32,13
Sweet. God's Acceptance of our Services, how sweet a Content	169,26. 170,1. nothing so sweet as God's Love 166,5. 175,13. 176,1. my Master, how sweet words to the Author 169,16

T.

T Abie. How to behave ones self there	5,13
Tales, how to be told	3,7
Tarantula's biting, how cured	181,11
Tears, wished for	158,1. their Prevalence 130,19.
133,9. 140,21. Fruit	114,9. 129,3. right Channel 164,17. Bottle 152,19. when worst forborn 105,
19-----26. why Mary Magdalen spent hers on Christ, not on her self	168,1. Christ's blood supplieth our want of Tears 129,25. 152,25

Tempests

A TABLE.

<i>Tempests, tractable to God</i>	110, 25.	<i>A sort of Tempests that assault God himself</i>	125, 3
<i>Temple, see Solomon.</i>			
<i>Temptations of the World, answered</i>	103, 1, &c.		
<i>Thankful. We can never be too thankful for God's Mercies</i>	140, 1, &c.	<i>we never are enough</i>	141, 1. a
<i>thankful Heart a great Blessing</i>	116, 1		
<i>Thanks should be continual</i>	117, 1.	123, 25	
<i>Thine and Mine, curiously twisted</i>	151, 1		
<i>Thorns</i>	113, 5.	<i>Earth's Curse, on Christ's Head</i>	24, 5
<i>Restless Thoughts, likened to Thorns</i>	123, 8, 22		
<i>Thoughts, see Thorns. Sinful Thoughts, Words, Works</i>		<i>run round in a Ring</i>	114, 14---29
<i>Thrift, Rules for it</i>	6, 7, &c.		
<i>Time, how ordered by God</i>	111, 5.	<i>not to be spent idly and vainly by us</i>	3, 25.
<i>Time present only ours</i>	138, 26.	<i>Time's Office, changed by Christ's coming</i>	115, 9 ----- 18.
<i>his Sithe seemeth dull to some, sharp to others</i>	115, 1.	<i>all Nations have their set time for the Gospel</i>	135, 25. 191, 2, 15.
<i>Later Times still worse</i>	190, 12		
<i>Tithe, see God's due. Nothing lost by paying Tithes</i>	89, 13		
<i>Tombs, see Monuments. What use to be made of the sight of them</i>	56, 18		
<i>Tongue. An ill Tongue hurteth the owner most</i>	89, 7		
<i>Travellers. A safe Conduct for them</i>	89, 1		
<i>Trees</i>	111, 18		
<i>Trinity, a deep Mystery; Incarnation, a sweet one</i>	74, 7		
<i>Trinity-Sunday, a Prayer for it</i>	59, 16		
<i>Truth, ever to be yielded to</i>	11, 29.	<i>threefold</i>	3, 19
<i>Necessary Truths be clear and evident</i>	128, 1		
<i>Turkey. His Coral Chain, given to Temperance,</i>	62, 5		

Valleys,

A TABLE.

V. & U.

V Alleys, fruitful	
Valour, who truly Valiant	9, 13
Vanity and Vexation, all here below	100, 23. 101, 7
Vapour. See Exhalation.	
Verses suit not with excessive Sorrow	158, 13. the Quid-
dity of a Verse	61, 9. wherein the Goodness of a
Verse consisteth	163, 1, &c. 171, 6. Dove-Verses the
Abuse of Poetry	171, 7---24. See Poetry.
Blessed Virgin, her high Eminences	70, 4
Virtue only Immortal	80, 19. more bright than the Stars
	170, 16. Several Virtues receive several Presents from
the Beast	61, 21. 62, 20. when they quarrel, the Beasts
leap upon the Throne	62, 13
University Life described	39, 15
Vows of Love to Christ	27, 17, &c. 40, 11
Urim and Thummim, what	168, 20
Use, see Abuse.	

W.

W Atching, Weeping, and Praying, how reward-	
ed	114, 5
Waters, how many ways useful to Man	84, 20. how di-
versly conveyed by God	112, 29
Wealth without contentment, dangerous	4, 7. When di-
stributed to the Poor, it is restored to God	28, 19
See Riches.	
Wells, see Springs.	
West, see Christian Religion.	
Whey.	
White, Death's Colour	170, 24
	Will,

A T A B L E.

<i>Will, with God goeth for the work</i>	163,1---15
<i>God's Will, see God.</i>	
<i>Windows, see Preachers.</i>	
<i>Winds serve the Mariner 112,7. and the Husbandman</i>	112,32
<i>Wine in the Lord's Supper, like a Wing mounteth the Soul</i>	176,22
<i>upward</i>	124,21
<i>Winter. Man only feeleth two Winters</i>	124,21
<i>Wishes 40,3. 53,1. 55,1. 65,18. 68,25. 71,16. 85,1.</i>	
<i>90,11. 98,1. 99,29. 108,25. 121,12. 138,1. 141,</i>	
<i>7. 146,25. 153,3. 157,5,21. 158,1. 160,22.</i>	
<i>Wit, one of the World's Baits 103,17. how to be managed</i>	9,1,&c. 28,11. 46,12
<i>and imployed</i>	46,1
<i>Beauty raiseth Wit</i>	112,12
<i>Woods, where most plentiful</i>	112,18
<i>Wool</i>	
<i>Word, see God's Word. Words, all too short to reach</i>	95,1-----18
<i>heavenly Joys</i>	
<i>Words</i>	} see Thoughts
<i>and</i>	
<i>Works</i>	
<i>World, God's Book 144,1. Man's Servant 84,1-----30</i>	
<i>whence its Original 76,1. Changes 76,6,11. Support</i>	
<i>76,6,9,15. Decay 92,6. Ruin 76,16. 92,10. an Ar-</i>	
<i>gument of its growing old 92. how little of it is</i>	
<i>Christian 134,27. the World the Pope's Mule 189,</i>	30
<i>The World's Bravery, how to be esteemed of</i>	62,
<i>25.--we are apt to over-value it 63,1. it is most full</i>	
<i>of Afflictions 164,12. affordeth no Rest or Content-</i>	
<i>ment to the Soul 100,22. 101,1. Christians have</i>	
<i>renounced its Vanities 172,11. nothing in it worth</i>	
<i>a Christian's liking 103,1-----24. the love of it</i>	
<i>foolish and dangerous 104,1. whoſo loveth it, preferreth</i>	
<i>a Murderer before Chriſt 165,1---12. hard to have</i>	
<i>Pleasure in both Worlds</i>	131,13
<i>Worldly Joys, likened to a Roſe 172. worldly Loſſes and</i>	
<i>Gains</i>	

A T A B L E.

<i>Gains usually affect too much</i>	106,23,	<i>worldy Sorrow,</i>
<i>see Sorrow.</i>		
<i>Worm. Schism in the Church, like a Worm in a Rose</i>		134,1
<i>Worship is God's Prerogative</i>	70,16.	<i>not allowable, un-</i>
<i>less commanded</i>		70,11,24

Y.

<i>Year, which most fruitful</i>		101,14
<i>Youth, how earnest and sharp</i>	38,7. 90,25.	163,18

F I N I S.

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W
THE
SYNAGOGUE:
OR, THE
S H A D O W
OF THE
TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems,
And Private
EJACULATIONS.

In Imitation of
Mr. *George Herbert.*

Plin. Sec. lib. 1. Ep. 5.
*Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima
quaque proponere.*

I do esteem't a Folly not the least
To imitate Examples not the best.

The Eighth Edition, Corrected and Enlarged.

L O N D O N,
Printed by J. Barber, for JEFFERY WALE, at
the *Angel* in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1703.

To the Author.

HE that doth imitate must comprehend;
Verse, Matter, Order, Title, Spirit, Wit;
For these also our Church-Poet doth intend,
And he who hath his Imitation writ.

O Glory of the Time! Best English Singer,
Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger.

R. LANGFORD
Of *Grays-Inn*, Counsellor of Law.

Subter-

Subterliminare.

DIC cujus Templum ? Christi. Quis condidit ? Ede.
 Condidit Herbertus. Dic, quibus auxiliis ?
 Auxiliis multis ; quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est.
 Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.
 Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia ; protinus obstat
 Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuisse sua.
 Ars negat, & nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo ;
 Nec facile est litem composuisse mihi.
 Divide ; Materiam det gratia, materiaq;
 Ingenium cultus induat, arsque modos.
 Non ; ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista,
 Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.
 Nempe pari sibi jure petunt, cultusque, modosque,
 Materiamque, ars, & gratia, & ingenium.
 Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,
 De Templo Herberti talia dicta dabit.
 In templo Herbertus condendo est gratia totus,
 Ars pariter totus, totus & ingenium.
 Cedite Romana, Graiiae quoque cedite Musae ;
 Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus.

*A stepping Stone to the Threshold
of Mr. Herbert's Church-Porch.*

What Church is this? Christ's Church. Who
builted it?

Mr. *George Herbert*. Who assisted it?

Many assisted: Who I may not say,

So much Contention might arise that way.

If I say Grace gave all; Wit straight doth thwart,

And says, All that is there is mine: But Art

Denies, and says, There's nothing there but's mine:

Nor can I easily the Right define.

Divide; say, Grace the Matter gave, and Wit

Did polish it: Art measur'd, and made fit

Each sev'ral Piece, and fram'd it altogether.

Nay, by no means: this may not please them neither.

None's well contented with a part alone,

When each doth challenge all to be his owr.

The Matter, the Expressions, and the Measures,

Are equally Arts, Wits, and Graces treasures.

Then he, that would impartially discuss

This doubtful Question, must answer thus:

In building of his Temple, Master *Herbert*

Is equally all Grace, all Wit, all Art.

Roman and Grecian Muses all give way:

One *English* Poem darkens all your day.

The Dedication.

Lord, my First-fruits should have been sent to
For thou the Tree, (thee;
That bare them, only lentest unto me.

But while I had the use, the Fruit was mine :
Not so divine,
As that I dare presume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe it fell unto the Ground :
And since I found
It bruised in the Dirt, nor clean, nor sound.

Some I have pick'd, and wip'd, and bring thee now,
Lord, thou know'st how :
Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best,
Accept the rest.
Thy Pardon and Acceptance maketh blest.

The Church-yard.

THou that intendest to the Church to day,
 Come take a turn or two, before thou go'st,
 In the Church-yard ; the Walk is in the way.
 Who takes best heed in going, hasteth most :
 But he that unprepared rashly ventures,
 Hastens perhaps to seal his Death's Indentures.

The Church-style.

SEest thou that Style? Observe then how it rises,
 Step after Step, and equally descends :
 Such is the way to win celestial Prizes :
 Humility the course begins and ends.

Wouldst thou in Grace to high Perfections grow ?
 Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thy self, and God will lift thee up :
 Those that exalt themselves he casteth down :
 The Hungry he invites with him to Sup,
 And clothes the Naked with his Robe and Crown.
 Think not thou hast, what thou from him wouldst
 His Labour's lost if thou thy self can'st save. (have:

Pride is the prodigality of Grace,
 Which casteth all away by griping all :
 Humility is thrift, both keeps his Place,
 And gains by giving, riseth by its fall.
 To get by giving, and to lose by keeping,
 Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

The Church-gate.

NExt to the Style, see where the Gate doth stand,
Which turning upon Hooks and Hinges may
Eas'ly be shut, or open'd with an Hand.
Yet constant to its Centre still doth stay,
And fetching a wide compass round about,
Keeps the same course, and distance, never out.

Such must the course be that to Heaven tends,
He that the Gates of Righteousness would enter,
Must still continue constant to his ends,
And fix himself in God, as in his Centre.
Cleave close to him by faith, then move which way
Discretion leads thee, and thou shalt not stray.

We never wander, till we lose our hold
Of him that is our Way, our Light, our Guide :
But, when we grow of our own strength too bold,
Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn aside.
He holds us up, whilst in him we are found :
If once we fall from him, we go to Ground.

The Church-walls.

NOW view the Walls, the Church is compass'd
As much for Safety, as for Ornament: (round,
'Tis an Inclosure, and no common Ground ;
'Tis God's Free-hold, and but our Tenement.
Tenants at Will, and yet in Tail, we be :
Our Children have the same right to't as we.

Remember there must be no Gaps left ope,
Where God hath fenc'd, for fear of false Illusions.

God will have all, or none: Allows no scope
 For Sins Inroachments, or Mens own Intrusions.
 Close binding Locks his Laws together fast:
 He that plucks out the first, pulls down the last.

Either resolve for all, or else for none:
 Obedience universal he doth claim.
 Either be wholly his, or all thine own:
 At what thou can'st not reach, at least take aim:
 He that of purpose looks bende the Mark,
 Might as well hood-wink'd Shoot, or in the dark.

The Church.

L Aftly, confider where the Church doth stand,
 As near unto the middle as may be;
 God in his Service chiefly doth command
 Above all other things Sincerity.
 Lines drawn from fide to fide within a Round,
 Not meeting in the Centre, short are found.

Religion muft not fide with any thing,
 That fwerues from God, or elfe withdraws from him;
 He that a welcome Sacrifice would bring,
 Muft fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.

A f acred Temple of the Holy Ghof t
 Each part of Man muft be, but his Heart moft.

Hypocrify in Church is Alchimy,
 That cafts a golden Tincture upon Brafs:
 There is no Effence in it; 'tis a Lye,
 Though fairly ftamp't for truth, it often pafs:
 Only the Spirits *Aqua regia* doth
 Discover it to be but painted Froth.

The

The Church-porch.

NOW, e'er thou passest further, sit thee down
 In the Church-porch, and think what thou hast
 Let due Consideration either crown, (seen;
 Or crush, thy former Purposes. Between
 Rash Undertakings, and firm Resolutions,
 Depends the strength, or weakness, of Conclusions.

Trace thy Steps backward in thy Memory :
 And first resolve of, what thou heardest last,
 Sincerity ; it blots the History
 Of all religious Actions, and doth blast
 The comfort of them, when in them God sees
 Nothing but out-sides of Formalities.

In earnest be Religious, trifle not ;
 And rather for God's sake, than for thine own :
 Thou hast rob'd him, unless that he have got,
 By giving, if his Glory be not grown
 Together with thy good ; who seeketh more
 Himself than God, would make his Roof his Floor.

Next to Sincerity, remember still ;
 Thou must resolve upon Integrity.
 God will have all thou hast, thy Mind, thy Will,
 Thy Thoughts, thy Words, thy Works. A Nullity
 It proves, when God, that should have all, doth find,
 That there is any one thing left behind.

And having giv'n him all, thou must receive
 All that he gives. Mete his Commandment :
 Resolve that thine Obedience must not leave,
 Until it reach unto the same extent.

For all his Precepts are of equal strength,
And measure thy Performance to the length :

Then call to mind that Constancy must knit
Thine Undertakings, and thine Actions fast :
He that sets forth tow'rs Heaven, and doth sit
Down by the way, will be found short at last.

Be constant to the end, and thou shalt have
An heavenly Gardland, though an earthly Grave

But he that would be constant, must not take
Religion up by fits and starts alone ;

But his continual practice must it make :

His course must be from end to end but one.

Bones often broken, and knit up again, (gain.
Lose of their length, though in their strength they

Lastly, remember that Humility

Must solidate, and keep all close together.

What Pride puffs up with vain Futility,

Lies open, and expos'd to all ill Weather.

An empty Bubble may fair Colour carry ;

But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate
Another's worth ; but deal indifferently :

View the Defects of thy Spiritual state,

And others Graces, with impartial Eye.

The more thou deemest of thy self, the less

Esteem of thee will all Men else express.

Contract thy Lesson now, and this is just

The sum of all. He that desires to see

The Face of God, in his Religion must

Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be.

If thus resolved, fear not to proceed : (speed.

Else the more haste thou mak'st, the worse thou'lt

Church-

Church-Utensils.

B Etwixt two dang'rous Rocks, Prophaneness on
Th'one side, on the other Superstition,
How shall I sail secure?
Lord be my Steers-man, hold my helm,
And then though Winds with Waves o'erwhelm
My Sails, I will endure
It patiently. The bottom of the Sea
Is safe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'll tug my Tacklings then, I'll ply mine Oars,
And cry, a Fig for Fear. He that adores
The giddy Multitude
So much, as to despise my Rhimes;
Because they tune not to the Times;
I will may not intrude
His presence here. But they (and that's enough)
Who love God's House, will like his Household-stuff.

The Font.

THE Font, I say. Why not? And why not near
To the Church-door? Why not of Stone?
Is not that blessed Fountain open'd here,
From whence that Water flows alone,
Which from Sin and Uncleanneſs waſheth clear?

And may not Beggars well contented be
Their first Alms at the Door to take?
Though, when acquainted better they may see
Others within that Bolder make.
Low Places will serve Guests of low degree.

What?

What ? Is he not the Rock, out of whose Side
 Those Streams of Water-blood run forth ?
 Th'elect and precious Corner-stone well try'd ?
 Though th' odds be great between their worth,
 Rock-water and Stone-vessels are ally'd.

But call it what, and place it where you will :
 Let it be made indifferently
 Of any Form, or Matter ; yet, until
 The blessed Sacrament thereby
 Impaired be, my Hopes you shall not kill.

To want a Complement of comeliness
 Some of my Comfort may abate,
 And for the present make my joy go less :
 Yet I will hug mine homely state,
 And Poverty with Patience richly dress.

Regeneration is all in all,
 Washing, or sprinkling, but the Sign,
 The Seal, and Instrument thereof ; I call
 The one, as well as th'other mine,
 And my Posterity's as foederal.

If temporal Estates may be convey'd,
 By Covenants on condition,
 To Men, and to their Heirs ; be not afraid,
 My Soul, to rest upon
 The Covenant of Grace by Mercy made.

Do but thy Duty, and rely upon't,
 Repentance, Faith, Obedience,
 When ever practis'd, truly will amount
 To an authentick Evidence,
 Though th' Deed were antedated at the Font.

The Reading Pue.

HERE my new enter'd Soul doth first break Fast,
 Here seasoneth her Infant Taste,
 And at her Mother-nurse the Churches Duggs
 With lab'ring Lips and Tongue she tuggs
 For that sincere Milk, which alone doth feed
 Babes new born of immortal Seed :
 Who, that they may unto Perfection grow,
 Must be content to creep before they go.

They, that would Reading out of Church exclude,
 Sure have a purpose to obtrude
 Some Dictates of their own, instead of God's
 Revealed Will, his Word. 'Tis odds,
 They do not mean to pay Men current Coin,
 Who seek the Standard to purloin,
 And would reduce all Tryals to their own,
 Both Touch-stones, Balances, and Weights, alone.

What reasonable Man would not misdoubt
 Those Comments, that the Text leave out ?
 And that their main Intent is Alteration,
 Who doat so much on Variation,
 That no set Form at all they can endure
 To be prescrib'd, or put in ure ?
 Rejecting Bounds and Limits is the way,
 If not all waste, yet common all to lay.

But why should he, that thinks himself well grown,
 Be discontent that such a one,
 As knows himself an Infant yet, should be
 Dandled upon his Mother's Knee,
 And Babe-like fed with Milk, till he have got
 More Strength and Stomach ? Why should not
 Nurslings

Nurslings in Church, as well as Weanlings, find
Their Food fit for them in their proper kind ?

Let them that would build Castles in the Air,
Vault thither, without Step or Stair ;
Instead of Feet to Climb, take Wings to Fly,
And think their Turrets top the Sky.

But let me lay all my Foundations deep,
And learn before I run, to creep.
Who digs thro' Rocks to lay his Ground-works low,
May in good time build high, and sure, though slow.

To take Degrees, *per saltum*, though of quick
Dispath, is but a Truant's trick.

Let us learn first to know our Letters well,
Then Syllables, then Words to spell ;
Then to read plainly, e're we take the Pen
In Hand to write to other Men.

I doubt their Preaching is not always true,
Whose way to th' Pulpit's not the Reading Pue.

The Book of Common-Prayer.

What Pray'r by th' Book ? And Common ?
Yes. Why not ?

The Spirit of Grace,
And Supplication,
Is not left free alone

For Time and Place :

But manner too. To read, or speak by rote,
Is all alike to him, that prays
With's Heart, that with his Mouth he says.

They that in private by themselves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In choosing of the ways,

Wherein

Wherein to make
Their Souls most intimate Affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most conceald from other Men.

But, he that unto others leads the way
In publick Pray'r,
Should choose to do it so,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To turn their Hearts unto his Tongue, and say,
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.

Devotion will add Life unto the Letter.
And why should not
That which Authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' Pray'r be good the Commoner, the better.
Pray'r in the Churches words, as well
As sense, of all Pray'rs bears the Bell.

The Bible.

THe Bible? That's the Book. The Book indeed,
The Book of Books:
On which who looks,
As he should do, aright, shall never need
Wish for a better Light
To guide him in the Night:
Or, when he hungry is, for better Food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
If he bring Stomach and Digestion good:

And

And if he be amiss,
This the best Phylick is.

The true Panchreston 'tis for ev'ry Sore,
And Sicknes, which
The Poor and Rich,
With equal ease may come by. Yea, 'tis more,
An Antidote, as well
As Remedy 'gainst Hell.

'Tis Heaven in Perspective; and the Bliss
Of Glory here,
If any where,
By Saints on Earth anticipated is,
Whil'st Faith to ev'ry word
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glass of Souls, wherein
All Men may see,
Whether they be
Still, as by Nature th' are, deform'd with sin;
Or in a better Case,
As new adorn'd with Grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of Spiritual Arms,
Wherein doth lie
Th' Artillery
Of Heaven, ready charg'd against all Harms,
That might come by the Blows
Of our Infernal Foes.
God's Cabinet of reveal'd Counsel 'tis:
Where Weal and Woe
Are order'd so,
That every Man may know which shall be his;
Unless his own mistake
False Application make.

It is the Index to Eternity.

He cannot miss
of endless Bliss,

That takes this Chart to steer his Voyage by.

Nor can he be mistook,
That speaketh by this Book.

A Book, to which no Book can be compar'd

For Excellence;
Preeminence

Is proper to it, and cannot be shar'd.

Divinity alone
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I should

Say, God of Books?

Let him that looks

Angry at that Expression, as too bold,

His Thoughts in Silence smother,
Till he find such another.

The Pulpit.

TIS Dinner-time: And now I look
For a full Meal. God send me a good Cook:

This is the Dresser-board, and here
I wait in expectation of good Cheer.

I'm sure the Master of the House
Enough to entertain his Guests allows:
And not enough of some one sort alone,
But Choice of what best sitteth ev'ry one.

God grant me Taste and Stomack good:
My feeding will diversify my Food;

'Tis a good Appetite to eat,
And good Digestion, that makes good Meat.

The

The best Food in it self will be,
 Not fed on well, Poison, not Food to me.
 Let him that speaks look to his words; my Ear
 Must careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,
 The Bread of Heaven, Angels Food. I fear
 No want of Plenty, where I know
 The Loaves by eating more, and greater, grow:
 Where nothing but Forbearance makes
 A Famine; where he only wants, that takes
 Not what he will; provided that he would
 Take nothing to himself, but what he should.

Here the same Fountain poureth forth
 Water, Wine, Milk, Oyl, Honey, and the worth
 Of all transcendent, infinite
 In Excellence, and to each Appetite
 In fitness answerable; so,

That none needs hence unsatisfied go,
 Whose Stomach serves him unto any thing, (bring.
 That Health, Strength, Comfort, or Content can

Yea, dead Men here invited are
 Unto the Bread of Life, and whilst they spare
 To come and take it, they must blame
 Themselves, if they continue still the same.

The Body's fed by Food, which it
 Assimilates, and to it self doth fit:
 But, that the Soul may feed, it self must be
 Transformed to the World, with it agree.

To Milk the strongest Men must be
 As new born Babes, when ever they it see,
 Desiring, not despising it.
 For strong Meat Babes must stay, and strive to fit
 Themselves in time, until they can

Get by degrees (which best beſeem a Man)
Experience-exerciſed Senſes, able
Good to diſcern from Evil, Truth from Fable.

Here I will wait then ; till I ſee
The Steward reaching out a Meſs for me,
Reſolve I'll take it thankfully,
Whate're it be, and feed on't heartily.

Although no *Benjamin's* choiſe Meſs,
Five times as much as others, but far leſs ;
Yea, if't be but a Basket full of Crumbs,
I'll bleſs the Hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited Gueſt, I will
Be bold, but mannerly withal, fit ſtill
And ſee what the Maſter of the Feaſt
Will carve unto me, and account that beſt,
Which he doth chooſe for me, not I
My ſelf deſire : Yea, though I ſhould eſpy
Some fault in th' dreſſing, in the diſhing, or
The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the Meat be wholeſome, though
The Sauce ſhall not be toothſome, I'll not go
Empty away and ſtarve my Soul,
To feed my fooliſh Fancy ; but controul
My Appetite to dainty things,
Which oft inſtead of Strength, Diſeaſes brings :
But, if my Pulpit-Hopes ſhall all prove vain,
I'll back unto the Reading-Pue again.

The Communion-Table.

Here ſtands my Banquet ready, the laſt Courſe,
And beſt Proviſion,
That I muſt feed upon,
Till Death my Soul and Body ſhall divorce,

And

And that I am
Call'd to the Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, some the Holy Table.

The Name I stick not at,
Whether't be this, or that,
I care not much, so that I may be able
Truly to know
Both why it is, and may be called so.

And for the matter whereof it was made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of Touch,
Or Wood, or Metal, what will last, or fade ;
So Vanity,
And Superstition avoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to see it found
Of any fashion,
That can be thought upon,
Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round :
If close it be,
Fixt, open, movable, all one's to me.

And yet, methinks, at a Communion
In Uniformity
There's greatest Decency,
And that which maketh most for Union :
But needlessly
To vary, tends to th' breach of Charity.

Yet, rather than I'll give, I will not take
Offence, if it be given,
So that I be not driven
To thwart Authority, a Party make
For Faction,
Or side, but seemingly, in th' Action..

At a Communion I with I might
 Have no cause to suspect
 Any, the least, defect
 Of Unity and Peace, either in sight
 Apparently
 Or in Mens Hearts concealed secretly.
 That, which ordained is to make Men one,
 More than before they were,
 Should not it self appear,
 Though but appear, distinctly divers. None
 Too much can see
 Of what, when most, yet but enough can be.
 If others will dissent, and vary, who
 Can help it? If I may,
 As hath been done alway,
 By th' best, and most, I will my self do so;
 Of one accord
 The Servants should be of one God one Lord.

Communion Plate.

N Ever was Gold, or Silver, graced thus
 Before.
 To bring this Body, and this Blood, to us,
 Is more
 Than to crown Kings,
 Or be made Rings,
 For star-like Diamonds to glitter in
 No precious Stones are meet to match this Bread
 Divine.
 Spirits of Pearls dissolved would but dead
 This Wine.
 This heav'nly Food
 Is too too good
 To be compar'd to any earthly thing.

For

For such inestimable Treasure can
 There be
 Vessels too costly made by any Man?
 Sure he

 That knows the Meat
 So good to eat,
 Would wish to see it richly served in

Although 'tis true, that Sanctity's not ty'd
 To State;

Yet sure Religion should not be envy'd
 The Fate

 Of meaner Worth,
 To be set forth,
 As best becomes the Service of a King.

A King, unto whose Cross all Kings must vail
 Their Crowns,
 And at his Beck in their full Course strike Sail :
 Whose Frowns,

 And Smiles give date
 Unto their Fate,
 And doom them, either unto Weal, or Woe.

A King, whose Will is Justice ; and whose Word
 Is Pow'r,

And Wisdom both. A King, whom to afford
 An Hour

 Of Service truly
 Perform'd, and duly,
 Is to speak Eternity of Bliss.

When such a King offers to come to me,
 As Food,

Shall I suppose his Carriages can be
 Too good ?

No :

No: Stars to Gold
Turn'd, never could
Be rich enough to be employed so.

If I might wish then, I would have this Bread,
This Wine,
Vessel'd in what the Sun might blush to shed
His shine,
When he should see:
But, till that be,
I'll rest contented with it, as it is.

Church-Officers.

STay. Officers in Church? Take heed; it is
A tender Matter to be touch'd.
If I chance to say any thing amiss,
Which is not fit to be avouch'd,
I must expect whole Swarms of Wasps to sting me,
Few, or no Bees, Honey, or Wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing,
As Officers, but gifted Men;
Others into the Number more would bring,
Than I see warrant for: So then,
All that I say, 'tis like, will censur'd be,
Through Prejudice, or partiality.

But 'tis no matter; If Men censure me,
They but my Fellow-servants are:
Our Lord allows us all like liberty.
I write, mine own Thoughts to declare,
Not to please Men; and, if I displease any,
I will not care, so they be of the Many.

The Sexton.

THE Churches Key-keeper opens the Door,
 And shuts it, sweeps the Floor,
 Rings Bells, digs Graves, and fills them up again ;
 All Emblems unto Men,
 Openly owning Christianity,
 To mark and learn many good Lessons by.

O thou that hast the Key of *David*, who
 Open'st and shuttest so,
 That none can shut or open after thee,
 Vouchsafe thy self to be
 Our Souls Door-keeper, by thy blessed Spirit :
 The Lock and Key's thy Mercy, not our Merit.

Cleanse thou our sin-soyl'd Souls from th' Dirt and
 Of every noysome Lust, (Dust
 Brought in by the foul Feet of our Affections,
 The Beesom of Afflictions,
 With th' Blessing of thy Spirit added to it,
 If thou be pleas'd to say it shall, will do it.

Lord, ringing Changes all our Bells hath marr'd,
 Jangled they have and jarr'd
 So long, they're out of Tune, and out of Frame,
 They seem not now the same.
 Put them in Frame a-new, and once begin
 To tune them so, that they may Chime all in.

Let all our Sins be bury'd in the Grave,
 No longer Rant and Rave,
 As they have done, to our eternal Shame,
 And the Scandal of thy Name.
 Let's as Door-keepers in thine House attend,
 Rather than th' Throne of Wickedness ascend.

The

The Clerk.

THE Churches Bible-Clerk attends
 Her Utensils, and ends
 Her Prayers with Amen,
 Tunes Psalms, and to the Sacraments
 Brings in the Elements,
 And takes them out again;
 Is humble minded, and industrious handed,
 Doth nothing of himself, but as commanded.

All that the Vessels of the Lord
 Do bear with one accord
 Must study to be pure,
 As they are: If his holy Eye
 Do any Spot espy,
 He cannot it endure;
 But most expecteth to be sanctify'd
 In those come nearest him, and glorify'd.

Psalms then are always tuned best,
 When there is most exprest
 The holy Pen-man's Heart :
 All Musick is but Discord, where
 That wants, or doth not bear
 The first and chiefeſt part.
 Voices, without Affection answerable,
 When best, to God are most abominable.

Though in the blessed Sacraments
 The outward Elements
 Are but as Husks and Shells;
 Yet he that knows the Kernels worth,
 If even those send forth
 Some Aromatick Smells,
 Will not esteem it waste, lest Judas like
 Through Mary's side he Christ himself should strike.
 B Lord,

Lord, without whom we cannot tell
 How to speak or think well,
 Lend us thy helping Hand,
 That what we do may pleasing be,
 Not to our selves but thee,
 And answer thy Command:
 So that not we alone, but thou may'st say
 Amen to all our Pray'rs, pray'd the right way.

The Overseer of the Poor.

THe Churches Almoner takes care, that none
 In their Necessity
 Shall unprovided be
 Of Maint'nance, or Employment; those alone,
 Whom careless Idleness,
 Or riotous Excess,
 Condemns to needless Want, he leaves to be
 Chasten'd a while by their own Poverty.
 Thou gracious Lord, rich in thy self, dost give
 To all Men lib'rally,
 Upbraiding none. Thine Eye
 Is open upon all. In thee we live,
 We move, and have our Being:
 But there is more than seeing
 For th' Poor with thee; they are thy special charge;
 To them thou dost thy Heart and Hand enlarge.
 Four sorts of Poor there are, with whom thou deal'st,
 Though always differently,
 With such indifferency,
 That none hath reason to complain; thou heal'st
 All those whom thou dost wound:
 If there be any found
 Hurt by themselves, thou leav'st them to endure
 The Pain, 'till th' Pain render them fit for cure.

Some

Some in the World are poor, but rich in Faith:
Their outward Poverty
A plentiful Supply

Of inward Comforts and Contentments hath.
And their Estate is blest,
In this above the rest,

It was thy Choice, whil'st thou on Earth did'st stay,
And had'st not whereupon thy Head to lay.

Some poor in Spirit in the World are rich,
Although not many such:

And no Man needs to grutch
Their Happiness; who to maintain that pitch,
Have an hard Task in Hand,
Nor eas'ly can withstand

The strong Temptations that attend on Riches:
Mountains are more expos'd to Storms than Ditches.

Some rich in th' World are sp'ritually poor,
And destitute of Grace,

Who may perchance have place
In the Church upon Earth; but Heaven's Door
Too narrow is t' admit
Such Camels in at it,

Till they sell all they have, that Field to buy,
Wherein the true Treasure doth hidden lye.

Some sp'ritually poor, and destitute

Of Grace in th' World are poor
Begging from Door to Door,
Accursed both in God's and Man's Repute,
Till by their Miseries
Tutor'd they learn to prize

Hungring and thirsting after Righteousness,
Whil'st they're on Earth, their greatest Happiness.

Lord, make me poor in Spirit, and relieve
Me how thou wilt thy self,
No want of worldly Pelf

Shall make me discontented, fret and grieve.

I know thine Alms are best :

But above all the rest,

Condemn me not unto the Hell of Riches,

Without thy Grace to countercharm the Witches.

The Church-warden.

THE Churches Guardian takes care to keep
Her Buildings always in Repair,
Unwilling that any Decay should creep
On them, before he is aware.

Nothing defac'd,

Nothing displac'd

He likes; but most doth long and love to see
The living Stones order'd as they should be.

Lord, thou not only Super-visor art

Of all our Works, but in all those,

Which we dare own, thine is the chiefest part :

For there is none of us, that knows

How to do well :

Nor can we tell

What we should do, unless by thee directed :

It prospers not that's by our selves projected.

That which we think our selves to mend, we mar,

And often make it ten times worse :

Reforming of Religion by War

Is th' Chymick Blessing of a Curse.

Great odds it is,

That we shall miss

Of what we looked for : Thine Ends cannot

By any but by thine own Means be got.

'Tis strange we so much doat upon our own

Deformity, and others Scorn.

As if our selves were beautiful alone :

When that which did us most adorn

We purposely
Chuse to lay by,
Such Decency and Order, as did place us
In high'st Esteem, and guard as well as grace us.
Is not thy Daughter glorious within,
When cloth'd in Needle-work without?
Or is't not rather both their Shame and Sin,
That change her Robe into a Clout,
Too narrow, and
Too thin, to stand
Her need in any stead, much less to be
An Ornament fit for her high Degree?
Take pity on her, Lord, and heal her Breaches;
Clothe all her Enemies with Shame;
All the Despight that's done unto her, reaches
To the dishonour of thy Name.
Make all her Sons
Rich precious Stones,
To shine each of them in his proper place,
Receiving of thy Fulness, Grace for Grace.

The Deacon.

THe Deacon! That's the Minister.
True, taken gen'rally:
And without any sinister
Intent, us'd specially,
He's purposely ordain'd to Minister,
In sacred things, t' another Officer.

At whose Appointment, in whose stead,
He doth what he should do,
In some things, not in all: Is led
By Law, and Custom too.
Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he
Thinks this sufficient Authority:

Loves not to vary, when he sees
 No great necessity,
 To what's commanded he agrees,
 With all Humility ;
 Knowing how highly God Submission prizes,
 Pleas'd with Obedience more than Sacrifices.

Lord, thou did'st of thy self profess
 Thou wast as one that serv'd,
 And freely chusest to go less,
 Though none so much deserv'd.
 With what Face can we then refuse to be
 Enter'd thy Servants in a low degree ?

Thy way to Exaltation
 Was by Humility :
 But we, proud Generation,
 No diff'rence of degree
 In holy Orders will allow ; nay more,
 All holy Orders would turn out of Door.

But if thy Precept cannot do't,
 To make us humbly serve,
 Nor thy example added to't,
 If still from both we swerve ;
 Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,
 How t' use the Office of a Deacon well.

Which by the Blessing of thy Spirit,
 Whom thou hast left to be
 Thy Vicar here, we may inherit,
 And minister to thee,
 Though not so well as thou may'st well expect,
 Yet so, as thou wilt pleas'd be t' accept.

The Priest.

THE Priest, I say, the Presbyter I mean,
 As now a-days he's call'd,

By many Men: But I chuse to retain
 The Name wherewith install'd
 He was at first in our own Mother-Tongue:
 And doing so, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Priest, I say, 's a middle Officer,
 Between the Bishop and
 The Deacon, as a middle Officer,
 Which in the Church doth stand,
 Between God and the People, ready prest
 In the behalf of both to do his best.

From him to them offers the Promises
 Of Mercy which he makes;
 For them to him doth all their Faults confess,
 Their Pray'rs and Praises takes,
 And offers for them at the Throne of Grace,
 Contentedly attending his own Place.

The Word and Sacraments, the Means of Grace,
 He duly doth dispence,
 The Flourishes of Falshood to deface,
 With Truths clear Evidence;
 And Sins usurped Tyranny Suppress,
 B' advancing Righteousness, and Holiness.

The publick Censures of the Church he sees
 To Execution brought:
 But nothing rashly of himself decrees,
 Nor covers to be thought
 Wiser than his Superiors; whom always
 He actively, or passively obeys.
 Lord Jesus, thou the Mediator art
 Of the New Testament,
 And fully did'st perform thy double part
 Of God and Man when sent.

To reconcile the World, and to attone
 'Twixt it and Heaven, of two making one.
 Yea, after the Order of *Melchisedeck*,
 Thou art a Priest for ever.
 With perfect Righteousness thy self do'st deck,
 Such as decayeth never.
 Like to thy self make all thy Priests on Earth,
 Bless'd Fathers to thy Sons of th' second Birth.
 Thou cam'st to do the Will of him that sent thee,
 And didst his honour seek,
 More than thine own: Well may it then repent thee,
 Being thy self so meek,
 To have admitted them into the place
 Of Sons, that seek their Fathers to disgrace.
 Lord, grant that the Abuse may be reform'd,
 Before it Ruin bring
 Upon thy poor despised Church, transform'd
 As if't were no such thing:
 Thou that the God of Order art, and Peace,
 Make curs'd Confusion and Contention cease.

The Bishop.

THE Bishop? Yes, why not? What doth that
 Import that is unlawful, or unfit? (name
 To say the Overseer is the same
 In Substance, and no hurt, I hope, to it:
 But sure if Men did not despise the thing,
 Such Scorn upon the Name they would not fling.
 Some Priests, some Presbyters, I mean, would be
 Each Overseer of his sev'ral Cure,
 But one Superior, to oversee
 Them altogether, they will not endure;
 This the main diff'rence is, that I can see,
 Bishops they would not have, but they would be.
 But who can shew of old that ever any
 Presbyteries without their Bishops were:

Though

Though Bishops without Presbyteries many,
At first must needs be, almost every where?
That Presbyters from Bishops first arose,
T' assist them, 's probable, not these from those.

However, a true Bishop I esteem
The highest Officer the Church on Earth
Can have, as proper to it self, and deem
A Church without one an imperfect Birth.
If constituted so at first, and maimed,
If whom it had, it afterwards disclaimed.

All Order first from Unity ariseth,
And th' Essence of it is Subordination:
Whoever this contemns, and that despiseth,
May talk of, but intends not, Reformation.
'Tis not of God, of Nature, or of Art,
T' ascribe to all what's proper to one part.

To rule and to be ruled are distinct,
And several Duties, severally belong
To several Persons, can no more be linkt
In altogether, than amidst the Throng.
Of rude unruly Passions, in the Heart,
Reason can see to act her Sovereign part.

But a good Bishop, as a tender Father;
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd.
And rev'renc'd by it, so much the rather,
By how much he delighted more to lead
All by his own example in the way,
Than punish any when they go astray.

Lord, thou the Bishop, and chief Shepherd art
Of all that Flock, which thou hast purchased
With thine own Blood; to them thou dost impart
The Benefits which thou hast merited,
Teaching and ruling by thy blessed Spirit,
Their Souls in Grace till Glory they inherit.

The Stars which thou dost hold in thy right Hand,
 The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
 Clearly thy holy Will to understand,
 And do accordingly : Let no defect

Nor fault, no not in our new Politicks,
 Provoke thee to remove our Candlesticks ;

But let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
 Garments of Praise t' adorn thy holy Ones :
 Light and Perfection let all Men see
 Brightly shine forth in those rich precious Stones,
 Of whom thou wilt make a Foundation,
 To raise thy new *Hierusalem* upon.

And at the Brightness of its rising let
 All Nations with thy People shout for Joy :
 Salvation for Walls and Bulwarks set
 About it, that nothing may it annoy.

Then the whole World thy Diocess shall be,
 And Bishops all but Suffragans to Thee.

Church Festivals.

M Arrow of Time, Eternity in brief,
 Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief
 Contents, the Indices, the Title-Pages
 Of all past, present, and succeeding Ages,
 Sublimate Graces, antidated Glories,
 The Cream of Holiness,
 The Inventories
 Of future Blessedness,
 The Florilegia of Celestial Stories,
 Spirits of Joys, the Relishes and Closes
 Of Angels Musick, Pearls dissolved, Roses
 Perfumed, sugar'd Honey-Combs, Delights
 Never too highly priz'd,
 The Marriage-Rites,
 Which duly solemniz'd

Usher espoused Souls to bridal Nights,
 Gilded Sun-beams, refined Elixars,
 And Quintessential Extracts of Stars:
 Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess
 That he loves God, or Heaven, or Happiness.

The Sabbath, Or Lord's Day.

H Ail	Vail
Holy	Wholly
King of Days,	To thy Praise
The Emperor,	For evermore
Or Universal	Must the Rehearsal
Monarch of time, the weeks	Of all that honour seeks,
Perpetual Dictator.	Under the worlds Creator.
Thy	My
Beauty	Duty
Far exceeds	Yet must needs
The reach of Art,	Yield thee mine Heart,
To blazon fully	And that not dully:
And I thy Light eclipse,	Spirits of Souls, not Lips
When I most strive to raise	Alone are fit to praise thee.
(thee.	

What	That
Nothing	Slow thing
Else can be	Time by thee
Thou only art	Hath got the start,
Th' extracted Spirit	And doth inherit
Of all Eternity,	That Immortality
By favour antedated.	Which Sin anticipated.

O
 That I
 Could lay by
 This Body so,
 That my Soul might be
 Incorporate with thee,
 And no more to six days owe.

The Annunciation, or Lady Day.

UNto the Musick of the Spheres
 Let Men, and Angels, join in Consort theirs.
 So great a Messenger
 From Heaven to Earth
 Is seldom seen,
 Attir'd in so much Glory,
 A Message welcomer,
 Fraught with more Mirth,
 Hath never been
 Subject of any Story:
 This by a double Right, if any, may
 Be truly stil'd the World's Birth-day..

The making of the World ne're cost
 So dear, by much, as to redeem it lost.
 God said but, *Let it be,*
 And ev'ry thing
 Was made straight way,
 So as he saw it good:
 But e're that he could see
 A course to bring
 Man gone astray
 To the place where he stood;
 His Wisdom with his Mercy for Man's sake,
 Against his Justice part did take.

And the Result was this days News,
 Able the Messenger himself t' amuse,
 As well as her, to whom
 By him 'twas told,
 That though she were
 A Virgin pure, and knew
 No Man, yet in her Womb

A Son she should
 Conceive and bear,
 As sure as God was true.
 Such high Place in his Favour she possessed,
 Being among all Women blessed.
 But blest especially in this,
 That she believ'd, and for eternal Bliss
 Rely'd on him, whom she
 Her self should bear,
 And her own Son
 Took for her Saviour.
 And if there any be,
 That when they hear,
 As she had done
 Sure their behavior,
 They may be blessed, as she was, and say,
 'Tis their Annunciation-day.

The Nativity, or Christmas-day.

UNfold thy Face, unmask thy Ray,
 Shine forth bright Sun, double the Day,
 Let no malignant misty Fume,
 Nor foggy Vapour, once presume
 To interpose thy perfect Sight
 This day, which makes us love thy Light.
 For ever better, that we could
 That blessed Object once behold,
 Which is both the Circumference,
 And Centre of all excellence:
 Or rather neither, but a Treasure
 Unconfined without measure,
 Whose Centre and Circumference,
 Including all preheminance,
 Excluding nothing but defect,

And

And infinite in each aspect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and ev'ry where
And always, one, himself, the same
A being far above a Name.

Draw nearer then, and freely pour
Forth all thy Light into that Hour,
Which was crowned with his Birth,
And made Heaven envy Earth.

Let not this Birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou shinest, and we see.

The Circumcision, or New-years day.

Sorrow betide my Sins! Must smart so soon
Seize on my Saviour's tender Flesh scarce grown
Unto an Eight days Age?

Can nothing else assuage
The Wrath of Heaven, but his Infant-blood?
Innocent Infant, infinitely Good!

Is this thy welcome to the World, great God!
No sooner born, but subject to the Rod
Of sin-incensed Wrath?

Alas, what Pleasure hath
Thy Father's Justice to begin thy Passion,
Almost together with thine Incarnation?

Is it to antedate thy death? T' indite
Thy Condemnation himself, and write
The Copy with thy Blood,
Since nothing is so good?

Or, is't by this Experiment to try,
Whether thou beest born mortal, and canst dye?

If Man must needs draw Blood of God, yet why
Stays he not till thy time be come to dye?

Didst thou thus early bleed
For us to shew what need

We have to hasten unto thee as fast;
And learn that all the time is lost that's past?

'Tis true, we should do so; Yet in this Blood
There's something else, that must be understood:

It seals thy Covenant,

That so we may not want

Witness enough against thee, that thou art
Made subject to the Law, to act our part.

The Sacrament of thy Regeneration

It cannot be; It gives no imitation

Of what thou wert, but we:

Native Impurity,

Original Corruption, was not thine,
But only as thy Righteousness is mine.

In holy Baptism this is brought to me,

As that in Circumcision was to thee:

So that thy Loss and Pain

Do prove my Joy and Gain.

Thy Circumcision writ thy Death in Blood:

Baptism in Water seals my Liveliness.

O blessed Change! Yet, rightly understood,
That Blood was Water, and this Water's Blood.

What shall I give again,

To recompence thy Pain?

Lord take revenge upon me for this smart:

To quit thy Fore-skin, circumcise my heart.

The Epiphany, or Twelfth-day.

GREAT, without controversy great,
They that do know it will confess
The Mystery of Godliness,
Whereof the Gospel doth intreat.

God in the Flesh is manifest,
 And that which hath for ever been
 Invisible, may now be seen,
 Th' eternal Deity new drest.

Angels to Shepherds brought the News :
 And wise Men guided by a Star,
 To seek the Sun are come from far :
 Gentiles have got the start of Jews.

The Stable and the Manger hide
 His Glory from his own : But these.
 Though Strangers, his resplendent Rays
 Of Majesty Divine have spy'd.

Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh, they give ;
 And worshipping him plainly show,
 That unto him they all things owe,
 By whose free Gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a Vail of Flesh,
 The Sun of Righteousness appears,
 Melting cold Cares and frosty Fears,
 And making Joys spring up afresh.

O that his Light and Influence,
 Would work effectually in me.
 Another new Epiphany,
 Exhale and elevate me hence :

That, as my Calling doth require,
 Star-like I may to others shine :
 And guide them to that Sun divine :
 Whose day-light never shall expire.

The Passion, or Good-Friday.

THIS Day my Saviour dy'd ; And do I live ?
 What hath not Sorrow slain me yet ?
 Did the Immortal God vouchsafe to give

His

His Life for mine, and do I set
More by my wretched Life, than he by his,
So full of Glory, and of Bliss?

Did his free Mercy, and meer Love to me,
Make him forsake his glorious Throne,
And mount a Cross, the Stage of Infamy,
That so he might not die alone,
But dying suffer more through Grief and Shame,
Than mortal Men have pow'r to name?

And can Ingratitude so far prevail,
To keep me Living still? Alas!
Methinks some Thorn out of his Crown, some Nail,
At least his Spear, might pierce, and pass
Thorow, and thorow, till it reviv'd mine heart;
As the right Death-deserving part.

And doth he not expect it should be so?
Would he lay down a Price so great,
And not look that his Purchases should grow
Accordingly? Shall I defeat
His just desire? O no, it cannot be:
His Death must needs be death to me.

My Life's not mine, but his: For he did dye
That I might live; yet died so,
That being dead he was alive; and I
Thorow the Gates of Death must go
To live with him; yea, to live by him here
Is a part in his Death to bear.

Die then, dull Soul, and if thou canst not die,
Dissolve thy self into a Sea
Of living Tears, whose Streams may ne'er go dry.
Nor turned be another way,
Till they have drown'd all Joys, but those alone,
Which Sorrow claimeth for its own.

For Sorrow hath its Joys; and I am glad

That

That I would grieve, if I do not :
 But if I neither could, nor would, be sad,
 And sorrowful, this Day, my Lot
 Would be to grieve for ever, with a Grief
 Uncapable of all relief.

No Grief was like that, which he griev'd for me,
 A greater Grief than can be told :
 And like my Grief for him no Grief should be,
 If I could grieve so, as I would :
 But what I would, and cannot, he doth see,
 And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as thy Grief and Death for me are mine,
 For thou hast given them unto me :
 So my desires to grieve and dye are thine,
 For they are wrought only by thee.
 Not for my sake then, but thine own, be pleas'd
 With that, which thou thy self hast rais'd.

The Resurrection, or Easter-day.

UP, and away,
 Thy Saviour's gone before.
 Why dost thou stay,
 Dull Soul ? Behold the Door
 Is open, and his Precept bids thee rise,
 Whose Pow'r hath vanquish't all thine Enemies.
 Say not, I live,
 Whil't in the Grave thou ly'ft :
 He that doth give
 Thee Life, would have thee Prize't
 More highly than to keep it bury'd, where
 Thou can'ft not make the Fruits of it appear.
 Is Rottenness,
 And Dust so pleasant to thee,
 That Happiness,

And

And Heaven, cannot woe thee,
 To shake thy Sackles off, and leave behind thee
 Those fetters, which to death and hell do bind thee ?
 In vain thou say'st,
 Th'art bury'd with thy Saviour,
 If thou delay'st,
 To shew, by thy Behaviour,
 That thou art risen with him ; Till thou shine
 Like him, how can'st thou say his Light is thine ?
 Early he rose,
 And with him brought the day,
 Which all thy Foes
 Frighted out of the way :
 And wilt thou Sluggard-lik turn in thy Bed.
 Till Noon-sun-beams draw up thy drowsy Head ?
 Open thine Eyes,
 Sin-seized Soul, and see
 What Cobweb-ties
 They are, that tramel thee ;
 Not Profits, Pleasures, Honours, as thou thinkest ;
 But Loss, Pain, Shame, at which thou vainly winkest.
 All that is good
 Thy Saviour dearly bought
 With his Heart's Blood ;
 And it must there be sought,
 Where he keeps residence, who rose this day :
 Linger no longer then ; up, and away.

The Ascension, or Holy Thursday.

Mount, mount, my Son, and climb, or rather fly
 With all thy force on high,
 Thy Saviour rose not only, but ascended :
 And he must be attended

Both.

Both in his Conquest and his Triumph too.

His Glories strongly woe

His Graces to them, and will not appear
In their full Lustre, until both be there.

Where he now sits, not for himself alone,

But that upon his Throne

All his Redeemed may Attendants be,

Robbed, and crown'd as he.

Kings without Courtiers are 'lone Men, they say ;

And dost thou think to stay

Behind on Earth, whil'st thy King reigns in Heaven.

Yet not be of thy Happiness bereaven ?

Nothing that thou canst think worth having's here

Nothing is wanting there,

That thou canst wish, to make thee truly blest.

And above all the rest,

Thy Life is hid with God in Jesus Christ,

Higher than what is high'st.

O grovel then no longer here on Earth,

Where mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.

But tow'r, my Soul, and soar above the Skies,

Where thy true Treasure lies.

Though with Corruption, and Mortality

Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be ;

Yet thy flight Thoughts, and sprightly Wishes, may

Speedily glide away.

To what thou canst not reach, at least aspire,

Ascend, if not in Deed, yet in desire.

Whitsunday.

Nay startle not to hear the rushing Wind,

Wherewith this Place is shaken :

Attend a while, and thou shalt quickly find

How much thou art mistaken,

If thou think here
Is any cause to fear.

See'st thou not how on those twelve rev'rend Heads
Sit cloven Tongues of Fire ?
And as the rumour of that Wonder spreads,
The Multitude admire
To see it : and
Yet more amazed stand

To hear at once so great variety
Of Language from them come,
Of whom they dare be bold to say they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place such Words to hear.

Lock not, prophane Despisers of the Spirit,
At what's to you unknown :
His earnest he hath sent, who must inherit
All Nations as his own :
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is ascended up on high
To his celestial Throne,
And hath led captive all Captivity,
He'll not receive alone,
But likewise give
Gifts unto all that live ;

To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
Partakers with him in his Victory,
Nor he triumph alone,
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which blessed state of Glory,
This is his Agent here :

To

46 *The SYNAGOGUE.*

To publish to the World that happy Story,
 Always, and every where,
 This resident
 Embassador is sent.

Heavens Legier upon Earth to counter-work
 The Mines that Satan made,
 And bring to light those Enemies, that lurk
 Under Sins gloomy Shade :
 That Hell may not
 Still boast what it hath got.

Thus Babel's Curse, Confusion, is retriev'd,
 Diversity of Tongues
 By this Division of the Sp'rit reliev'd :
 And to prevent all Wrongs,
 One Faith unites
 People of diff'rent Rites.

O let his Entertainment then be such,
 As doth him best besit :
 What ever he requireth think not much
 Freely to yield him it :
 For who doth this,
 Reaps the First-fruits of bliss.

Trinity-Sunday.

GRace, Wit, and Art assist me ; for I see
 The subject of this days Solemnity
 So far excels in worth,
 That sooner may
 I drain the Sea,
 Or drive the Day
 With Light away,
 Than fully set it forth,
 Except you joyn all three to take my part,
 And chiefly Grace fill both my Head and Heart.

Stay

Stay busy Soul, presume not to enquire
Too much of what Angels can but admire,
And never comprehend:

The Trinity
In Unity,
And Unity
In Trinity,

All Reason doth transcend.

God Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghost,
Who most admireth, magnifieth most.

And who most magnifies best understands,
And best expresseth what the Heads, and Hands,
And Hearts, of all Men living,

When most they try
To glorify,
And raise on high,
Fall short, and lye

Groveling below : Man's giving

Is but restoring by retail with Loss,
What from his God he first receiv'd in gross.

Faith must perform the Office of Invention,
And Elocution struck with Apprehension

Cf Wonder, silence keep.

Not Tongues, but Eyes
Lift to the Skies
In reverend wise,
Best solemnize

This Day, whereof the deep

Mysterious subject lies out of the reach
Of Wit to learn, much more of Art to teach.

Then write *non Ultra* here ; Look not for leave
To speak of what thou never can'st conceive

Worthily, as thou shouldest :

And it shall be
Enough for thee,

If none but he
 Himself doth see,
 Though thou can'st not, thou wouldest
 Make his Praise glorious, who is alone
 Thrice blessed One in Three, and Three in One.

Invitation.

TURN in, my Lord, turn in to me;
 Mine Heart's an homely Place;
 But thou can'st make Corruption flee,
 And fill it with thy Grace.
 So furnished it will be brave,
 And a rich Dwelling thou shalt have.
 It was thy Lodging once before,
 It builded was by thee;
 But I to Sin set ope the Door,
 It render'd was by me.
 And so thy Building was defac'd.
 And in thy room another plac'd.
 But he usurps, the Right is thine:
 O dispossess him Lord!
 Do thou but say, this Heart is mine,
 He's gone at the first Word.
 Thy Word's thy Will, thy Will's thy Power,
 Thy Time is always; now's mine hour:
 Now say to Sin, depart:
 And, *Son give me thine heart.*
 Thou, that by saying, *Let it be*, didst make it,
 Can'st, if thou wilt, by saying, *Give't me*, take it.

Comfort in Extremity.

A Las! my Lord is gone,
 Oh my woe!

It will be mine undoing;
 If he go,
 I'll run and overtake him:
 If he stay,
 I'll cry aloud, and make him
 Look this way.
 O stay, my Lord, my Love, 'tis I;
 Comfort me quickly, or I dye.

Cheer up thy drooping Spirits,
I am here.
Mine all-sufficient Merits
Shall appear
Before the Throne of Glory
In thy stead;
I'll put into thy Story
What I did.
Lift up thine Eyes, sad Soul, and see
Thy Saviour here. Lo, I am he.

Alas! shall I present
 My unfulness.
 To thee? thou wilt resent
 The loathsomness
 Be not afraid, I'll take
 Thy Sins on me,
 And all my favour make
 To shine on thee.

Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou must make me.
 As I have made thee, now I take thee.

Resolutions and Assurance.

Lord, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?
 Beshrew that not:
 It was my Sin begot
 That Question first: Yes, Lord, thou wilt:

C

Thy

Thy Blood was spilt
 To wash away my Guilt,
 Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?
 Beshrew that not.

'Twas Death's accursed Plot
 To put that Question: Yes, I will
 Lord love thee still,
 In spite of all my ill.
 Then Life, and Love continue still
 We shall, and will,
 My Lord and I, until,
 In his Celestial Hill,
 We love our fill,
 When he hath purged all mine ill.

Vows broken and renewed.

Said I not so, that I would sin no more?
 Witness my God, I did;
 Yet I am run again upon the Score:
 My Faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do? Make Vows, and break them still?
 'Twill be but labour lost;
 My Good cannot prevail against mine Ill:
 The Bus'ness will be crost.

O, say not so! thou can'st not tell what strength
 Thy God may give thee at the length:
 Renew thy Vows, and if thou keep the last,
 Thy God will pardon all that's past. (may'st
 Vow, whilst thou canst; while thou canst vow, thou
 Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,
 Whilst he permits thee but to call:
 Call to thy God for Grace to keep

Thy

Thy Vows, and if thou break them weep.
Weep for thy broken Vows, and vow again :
Vows made with Tears cannot be still in vain.

Then once again
I vow to mend my Ways,
Lord, say, Amen,
And thine be all the Praise.

Confusion.

O ! How my Mind
Is gravell'd !
Not a Thought,
That I can find,
But's ravell'd
All to nought.
Short ends of Threds,
And narrow Shreds
Of Lifts,
Knots, snarled Ruffs,
Loose broken Tufts
Of Twists,
Are my torn Meditations ragged Clothing,
Which wound, and woven Shape a Sute for nothing :
One while I think, and then I am in pain
To think how to unthink that Thought again.
How can my Soul
But famish
With this Food ?
Pleasures full Bowl
Tasts ramish,
Taints the Blood.
Profit picks Bones,
And chews on Stones
That choak :
Honour climbs Hills,

Fats not, but fills
With Smoak.

And whilst my Thoughts are greedy upon these,
They pass by Pearls, and stoop to pick up Pease.
Such Wash and Draff is fit for none but Swine:
And such I am not, Lord, if I am thine.

Clothe me a-new, and feed me then a-fresh:
Else my Soul dies famish'd, and starv'd with Flesh.

A P A R A D O X.

The worse the better.

Welcome mine Health; this Sickneſs makes me
Medicines adieu: (well.
When with Diſeaſes I have liſt to dwell,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my Strength; this Weakneſs makes me able.
Powers adieu:
When I am weary grown of ſtanding ſtable,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my Wealth; this Loſs hath gain'd me more.
Riches adieu:
When I again grow greedy to be poor,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my Credit; this Diſgrace is Glory.
Honours adieu:
When for Renown, and Fame I ſhall be ſorry,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome Content; this Sorrow is my Joy.
Pleaſures adieu:
When I deſire ſuch Grievs as may annoy,
I'll wiſh for you.

Health, Strength, and Riches, Credit, and Content,
Are ſpared beſt, ſometimes when they are ſpent:

Sick.

Sickness and Weakness, Loss, Disgrace, and Sorrow,
Lend most sometimes, when they most seem to borrow.
Blest be the Hand, that helps by hurting, gives
By taking, by forsaking me relieves.

If in my fall my rising be thy Will,
Lord, I will say, *The worse the better still.*
I'll speak the Paradox, maintain thou it,
And let thy Grace supply my want of Wit.

Leave me no Learning that a Man may see,
So I may be a Scholar unto thee.

Inmates.

AN House I had (an Heart I mean) so wide
And full of spacious Rooms on every side,
That viewing it I thought I might do well,
Rather than keep it void, and make no Gain,
Of what I could not use, to entertain
Such Guests as came : I did ; but what befel
Me quickly in that course, I sigh to tell.

A Guest I had (alas ! I have her still)
A great big-belly'd Guest, enough to fill
The vast content of Hell, Corruption.
By entertaining her, I lost my Right
To more than all the World hath now in sight.
Each Day, each Hour almost, she brought forth
Or other base-begot Transgression. (one

The Charge grew great. I, that had lost before
All that I had, was forced now to score
For all the Charges of their Maintenance
In Dooms-day Book : whoever knew't would say,
The least Sum there was more than I could pay,
When first 'twas due, besides Continuance, (chance.
Which could not chuse but much the Debt en-

To ease me first I wish'd her to remove :
 But she would not. I su'd her then above,
 And begg'd the Court of Heaven, but in vain,
 To cast her out. No, I could not evade
 The Bargain, which she pleaded I had made,
 That, whilst both lived, I should entertain,
 At mine own charge, both her and all her Train.

No help then, but or I must dye, or she ;
 And yet my death of no avail would be :
 For one death I had dy'd already then,
 When first she liv'd in me ; and now to dye
 Another death again were but to tye
 And twist them both into a third, which when
 It once hath seiz'd on, never looseth Men.

Her Death might be my Life ; but her to kill
 I, of my self, had neither Power nor Will.
 So desp'rate was my Case. Whilst I delay'd,
 My Guest still teem'd, my Debts still greater grew ;
 The less I had to pay, the more was due.
 The more I knew, the more I was afraid :
 The more I mus'd, the more I was dismay'd.

At last I learn'd, there was no way but one :
 A Friend must do it for me. He alone,
 That is the Lord of Life, by dying can
 Save Men from death, and kill Corruption :
 And many Years ago the Deed was done,
 His Heart was pierc'd ; out of his Side there ran
 Sin's Corrosives, Restoratives for Man.

This precious Balm I begg'd, for pities sake,
 At Mercy's Gate : Where Faith alone may take,
 What Grace and Truth do offer lib'rally.
 Bounty said, Come, I heard it, and believed ;
 None ever there complain'd, but was relieved.

Hope

Hope waiting upon Faith said instantly,
That thenceforth I should live, Corruption die,
And so she dy'd, I live. But yet, alas!
We are not parted: She is where she was,
Cleaves fast unto me still, looks thro' mine Eyes,
Speaks in my Tongue, and museth in my Mind,
Works with mine Hands; her Body's left behind,
Although her Soul be gone. My Miseries
All flow from hence; from hence my Woes arise.
I loath my self, because I leave her not:
Yet cannot leave her. No she is my Lot,
Now being dead, that living was my Choice:
And still, though dead, she both conceives and bears
Many Faults daily, and as many Fears:
All which for Vengeance call with a loud Voice,
And drown my Comforts with a deadly Noise.
Dead Bodies kept unbury'd quickly stink,
And putrify: How can I then but think
Corruption noisome, even mortify'd?
Tho' such she were before, yet such to me
She seemed not. Kind Fools can never see,
Or will not credit, until they have try'd,
That friendly looks oft false intents do hide.
But mortify'd Corruption lies unmaskt,
Blabs her own Secret, Filthiness unaskt,
To all that understand her. That do none,
In whom she lives embraced with Delight:
She first of all deprives them of their Sight:
Then doat they on her, as upon their own,
And she to them seems beautiful alone.
But woe is me! One part of me is dead:
The other lives. Yet that which lives is led,
Or rather carry'd Captive unto Sin,
By the dead part. I am a living Grave,
And a dead Body I within me have.

The worse part of the better oft doth win:
And when I should have ended, I begin.

The scent would choak me, were it not that Grace
Sometimes vouchsafeth to perfume the Place

With Odours of the Spirit, which do ease me,
And counterpoise Corruption. Blessed Spirit,
Although eternal Torments be my Merit,
And of my self Transgressions only please me,
And Grace enough being reviv'd, to raise me.

Challenge thine own. Let not Intruders hold
Against thy right, what to my wrong I sold.

Having no State my self, but Tenancy,
And Tenancy at Will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou say, avant!

O speak the word, and make these Inmates Flee:
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

The Curb.

PEace, Rebel-Thought; dost thou not know thy
My God, is here? (King,

Cannot his Presence, if no other thing,
Make thee forbear?

Or were he absent, all the Standers-by
Are but his Spies:

And well he knows, if thou should'st it deny,
Thy words were lies.

If others will not, yet I must and will,
My self complain.

My God, ev'n now a base rebellious Thought
Began to move,

And subt'ly twining with me would have wrought
Me from thy love:

Fain he would have me to believe, that Sin,
And thou might both

Take

Take up my Heart together for your Inn,
And neither lothe
The others Company ; a while sit still,
And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest.
The Fault is great,
And I the guilty party have confest,
I must be beat.

And I refuse not Punishment for this,
Though to my Pain :
So I may learn to do no more amiss,
Nor sin again :

Correct me, if thou wilt ; but teach me then
What I shall do.

Lord of my Life, methinks I heard thee say,
That Labour's eas'd :
The Fault, that is confest, is done away,
And thou art pleas'd.

How can I sin again, and wrong thee then,
That do'st relent,
And cease thine Anger straight, as soon as Men
Do but repent ?

No, Rebel-Thought ; for if thou move again,
I'll tell that too.

The Loss.

THe Match is made
Between my Love and Me :
And therefore glad,
And merry now I'll be.
Come Glory, crown
My Head,
And Pleasures drown
My Bed

Of Thorns in Down.

Sorrow, be gone;

Delight,

And Joy alone

Befit

My Honey-Moon.

Be packing now,

You cumb'rous Cares and Fears:

Mirth will allow

No room to Sighs and Tears.

Whilst thus I lay.

As ravish'd with Delight,

I heard one say,

So Fools their Friends requite.

I knew the Voice

My Lord's,

And at the Noise

His words

Did make, arose.

I look'd, and spy'd,

Each where,

And loudly cry'd,

My dear,

But none reply'd:

Then to my Grief

I found my Love was gone,

Without Relief,

Leaving me all alone.

The Search.

WHither, Oh! whither is my Lord departed?
 What can my Love, that is so tender-hearted,
 Forsake the Soul, which once he thorow darted,
 As if it never smarted?

No,

No, sure my Love is here, if I could find him :
He that fills all can leave no place behind him.
But oh ! my Senses are too weak to wind him :
Or else I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not so as I ought ;
Nor seek him so as I by him was sought,
When I had lost my self ; he dearly bought
Me, that was sold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me sound ;
Lost him again, by whom I first was found :
Him, that exalted me, have cast to th' Ground ;
My Sins his Blood have drown'd.

Tell me, oh ! tell me, (thou alone canst tell)
Lord of my Life, where thou art gone to dwell :
For in thy Absence ev'n it self is Hell :
Without thee none is well.

Or, if thou be'st not gone, but only hidest
Thy Presence in place where thou abidest,
Teach me the sacred Art, which thou providest
For all them whom thou guidest,

To seek and find thee by. Else here I'll lie,
Until thou find me. If thou let me die,
That only unto thee for Life do cry,
Thou dy'st as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,
Then either both alive, or dead must be :
At least I'll lay my death on thee, and see
If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the Judge thy self, I have
Thy Promise for it, which thou canst not wave,
That who Salvation at thine Hands do crave,
Thou wilt not fail to save.

Oh! seek, and find me then; or else deny
 Thy Truth, thy self. O! thou canst not lie,
 Shew thy self constant to thy word draw nigh.
 Find me. Lo, here I lie.

The Return.

LO, now my Love appears;
 My Tears
 Have clear'd mine Eyes: I see
 'Tis he.
 Thanks, blessed Lord, thine Absence was my Hell;
 And, now thou art returned, I am well.
 By this I see I must
 Not trust
 My Joys unto my self:
 This Shelf
 Of too secure, and too presumptuous Pleasure
 Had almost sunk my Ship, and drown'd my Treasure.
 Who would have thought a Joy
 So coy
 To be offended so,
 And go
 So suddenly away? As if enjoying
 Full Pleasure and Contentment were anoying.
 Hereafter I had need
 Take heed.
 Joys, amongst other things,
 Have Wings,
 And watch their Opportunities of Flight,
 Converting in a Moment Day to Night.
 But, is't enough for me
 To be
 Instructed to be wise?
 I'll rise,

And

And read a Lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his Joys would keep,
Must weep;

And in the brine of Tears,
And Fears,

Must pickle them. That Powder will preserve:
Faith with Repentance is the Soul's Conserve.

Learn to make much of Care:

A rare

And precious Balsam 'tis

For Bliss;

Which oft resides, where Mirth with Sorrow meets:
Heavenly Joys on Earth are Bitter-sweets.

Inundations.

WE talk of *Noah's* Flood, as of a Wonder;
And well we may;
The Scriptures say,
The Water did prevail, the Hills were under,
And nothing could be seen but Sea.

And yet there are two other Floods surpass
That Flood as far,
As Heav'n one Star,
Which many Men regard as little, as
The ordinary'st Things that are.

The one is Sin, the other is Salvation:
And we must need
Confess indeed,
That either is an Inundation,
Which doth the Deluge far exceed.

In *Noah's* Flood he and his Household liv'd:
And there abode
A whole Ark-load.

Of other Creatures, that were then repriev'd :
 All safely on the Waters rode.

But, when Sin came, it overflowed all,
 And left none free :
 Nay even he,

That knew no Sin, could not release my Thrall,
 But that he was made Sin for me ;

And, when Salvation came, my Saviour's Blood
 Drown'd Sin again,
 With all its train

Of Evils, overflowing them with good,
 With Good that ever shall remain.

O, let there be one other Inundation,
 Let Grace o'erflow
 In my Soul so,

That Thankfulness may level with Salvation,
 And Sorrow Sin may overgrow.

Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,
 That Angels shall
 Admire Man's Fall,

When they shall see God's greatest Glory grow,
 Where Satan thought to root out all.

Sin.

SIN, I would fain define thee : But thou art
 An uncouth Thing :
 All that I bring

To shew thee fully, shews thee but in part.

I call thee the Transgression of the Law,
 And yet I read,
 That Sin is dead

Without the Law; and thence it strength doth draw.

I say thou art the Sting of Death. 'Tis true,
 And yet I find
 Death comes behind :
 The Work is done before the Pay be due.
 I say thou art the Devil's Work ; yet he
 Should much rather
 Call thee Father :
 For he had been no Devil but for thee.
 What shall I call thee then ? If Death and Devil,
 'Right understood,
 Be Names too good,
 I'll say thou art the Quintessence of Evil.

Travels at Home.

Oft have I wish'd a Traveller to be :
 Mine Eyes did even itch the Sights to see,
 That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
 Been greedy of occasion, as the Grave,
 That never says enough ; yet still was crost,
 When Opportunities had promis'd most.
 At last I said, what meanest thou, wandering Elf,
 To straggle thus ? Go travel first thy self.
 Thy little World can shew thee Wonders great ;
 The greater may have more, but not more neat
 And curious Pieces. Search, and thou shalt find
 Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy Mind
Europe supplies, and *Asia* thy Will,
 And *Africa* thy Affections. And if still
 Thou list to travel further, put thy Senses
 For both the *Indies*. Make no more Pretences,
 Of new Discoveries, whilst yet thine own,
 And nearest, little World is still unknown.
 Away then with thy Quadrants, Compasses,
 Globes, Tables, Cards, Maps, and minute Glasses.
 Lay by thy Journals, and thy Diaries,
 Close up thine Annals, and thine Histories.

Study

Study thy self, and read what thou hast writ
 In thine own Book, thy Conscience. Is it fit
 To labour after other Knowledge so,
 And thine own nearest, dearest, self not know?
 Travels abroad both dear and dangerous are,
 Whilst oft the Soul pays for the Body's Fare:
 Travels at Home are cheap, and safe. Salvation,
 Comes mounted on the Wings of Meditation.

*He that doth live at Home and learns to know
 God and Himself, needeth no further go.*

The Journey.

Life is a Journey. From our Mothers Wombs,
 As Houses, we set out; and in our Tombs,
 As Inns, we rest, till it be time to rise.
 'Twixt Rocks and Gulfs our narrow Foot-path lies:
 Haughty Presumption and Hell-deep Despair
 Make our way dangerous, though seeming fair.
 The World with its Inticements sleek and sly,
 Slabbers our Steps, and makes them slippery.
 The Flesh, with its Corruptions, clogs our Feet,
 And burdens us with Loads of Lusts unmeet.
 The Devil, where we tread, doth spread his Snares,
 And with Temptations takes us unawares.
 Our Footsteps are our Thoughts, our Words, our
 These carry us along; in these there Lurks (Works:
 Envy, Lust, Avarice, Ambition,
 The crooked Turnings to Perdition.
 One while we creep among the thorny Brakes
 Of worldly Profits; and the Devil takes
 Delight to see us pierce our selves with Sorrow
 To day, by thinking what might be to Morrow.
 Another while we wade, and wallow in
 Puddles of Pleasure; and we never lin
 Dawbing our selves with dirty damn'd Delights,
 Till self-begotten Pain our Pleasure frights.

Some.

Sometimes we scramble to get up the Banks
Of icy Honour ; and we break our Ranks
To step before our Fellows ; though, they say,
He soonest tireth, that still leads the way.
Sometimes, when others jostle and provoke us,
We stir that Dust our selves, that serves to choke us ;
And raise those Tempests of Contention, which
Blow us beside the way into the Ditch.
Our Minds should be our Guides: But they are blind,
Our Wills out-run our Wits, or lag behind.
Our furious Passions, like unbridled Jades,
Hurry us headlong to th'infernal Shades.
If God be not our Guide, our Guard, our Friend,
Eternal Death will be our Journey's end.

Engines.

MEN often find, when Nature's at a stand,
And hath in vain try'd all her utmost strength,
That Art, her Ape, can reach her out an Hand,
To pierce her Powers with to a full length.

And may not Grace have means enough in store,
Wherewith to do as much as that, and more ?

She may : She hath Engines of ev'ry kind,
To work what Art and Nature, when they view,
Stupendious Miracles of wonder find,
And yet must needs acknowledge to be true ;
So far transcending all their pow'r and might,
That they stand ev'n amazed at the sight.

Take but three Instances ; Faith, Hope, and Love.
Souls help'd by the perspective Glass of Faith
Are able to perceive what is above
The reach of Reason : Yea the Scripture saith,
Ev'n him that is invisible behold,
And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith

66 *The SYNAGOGUE.*

Faith looks into the secret Cabinet
Of God's eternal Counsels, and doth see
Such Mysteries of Glory there, as set
Believing Hearts on longing, till they be
 Transform'd to the same Image, and appear
 So altered, as if themselves were there.

Faith can raise Earth to Heaven, or draw down
Heaven to Earth, make both Extreame to meet
Felicity and Misery, can crown
Reproach with Honour, season Sorrow with Sweet.
 Nothing's impossible to Faith: a Man
 May do all things that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon Faith can raise the Heart
Above it self in expectation
Of what the Soul desireth for its part!
Then, when its time of transmigration
Is delay'd longest, yet as patiently
 To wait, as if't were answer'd by and by.

When Grief unwieldy grows, Hope can abate
The Bulk to what proportion it will:
So that a large Circumference of late
A little Centre shall not reach to fill.
 Nor that, which Giant-like before did strut,
 Be able with a Pigmy's pace t'hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest Clouds of Night,
That Fear hath overspread the Soul withal,
And make the darkest Shadows shine as bright,
As the Sun-beams spread on a silver Wall.
 Sin-shaken Souls Hope anchor-like holds steady,
 When Storm and Tempests make them more than
 (giddy.
 Love

Love led by Faith, and fed with Hope, is able
To travel through the World's wide Wilderness ;
And Burdens seeming most intolerable
Both to take up, and bear with Chearfulness.

To do, or suffer, what appears in sight
Extreamly heavy, Love will make most light.

Yea, what by Men is done, or suffered,
Either for God, or else for one another,
Though in it self it be much blemished
With many Imperfections, which smother,
And drown the worth, and weight of it ; yet, fall
What will, or can, Love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, which were otherwise,
Or would be both divers, and distant. Deep,
High, long and broad, or whatsoever size
Eternity is of, or Happiness,
Love comprehends it all, be't more, or less.

Give me this threefold Cord of Graces then,
Faith, Hope and Love, let them possess mine Heart,
And gladly I'll resign to other Men
All I can claim by Nature, or by Art.
To mount a Soul, and make it still stand stable,
These are alone Engines incomparable.

To

To my Reverend Friend,

THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

SYNAGOGUE.

S I R,

I Lov'd you for your *Synagogue*, before
 I knew your Person ; but now love you more ;
 Because I find

It is so true a Picture of your mind :

Which tunes your sacred Lyre

To that eternal Quire,

Where holy *Herbert* fits

(O Shame to prophane Wits !)

And sings his and your Anthems, to the praise
 Of him that is the first and last of days.

These holy Hymns had an Ethereal Birth :
 For they can raise sad Souls above the Earth,

And

And fix them there
Free from the World's Anxieties and Fear.

Herbert and you have pow'r
To do this: ev'ry Hour
I read you kills a Sin,
Or let's a Vertue in
To fight against it; and the Holy Ghost
Supports my Frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy War, taught by your happy Pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor Men
Neglect our Arms,
W'are circumvested with a World of harms.
But I will watch, and ward,
And stand upon my Guard,
And still consult with you,
And *Herbert*, and renew
My Vows, and say, well fare his, and your heart,
The Fountains of such Sacred Wit and Art,

Iz. Wa.

To

To his Ingenious Friend,
 The A U T H O R
 O F T H E
 S Y N A G O G U E,
 Upon his Additional
 Church - Utenfils.

S I R,

S O the cheap Touch-stone's bold
 To question the more noble Gold;
 As I, at your Command,
 Put forth my blushing Hand
 To try these Raptures, sent to my poor Test;
 But since your Question's, Are they like the rest?
 I say they are the best:
 That once conceiv'd, the other is confest.

But, Sir, now they are here,
 For to prevent a Female jeer,
 Thus much affirm I do,
 They're like the Father too;
 And you like him whose sublime Paths you tread,
Herbert! to be like whom, who'd not-be dead?
Herbert! whom when I read,
 I stoop at Stars that shine below my Head.

Herbert!

Herbert! whose every Strain
 Twists holy Breasts with happy Brain
 So that who strives to be
 As Elegant as he,
 Must climb Mount *Cal'ry* for *Parnassus* Hill,
 And in his Saviour's Sides baptize his Quill;
 A *Jordan* fit t' instill
 A Saint-like Style, back'd with an Angel's Skill.

He was our *Solomon*,
 And you are our Centurion;
 Our Temple him we owe,
 Our Synagogue to you:
 Where if your Piety so much allow
 That Structure with these Ornaments t'endow,
 All good Men will avow,
 Your Syn'gogue, built before, is furnisht now.

J. L.

S I R,

S I R,

While I read your Lines, methinks I spy
Churches, and Church-men, and the old Hierarchy.
What potent Charms are these! You have the knack
To make Men young again, and fetch Time back.
I've lost what was bestow'd on Judah's Prince,
And am now where I was thrice Five years since.
The mid-space shrunk to nothing, Manners, Men,
And Times, and all look just as they did then.
Rubbish and Ruin's vanish'd, every where
Order and Comeliness afresh appear.
What cannot Poets do? They change with ease
The Face of Things, and lead us as they please.
Yet here's no Fiction neither. We may see
The Poet Prophet, his Verse History.

Jan. 1. 1654.

A. S.

F I N _ I S.

T H E
L I F E
O F

Mr. George Herbert.

G*George Herbert* was born the third Day of *April*, in the Year of our Redemption, 1593. The Place of his Birth was near to the Town of *Montgomery*, and in that *Castle* that did then bear the Name of that Town and County; that *Castle* was then a Place of State and Strength, and had been successively happy in the Family of the *Herberts*, who had long possess it: And with it, a plentiful Estate, and Hearts as Liberal to their poor Neighbours. A Family, that hath been blest with Men of remarkable Wisdom, and a Willingness to serve their Country, and indeed, to do good to all Mankind; for which they are Eminent: But alas! this Family did in the late Rebellion suffer extremely in their Estates; and the Heirs of that *Castle* saw it laid level with that Earth that was too good to bury those Wretches that were the cause of it.

The Father of our *George*, was *Richard Herbert* the Son of *Edward Herbert*, Knight, the Son of *Richard Herbert*, Knight, the Son of the famous *Sir Richard Herbert* of *Colebrook* in the County of *Monmouth*, Banneret, who was the youngest Brother of that memorable *William Herbert* Earl of *Pembroke*, that liv'd in the Reign of our King *Edward* the Fourth.

D

His

His Mother was *Magdalen Newport*, the youngest Daughter of Sir *Richard*, and Sister to Sir *Francis Newport* of *High Arkall* in the County of *Salop* Knight, and Grand-father of *Francis Newport*, Comptroller of his Majesty's Household. A Family that for their Loyalty, have suffered much in their Estates, and seen the Ruin of that excellent Structure, where their Ancestors have long liv'd, and been memorable for their Hospitality.

This Mother of *George Herbert* (of whose Person and Wisdom, and Vertue, I intend to give a true account in a seasonable place) was the happy Mother of seven Sons, and three Daughters, which she would often say, was *Job's Number*, and *Job's Distribution*; as often bless God, that they were neither defective in their Shapes, or in their Reason; and very often reprove them that did not praise God for so great a Blessing. I shall give the Reader a short account of their Names, and not say much of their Fortunes.

Edward the eldest was first made Knight of the *Bath*, at that glorious time of our late Prince *Henry's* being install'd Knight of the *Garter*; and after many years useful Travel, and the Attainment of many Languages, he was by King *James* sent Ambassador Resident to the then *French King*, *Lewis XIII.* There he continued two years; but he could not subject himself to a Compliance with the Humours of the Duke de *Laines*, who was then the great and powerful Favorite at Court; so that upon a Complaint to our King, he was call'd back into *England* in some Displeasure; but at his Return he gave such an honourable account of his Employment, and so justified his Comportment to the Duke, and all the Court, that he was suddenly sent back upon the same Embassy, from which he return'd in the beginning of the Reign of our good King *Charles I.* who made him first Baron of *Castle-Island*; and not long after of *Cherbery* in the County

County of Salop: He was a Man of great Learning and Reason, as appears by his printed Book, *de Veritate*; and by his *History of the Reign of King Henry VIII.* and by several other Tracts.

The second and third Brothers were *Richard* and *William*, who ventur'd their Lives to purchase Honour in the Wars of the *Low Countries*, and died Officers in that Employment. *Charles* was the fourth, and died Fellow of *New-College* in *Oxford*. *Henry* was the sixth, who became a menial Servant to the Crown in the days of King *James*, and hath continued to be so for fifty years; during all which time he hath been Master of the Revels; a Place that requires a diligent Wisdom, with which God hath blest him. The seventh Son was *Thomas*, who being made Captain of a Ship in that Fleet with which Sir *Robert Mansell* was sent against *Algiers*, did there shew a fortunate and true *English* Valour. Of the three Sisters, I need not say more, than that they were all married to Persons of Worth, and plentiful Fortunes, and liv'd to be Examples of *Vertue*, and to do good in their Generations.

I now come to give my intended account of *George*; who was the fifth of those seven Brothers.

George Herbert spent much of his Childhood in a sweet Content under the Eye and Care of his prudent Mother: and the Tuition of a Chaplain or Tutor to him and two of his Brothers in her own Family (for she was then a Widow) where he continued till about the Age of twelve years; and being at that time well instructed in the Rules of Grammar, he was not long after commended to the Care of Dr. *Neale*, who was then Dean of *Westminster*; and by him to the care of Mr. *Ireland*, who was then chief Master of that School, where the Beauties of his pretty Behaviour and Wit, shin'd and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent Age, that he seem'd to be marked out for Piety, and to become

the Care of Heaven, and of a particular Angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that School, till he came to be perfect in the learned Languages; and especially in the *Greek Tongue*, in which he after prov'd an excellent Critick.

About the Age of Fifteen, he being then a King's Scholar, was elected out of that School for *Trinity College* in *Cambridge*, to which place he was transplanted about the year 1608. And his prudent Mother well knowing that he might easily lose, or lessen that Virtue and Innocence which her Advice and Example had planted in his Mind; did therefore procure the generous and liberal Dr. *Nevil*, who was then Dean of *Canterbury*, and Master of that College, to take him into his particular Care, and provide him a Tutor; which he did most gladly undertake, for he knew the Excellencies of his Mother, and how to value such a Friendship.

This was the Method of his Education, till he was settled in *Cambridge*, where we will leave him in his Study, till I have paid my promis'd account of his excellent Mother, and I will endeavour to make it short.

I have told her Birth, her Marriage, and the Number of Children, and have given some short account of them: I shall next tell the Reader, that her Husband died when our *George* was about the Age of four years, and that she continued twelve years a Widow: That she then married happily to a noble Gentleman, the Brother and Heir of the Lord *Danvers* Earl of *Danby*, who did highly value both her Person and the most excellent Endowments of her Mind.

In this time of her Widowhood, she being desirous to give *Edward* her eldest Son, such Advantages of Learning and other Education as might suit his Birth and Fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the Service of his Country; did at his being of a fit

Age

Age remove from *Montgomery Castle* with him, and some of her younger Sons to *Oxford*, and having entered *Edward* into *Queen's-College*, and provided him a fit Tutor, she commended him to his Care; yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate Awe of her self, and so much under her own Eye, as to see and converse with him daily; but she managed this Power over him without any such rigid Sourness, as might make her Company a Torment to her Child, but with such a Sweetness and Compliance with the Recreations and Pleasures of Youth, as did incline him willingly to spend much of his Time in the Company of his dear and careful Mother; which was to her a great Content; for she would often say, *That as our Bodies take a Nourishment suitable to the Meat on which we feed; so our Souls do as insensibly take in Vice by the Example and Conversation with wicked Company.* And would therefore as often say, *That Ignorance of Vice was the best Preservation of Vertue, and that the very Knowledge of Wickedness was as Tinder to inflame and kindle Sin, and to keep it burning:* For these Reasons she endeared him to her own Company, and continued with him in *Oxford* four years; in which time her great and harmless Wit, her chearful Gravity, and her obliging Behaviour, gain'd her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent Worth or Learning that were at that time in or near that University: And particularly with Mr. *John Donne*, who then came accidentally to that Place, in this time of her being there: It was that *John Donne* who was after *Doct^r Donne*, and Dean of *St. Paul's London*, and he at his leaving *Oxford* writ and left there a Character of the Beauties of her Body and Mind; of the first, he says,

*No Spring nor Summer-Beauty has such Grace,
As I have seen in an Autumnal Face.*

Of the latter he says,
*In all her Words to every Hearer fit,
 You may as Revels, or as Council sit.*

The rest of her Character may be read in his printed Poems, in that Elegy which bears the Name of the *Autumnal Beauty*. For both he and she were then past the Meridian of Man's Life.

This Amity begun at this time, and place, was not an Amity that polluted their Souls; but an Amity made up of a Chain of futable Inclinations and Vertues; an Amity, like that of St. Chrysostom's to his dear and virtuous *Olympias*; whom in his Letters he calls his *Saint*: Or an Amity indeed more like that of St. Hieron to his *Paula*; whose Affection to her was such, that he turn'd Poet in his old Age, and then made her Epitaph; *wishing all his Body were turn'd into Tongues, that he might declare her just Praises to Posterity.*—And this Amity betwixt her and Mr. Donne, was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the 40th year of his Age (which was some years before he entred into sacred Orders) a time when his Necessities needed a daily Supply for the support of his Wife, seven Children and a Family: And in this time she prov'd one of his most bountiful Benefactors; and he as grateful an Acknowledger of it. You may take one Testimony for what I have said of these two worthy Persons, from this following Letter and Sonnet.

Madam,

Your Favours to me are every where; I use them, and have them. I enjoy them at London, and leave them there; and yet find them at Micham. Such Riddles as these become things unexpressible; and such is your Goodness. I was almost sorry to find your Servant here this Day, because I was loth to have any Witness of my not coming home last Night, and indeed of my coming this Morning: But my not coming was excusable, because earnest Business detain'd me; and my coming this Day, is by
 the

Mr. George Herbert.

7

the Example of your St. Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday to seek that which she lov'd most, and so did I. And from her and my self, I return such Thanks as are due to one to whom we owe all the good Opinion, that they whom we need most, have of us----- by this Messenger, and on this good Day, I commit the inclosed Holy Hymns and Sonnets (which for the Matter, not the Workmanship, have yet escap'd the Fire) to your Judgment, and to your Protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed this inclosed Sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

Your unworthiest Servant,

Micham,
July 11.
1607.

Unless your accepting him,

have mended him,

JO. DONNE.

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert, of
St. Mary Magdalen.

HER of your Name, whose fair Inheritance
Bethina was, and Joindre Magdalo:
An active Faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew, more than the Church did know,
The Resurrection; so much Good there is
Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be
Loth to believe one Woman could do this;
But think those Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their Number, Lady, and their Fame:
To their Devotion, add your Innocence:
Take so much of th' Example, as of the Name;
The latter half; and in some Recompence
That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest,
Harbour these Hymns, to his dear Name address.

J. D.

D 4.

These

These *Hymns* are now lost to us; but doubtless they were such, as they two now sing in *Heaven*.

There might be more Demonstrations of the Friendship, and the many sacred Indearments betwixt these two excellent Persons (for I have many of their Letters in my hand) and much more might be said of her great Prudence and Piety: But my Design was not to write hers, but the Life of her Son; and therefore I shall only tell my Reader, that about that very Day twenty Years that this Letter was dated, and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr. *John Donne* (who was then Dean of *St. Paul's*) weep, and preach her Funeral Sermon, in the Parish-Church of *Chelsey* near *London*, where she now rests in her quiet Grave, and where we must now leave her, and return to her Son *George*, whom we left in his Study in *Cambridge*.

And in *Cambridge* we may find our *George Herbert's* Behaviour to be such, that we may conclude, he consecrated the First-fruits of his early Age to Vertue, and a serious study of Learning. And that he did so, this following Letter and Sonnet, which were in the first Year of his going to *Cambridge* sent his dear Mother for a New-years Gift, may appear to be some Testimony:

----- But I fear the heat of my late Ague hath dried up those Springs, by which Scholars say the Muses use to take up their Habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the Vanity of those many Love-Poems, that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus; nor to bewail that so few are writ that look towards God and Heaven. For my own part, my Meaning (dear Mother) is in these Sonnets to declare my Resolution to be, That my Poor Abilities shall be all, and ever, consecrated to God's Service. And-----

MY God, where is that ancient Heat tow'rd's thee,
 Wherewith whole showls of Martyrs once did burn,
 Besides their other Flames? Doth Poetry
 Wear Venus Livery? only serve her turn?
 Why are not Sonnets made of thee? and Lays
 Upon thine Altar burnt? Cannot thy Love
 Heighten a Spirit to sound out thy Praise
 As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
 Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
 Or since thy Ways are deep, and still the same,
 Will not a Verse run smooth that bears thy Name?
 Why doth that Fire, which by thy power and might,
 Each Breast does feel, no braver Fewel chuse (fuse?)
 Than that, which one Day, Worms may chance re-
 sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
 Oceans of Ink; for, as the Deluge did
 Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majesty:
 Each Cloud distils thy Praise, and doth forbid
 Poets to turn it to another use.
 Roses and Lilies speak thee; and to make
 A pair of Cheeks of them, is thy abuse.
 Why should I Womens Eyes for Crystal take?
 Such poor Invention burns in their low Mind
 Whose Fire is wild, and doth not upward go
 To praise, and on thee, Lord, some Ink bestow.
 Open the Bones, and you shall nothing find
 In the best Face but filth; when, Lord, in thee
 The Beauty lies in the Discovery.

G. H.

This was his Resolution at the sending this Letter
 to his dear Mother; about which time, he was in the
 17th Year of his Age; and as he grew older, so he
 grew in Learning, and more and more in Favour both
 with God and Man: Insomuch, that in this Morning
 of that short day of his Life, he seem'd to be mark'd
 out for Vertue, and to become the Care of Heaven;

for God still kept his Soul in so holy a Frame, that he may, and ought to be a Patern of Vertue to all Posterity; and especially to his Brethren of the Clergy, of which the Reader may expect a more exact Account in what will follow.

I need not declare that he was a strict Student, because, that he was so, there will be many Testimonies in the future part of his Life: I shall therefore only tell that he was made *Minor Fellow* in the Year 1609. *Batchelor of Art* in the Year 1611. *Major Fellow* of the College, March 15. 1615. And that in that Year he was also made *Master of Arts*, he being then in the 22th Year of his Age; during all which time, all, or the greatest Diversion from his Study, was the practice of Musick, in which he became a great Master; and of which he would say, *That it did relieve his drooping Spirits, compose his distracted Thoughts, and raised his weary Soul so far above Earth, that it gave him an earnest of the Joys of Heaven before he possess them.* And it may be noted, that from his first Entrance into the College, the generous Dr. Nevil was a Cherisher of his Studies, and such a Lover of his Person, his Behavior, and the excellent Endowments of his Mind, that he took him often into his own Company; by which he confirm'd his native Gentleness; and if during this time he express'd any Error, it was, that he kept himself too much retir'd, and at too great a distance with all his Inferiors; and his Cloaths seem'd to prove, that he put too great a Value on his Parts and Parentage.

This may be some account of his Disposition, and of the Employment of his Time, till he was *Master of Arts*, which was An. 1615. and in the year 1619. he was chosen Orator for the University. His two precedent Orators were Sir Robert Nanton, and Sir Francis Netherfol: The first was not long after made Secretary of State; and Sir Francis, not very long after his being Orator, was made Secretary to the Lady

Elizabeth

Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia----- In this Place of Orator, our *George Herbert* continued Eight Years; and manag'd it with as becoming and grave a Gaiety, as any had ever before, or since his time. For *He had acquir'd great Learning, and was blest with a high Fancy, a civil and sharp Wit, and with a natural Elegance, both in his Behaviour, his Tongue and his Pen.* Of all which, there might be very many particular Evidences, but I will limit my self to the mention of but Three.

And the first notable Occasion of shewing his fitness for this Employment of *Orator* was manifested in a Letter to King *James*, upon the Ocasion of his sending that University his Book, called *Basilicon Doron*; and their *Orator* was to acknowledg this great Honour, and return their Gratitude to his Majesty for such a Condescention; at the close of which Letter he writ,

Quid Vaticanum Bodleianumq; objiciis, hospes?

Unicus est nobis Bibliotheca Liber.

This Letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of Conceits, and all the Expressions were so futed to the Genius of the King, that he enquired the Orator's Name, and then ask'd *William Earl of Pembroke* if he knew him? whose Answer was, *That he knew him very well; and that he was his Kinsman, but he lov'd him more for his Learning and Vertue, than for that he was of his Name and Family.* At which Answer the King imil'd, and ask'd the Earl leave, *that he might love him too; for he took him to be the Jewel of that University.*

The next Occasion that he had to shew his great Abilities was with them, to shew also his great Affection to that Church in which he received his *Baptism*, and of which he profess'd himself a Member; and the Occasion was this: There was one *Andrew Melvin*, a Gentleman of *Scotland*, who was in his own Country possess'd with an aversness, if not a hatred, of *Church-Government by Bishops*; and he seem'd to have
the

the like averſneſs to our manner of *Publick-Worſhip*, and *Church-Prayers* and *Ceremonies*. This Gentleman had travel'd *France*, and reſided ſo long in *Geneva*, as to have his Opinions the more confirm'd in him by the practice of that Place; from which he return'd into *England* ſome ſhort time before, or immediately after Mr. *Herbert* was made *Orator*. This Mr. *Melvin* was a Man of Learning, and was the Maſter of a great Wit; a Wit full of *Knots* and *Clenches*; a Wit ſharp and ſatyricall; exceeded, I think, by none of that Nation, but their *Buchanan*. At Mr. *Melvin's* return hither, he writ and ſcattered in Latin many Pieces of his Wit againſt our *Altars*, our *Prayers*, and our *Publick Worſhip* of God; in which Mr. *Herbert* took himſelf to be ſo much concern'd, that as faſt as *Melvin* writ and ſcatter'd them, Mr. *Herbert* writ and ſcatter'd *Answers*, and *Reflections* of the ſame ſharpeſs upon him and them; I think to the Satisfaction of all uningaged Perſons. But this Mr. *Melvin*, was not only ſo buſy againſt the Church, but at laſt ſo bold with the *King* and *State*, that he rail'd and writ himſelf into the *Tower*; at which time, the Lady *Ara-bella* was an innocent Priſoner there: And he pleas'd himſelf much in ſending the next day after his Commitment theſe two Verſes to the good Lady; which I will under-write, becauſe they may give the Reader a taſte of his others, which were like theſe.

*Cauſa tibi mecum eſt communis, Carceris, Ara;
Bella tibi cauſa eſt, Araque ſacra mihi.*

I ſhall not trouble my Reader with an Account of his Enlargement from that Priſon, or his Death, but tell him Mr. *Herbert's* Verſes were thought ſo worthy to be preſerv'd, that Dr. *Duport*, the Learned Dean of *Peterborough*, hath lately collected, and cauſ'd them to be printed, as an honourable Memorial of his Friend Mr. *George Herbert*, and the Cauſe he undertook.

And

And in order to my third and last Observation of his great Abilities, it will be needful to declare, that about this time King *James* came very often to hunt at *New-market* and *Royston*; and was almost as often invited to *Cambridge*, where his Entertainment was suited to his pleasant Humor, (with the Comedies of *Albumazer*, *Ignoramus*, &c.) and where Mr. *George Herbert* was to welcome him with *Gratulations*, and the *Applauses* of an *Orator*; which he always perform'd so well, that he still grew more into the King's Favour; insomuch, that he had a particular Appointment to attend His Majesty at *Royston*, where after a Discourse with him, His Majesty declar'd to his Kinsman the Earl of *Pembroke*, *That he found the Orator's Learning and Wisdom, much above his Age or Wit.* The Year following, the King appointed to end his Progress at *Cambridge*, and to stay there certain Days; at which time he was attended by the great Secretary of Nature and all Learning, Sir *Francis Bacon* (Lord *Verulam*) and by the ever memorable and learned Dr. *Andrews* Bishop of *Winchester*, both which did at that time begin a desir'd Friendship with our *Orator*. Upon whom the first put such a Value on his Judgment, that he usually desir'd his Approbation, before he would expose any of his Books to be printed; and thought him so worthy of his Friendship, that having translated many of the Prophet *David's* Psalms into English Verse, he made *George Herbert* his Patron of them, by a publick Dedication of them to him, as the best Judge of *Divine Poetry*. And for the Learned Bishop, it is observable, that at that time, there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them Two about *Predestination*, and *Sanctity of Life*; of both which, the *Orator* did not long after send the Bishop some safe and useful *Aphorisms*, in a long Letter written in Greek; which Letter was so remarkable for the Language and Matter, that after the reading of it,

it, the Bishop put into his Bosom; and did often shew it to many Scholars, both of this and foreign Nations; but did always return it back to the Place where he first lodg'd it, and continued it so near his Heart, till the last Day of his Life.

To these I might add the long and entire Friendship betwixt him and Sir *Henry Wotton*, and Dr. *Donne*, but I have promis'd to contract my self, and therefore only add one Testimony to what is also mentioned in the Life of Dr. *Donne*; namely, that a little before his death, he caused many Seals to be made, and in them to be engraven the Figure of *Christ crucified* on an *Anchor* (the Emblem of Hope) and of which Dr. *Donne* would often say, *Crux mihi Anchora*, ----- These Seals he gave or sent to most of those Friends on which he put a value; and at Mr. *Herbert's* death these Verses were found wrapt up with that Seal which was by the Doctor given to him.

*When my dear Friend could write no more,
He gave this Seal, and so gave o'er.*

*When Winds and Waves rise highest, I am sure,
This Anchor keeps my Faith, That me secure.*

At this time of being *Orator*, he had learnt to understand the *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *French* Tongues very perfectly; hoping that as his Predecessors, so he might in time attain the Place of *Secretary of State*, he being at that time very high in the King's Favour; and not meanly valued and lov'd by the most eminent and most powerful of the Court Nobility: This and the love of a Court-conversation mixt with a laudable Ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from *Cambridge* to attend the King wheresoever the Court was, who then gave him a *Sine Cure*, which fell into his Majesty's Disposal, I think, by the death of the Bishop of *St. Asaph*. It was the same, that Queen *Elizabeth* had formerly given

given to her Favorite Sir *Philip Sidney*; and valued to be worth an hundred and twenty Pound *per Ann.* With this, and his Annuity, and the advantage of his College, and of his *Oratorship*, he enjoy'd his gentle Humour for Cloaths, and Court-like Company, and seldom look'd towards *Cambridge*, unless the King were there, but then he never fail'd; and at other times, left the mannage of his *Orator's Place*, to his learned Friend Mr. *Herbert Thorndike*, who is now Prebend of *Westminster*.

I may not omit to tell, that he often design'd to leave the University, and decline all Study, which he thought did impair his Health; for he had a Body apt to a *Consumption*, and to *Fevers*, and other Infirmities which he judg'd were increas'd by his Studies; for he would often say, *He had too thoughtful a Wit; a Wit, like a Penknife in too narrow a Sheath, too sharp for his Body.* But his Mother would by no means allow him to leave the University, or to travel; to which, though he inclin'd very much, yet he would by no means satisfy his own Desires at so dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful Son to so affectionate a Mother; but did always submit to her Wisdom: And what I have now said, may partly appear in a Copy of Verses in his printed Poems; 'tis one of those that bears the Title of *Affliction*: And it appears to be a pious Reflection on God's Providence, and some Passages of his Life, and in which he says,

WHereas my Birth and Spirit rather took
The way that takes the Town:
Thou did'st betray me to a lingring Book,
And wrapt me in a Gown.
I was intangled in a World of Strife,
Before I had the power to change my Life.
Yet, for I threatned oft the Siege to raise,
Not surprizing all mine Age:

Thou

Thou often did'st with Academick Praise
 Melt and dissolve my Rage;
 I took the sweetned Pill, 'till I came where
 I could not go away, nor persevere.
 Yet, lest perchance, I should too happy be
 In my Unhappiness;
 Turning my Purge to Food, thou throwest me
 Into more Sickneses..
 Thus doth thy Power cross-bias me, not making
 Thine own Gifts good; yet me from my ways taking.
 Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
 None of my Books will shew:
 I read, and sigh, and wish I were a Tree,
 For then sure I should grow
 To fruit or shade; at least, some Bird would trust
 Her Household with me, and I would be just.
 Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;
 In Weakness must be stout:
 Well, I will change my Service, and go seek
 Some other Master out:
 Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
 Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

G. H.

In this time of Mr. Herbert's Attendance and Expectation of some good Occasion to remove from Cambridge to Court; God, in whom there is an unseen Chain of Causes, did in a short time put an end to the Lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful Friends, Lodowick Duke of Richmond, and James Marquess of Hamilton; and not long after him King James died also, and with them all Mr. Herbert's Court-hopes: So that he presently betook himself to a Retreat from London, to a Friend in Kent, where he liv'd very privately, and was such a Lover of Solitariness, as was judg'd to impair his Health, more than his Study had done. In this time of Retirement, he had many Conflicts with himself, whether

ther he should return to the painted Pleasures of a Court-Life, or betake himself to a Study of Divinity, and enter into sacred Orders? (to which his dear Mother had often persuaded him.) These were such Conflicts, as they only can know, that have endur'd them; for ambitious Desires, and the outward Glory of this World, are not easily laid aside; but at last, God inclin'd him to put on a Resolution to serve at his Altar.

He did at his return to *London*, acquaint a Court Friend with his Resolution to enter into sacred Orders, who persuaded him to alter it, as too mean an Employment and too much below his Birth, and the excellent Abilities and Endowments of his Mind. To which he replied, *It hath been formerly judg'd, that the Domestick Servants of the King of Heaven, should be of the noblest Families on Earth; and though the Iniquity of the late Times have made Clergy-men meanly valued, and the sacred Name of Priest contemptible; yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my Learning, and all my poor Abilities, to advance the Glory of that God that gave them; knowing, that I can never do too much for him, that hath done so much for me, as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making Humility lovely in the Eyes of all Men, and by following the merciful and meek Example of my dear Jesus.*

This was then his Resolution, and the God of Constancy, who intended him for a great Example of Vertue, continued him in it; for within that year he was made Deacon; but the day when, or by whom I cannot learn; but that he was about that time made Deacon, is most certain; for I find by the Records of *Lincoln*, that he was made Prebend of *Layton Ecclesia*, in the Diocese of *Lincoln*, July 15. 1626. and that this Prebend was given him by *John* then Lord Bishop of that See. And now he had a fit Occasion to shew that Piety and Bounty that was deriv'd from
his

his generous Mother, and his other memorable Ancestors, and the occasion was this.

This *Layton Ecclesia*, is a Village near to *Spalden* in the County of *Huntington*, and the greatest part of the Parish-Church was fallen down; and that of it which stood, was so decayed, so little, and so useless, that the Parishioners could not meet to perform their Duty to God in publick Prayer and Praises; and thus it had been for almost twenty years, in which time there had been some faint Endeavours for a publick Collection, to enable the Parishioners to re-build it; but with no success till Mr. *Herbert* undertook it; and he, by his own, and the Contribution of many of his Kindred and other noble Friends, undertook the Re-edification of it; and made it so much his whole business, that he became restless, till he saw it finish'd, as it now stands; being, for the Workmanship, a costly *Mosaiick*; for the Form, an exact *Cross*; and for the Decency and Beauty, I am assur'd it is the most remarkable Parish-Church, that this Nation affords. He liv'd to see it so wainscoted, as to be exceeded by none; and by his order, the Reading-Pew and Pulpit, were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he would often say, *They should neither have a Precedency or Priority of the other; but that Prayer and Preaching being equally useful, might agree like Brethren, and have an equal Honour and Estimation.*

Before I proceed farther, I must look back to the time of Mr. *Herbert's* being made Prebend, and tell the Reader, that not long after, his Mother being inform'd of his Intentions to re-build that Church, and apprehending the great Trouble and Charge that he was like to draw upon himself, his Relations and Friends, before it could be finish'd; sent for him from *London* to *Chelsey* (where she then dwelt) and at his coming, said---George, *I sent for you, to persuade you*

you to commit Simony, by giving your Patron as good a Gift as he hath given to you; namely, that you give him back his Prebend; for, George, it is not for your weak Body, and empty Purse, to undertake to build Churches. Of which, he desir'd he might have a Days time to consider, and then make her an Answer: And at his return to her at the next Day, when he had first desired her Blessing, and she given it him, his next Request was, That she would at the Age of thirty three years, allow him to become an undutiful Son; for he had made a Vow to God, that if he were able, he would re-build that Church: And then shew'd her such Reasons for his Resolution, that she presently subscribed to be one of his Benefactors; and undertook to solicit William Earl of Pembroke to become another, who subscribed for 50 l. and not long after, by a witty, and persuasive Letter from Mr. Herbert, made it 50 l. more. And in this Nomination of some of his Benefactors, James Duke of Lenox, and his Brother Sir Henry Herbert, ought to be remembred; as also the Bounty of Mr. Nicholas Farrer, and Mr. Arthur Woodnot; the one a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood of Layton, and the other a Gold-smith in Foster-lane, London, ought not to be forgotten: For the Memory of such Men ought to out-live their Lives. Of Mr. Farrer, I shall hereafter give account in a more seasonable place; but before I proceed farther, I will give this short account of Mr. Arthur Woodnot.

He was a Man that had consider'd, over-grown Estates do often require more Care and Watchfulness to preserve, than get them; and consider'd that there be many Discontents, that Riches cure not; and did therefore set Limits to himself as to desire of Wealth: And having attain'd so much as to be able to shew some Mercy to the Poor, and preserve a Competence for himself, he dedicated the remaining part of his Life to the Service of God; and being useful for his Friends;

Friends: And he proved so to Mr. *Herbert*; for besides his own Bounty, he collected and return'd most of the Money that was paid for the Rebuilding of that Church; he kept all the Account of the Charges, and would often go down to state them, and see all the Workmen paid. When I have said, that this good Man was a useful Friend to Mr. *Herbert's* Father, and to his Mother, and continued to be so to him, till he clos'd his Eyes on his Death-bed; I will forbear to say more, till I have the next fair Occasion to mention the holy Friendship that was betwixt him and Mr. *Herbert*--- From whom Mr. *Woodnot* carried to his Mother this following Letter, and deliver'd it to her in a Sickness which was not long before that which prov'd to be her last.

A Letter of Mr. George Herbert to his Mother, in her Sickness.

Madam,

AT my last parting from you I was the better content, because I was in hope I should my self carry all Sickness out of your Family; but since I know I did not, and that your Shire continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you; and would quickly make good my Wish, but that my Employment does fix me here, bring now but a Month to our Commencement: Wherein, my Absence by how much it naturally augmenteth Suspicion, by so much shall it make my Prayers the more constant and the more earnest for you to the God of all Consolation---In the mean time I beseech you to be chearful, and comfort your self in the God of all Comfort, who is not willing to behold any Sorrow but for Sin---What hath Affliction grievous in it more than for a Moment? or why should our Afflictions here have so much power or boldness as to oppose the Hope of our Joys hereafter: ---Madam! As the Earth

is but a Point in respect of the Heavens, so are earthly Troubles compar'd to heavenly Joys; therefore, if either Age or Sicknes lead you to those Joys, consider what Advantage you have over Youth and Health, who are now so near those true Comforts--- Your last Letter gave me an Earthly Preferment, and kept Heavenly for your self: But wou'd you divide and chuse too? Our College Customs allow not that, and I should account my self most happy if I might change with you; for I have always observ'd the Thred of Life to be like other Threds or Skenes of Silk, full of Snarls and Incumbrances: Happy is he, whose bottom is wound up and laid ready for work in the New Jerusalem--- For my self, dear Mother, I always fear'd Sicknes more than Death, because Sicknes hath made me unable to perform those Offices for which I came into the World, and must yet be kept in it; but you are free'd from that Fear, who have already abundantly discharg'd that part, having both ordered your Family, and so brought up your Children that they have attain'd to the Years of Discretion, and competent Maintenance--So that now if they do not well, the Fault cannot be charg'd on you; whose Example and Care of them will justify you both to the World and your own Conscience; inso-much, that whether you turn your Thoughts on the Life past, or on the Joys that are to come, you have strong Preservatives against all disquiet--- And for temporal Afflictions! I beseech you consider all that can happen to you are either Afflictions of Estate, or Body, or Mind---For those of Estate, of what poor regard ought they to be, since if we had Riches we are commanded to give them away? so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them--- But perhaps being above the common People, our Credit and Estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid Fashion: --- But, Oh God! how easily is that answered, when we consider that the Blessings in the holy Scripture are never given to the Rich, but to the Poor. I never find Blessed be the Rich, or Blessed be the Noble; but Blessed be the Meek, and Blessed be the Poor, and Blessed be the Mourners, for
they

they shall be comforted --- And yet, *Oh God!* most carry themselves so, as if they not only not desir'd, but even fear'd to be Blessed--- And for Afflictions of the Body, dear Madam, remember the holy Martyrs of God, how they have been burnt by Thousands, and have endur'd such other Tortures, as the very mention of them might beget Amazement; but their Fiery Trials have had an end: And yours (which praised be God are less) are not like to continue long---- I beseech you let such Thoughts as these moderate your present Fear and Sorrow; and know, that if any of yours should prove a Goliath-like Trouble, yet you may say with David,---That God who hath delivered me out of the Paws of the Lyon and Bear, will also deliver me out of the Hands of this uncircumcised Philistin.-----Lastly, for those Afflictions of the Soul, consider that God intends that to be as a sacred Temple for himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an In-mate as Grief; or allow that any Sadness shall be this Competitor. And above all, if any Care of future Things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist, Psal. 95. Cast thy care on the Lord and he shall nourish thee. To which joyn that of St. Peter, 1 Pet. 5. 7. Casting all your care on the Lord, for he careth for you.---What an admirable thing is this, that God puts his Shoulder to our Burthen, and entertains our Care for us, that we may the more quietly intend his Service.-----To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you, (Phil. 4. 4.) St. Paul saith there, Rejoyce in the Lord always, and again I say rejoyce. He doubles it to take away the Scruple of those that might say, What shall we rejoyce in Afflictions? Yes, I say again rejoyce; so that it is not left to us to rejoyce or not rejoyce; but whatsoever befalls us, we must always, at all times rejoyce in the Lord, who taketh care for us: And it follows in the next Verse; Let your Moderation appear to all Men, the Lord is at hand; be careful for nothing. What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not your selves, God is at hand

to deliver us from all, or in all.---Dear Madam, pardon my Boldness, and accept the good Meaning of,

Trin. Col.

Your most obedient Son,

May 29.

George Herbert.

1622.

About the Year 1629. and the 34th of his Age, Mr. Herbert was seiz'd with a sharp *Quotidian Ague*, and thought to remove it by the change of the Air; to which end, he went to *Woodford* in *Essex*, but thither more chiefly to enjoy the Company of his beloved Brother Sir *Henry Herbert*, and other Friends than of that Family. In his House he remain'd about twelve Months, and there became his own Physician, and cur'd himself of his Ague, by forbearing Drink, and not eating any Meat, no not Mutton, nor a Hen, or Pidgeon, unless they were salted; and by such a constant Diet he remov'd his Ague, but with Inconveniences that were worse; for he brought upon himself a Disposition to Rheums, and other Weaknesses, and a supposed Consumption. And it is to be noted, that in the sharpest of his extream Fits, he would often say, *Lord abate my great Affliction, or increase my Patience; but, Lord, I repine not; I am dumb, Lord, before thee, because thou dost it.* By which, and a sanctified Submission to the Will of God, he shewed he was inclinable to bear the sweet Yoke of *Christian Discipline*, both then, and in the latter part of his Life, of which there will be many true Testimonies.

And now his Care was to recover from his Consumption by a Change from *Woodford* into such an Air as was most proper to that end. And his remove was from *Woodford* to *Damsey* in *Wiltshire*, a noble House which stands in a choice Air, the Owner of it then was the Lord *Danvers* Earl of *Danby*, who lov'd Mr. Herbert so very much, that he allow'd him such
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an Apartment in it, as might best sute Mr. *Herbert's* Accommodation and Liking. And in this place, by a spare Diet, declining all perplexing Studies, moderate Exercise, and a chearful Conversation, his Health was apparently improv'd to a good degree of Strength and Chearfulness: And then he declared his Resolution both to marry, and to enter into the Sacred Orders of Priesthood: These had long been the desires of his Mother, and his other Relations; but she liv'd not to see either, for she died in the Year 1627. And though he was disobedient to her about *Layton Church*, yet in Conformity to her Will, he kept his Fellowship in *Cambridge*, and his Orator's Place, till after her death; and then presently declin'd both: And the last the more willingly, that he might be succeeded by his Friend *Robert Creighton*, who was Dr. *Creighton*, and the worthy Bishop of *Wells*.

I shall now proceed to his Marriage; in order to which, it will be convenient, that I first give the Reader a short view of his Person, and then, an Account of his Wife, and of some Circumstances concerning both--- He was for his Person of a Stature inclining towards Tallness; his Body was very straight, and so far from being cumbred with too much Flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His Aspect was chearful, and his Speech and Motion did both declare him a Gentleman, for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.

These, and his other visible Vertues, begot him so much love from a Gentleman of a noble Fortune, and a near Kinsman to his Friend the Earl of *Danby*; namely, from Mr. *Charles Danvers* of *Bainton*, in the County of *Wilts*, Esq; That Mr. *Danvers* having known him long and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publickly declar'd a Desire that Mr. *Herbert* would marry any of his Nine Daughters (for he had so many) but rather his Daughter

Jane

Jane than any other, because *Jane* was his beloved Daughter: And he had often said the same to Mr. *Herbert* himself; and that if he could like her for a Wife, and she him for a Husband, *Jane* should have a double Blessing; and Mr. *Danvers* had so often said the like to *Jane*, and so much commended Mr. *Herbert* to her, that *Jane* became so much a Platonick, as to fall in Love with Mr. *Herbert* unseen.

This was a fair Preparation for a Marriage; but alas, her Father died before Mr. *Herbert's* Retirement to *Dantsel*; yet some Friends to both Parties procur'd their Meeting; at which time a mutual Affection entred into both their Hearts, as a Conqueror enters into a surprized City; and Love having got such Possession, govern'd and made there such Laws and Resolutions, as neither Party was able to resist; insomuch that she chang'd her Name into *Herbert*, the third Day after this first Interview.

This haste might in others be thought a *Love-frensy*, or worse: But it was not; for they had woo'd so like Princes as to have select Proxies; such as were true Friends to both Parties; such as well understood Mr. *Herbert's* and her Temper of Mind; and also their Estates so well before this Interview, that the Suddenness was justifiable by the strictest Rules of Prudence: And the more, because it prov'd so happy to both Parties; for the eternal Lover of Mankind made them happy in each others mutual and equal Affections and Compliance; indeed so happy, that there was never any Opposition betwixt them, unless it were a Contest which should most incline to a Compliance with the others Desires. And though this begot and continued in them such a mutual Love and Joy, and Content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual Content and Love, and Joy, did receive a daily Augmentation, by such daily Obligingness to each other, as still added such new Affluences to the

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former Fulness of these divine Souls, as was only improvable in Heaven, where they now enjoy it.

About three Months after his Marriage, Dr. Curle, who was then Rector of *Bemerton* in *Wiltshire*, was made Bishop of *Bath and Wells*, and not long after translated to *Winchester*, and by that means the Presentation of a Clerk to *Bemerton* did not fall to the Earl of *Pembroke* (who was the undoubted Patron of it) but to the King, by reason of Dr. Curles Advancement; but *Philip* then Earl of *Pembroke* (for *William* was lately dead) requested the King to bestow it upon his Kinsman *George Herbert*; and the King said, *Most willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his Acceptance*: And the Earl as willingly and suddenly sent it him, without seeking; but though Mr. *Herbert* had formerly put on a Resolution for the Clergy; yet, at receiving this Presentation, the Apprehension of the last great Account that he was to make for the Cure of so many Souls, made him fast and pray often, and consider for not less than a Month: In which time he had some Resolutions to decline both the Priesthood, and that Living. And in this time of considering, *He endur'd* (as he would often say) *such spiritual Conflicts, as none can think, but only those that have endur'd them.*

In the midst of those Conflicts, his old and dear Friend Mr. *Arthur Woodnot* took a Journey to salute him at *Bainton* (where he then was with his Wife's Friends and Relations) and was joyful to be an Eye-witness of his Health, and happy Marriage. And after they had rejoyc'd together some few days, they took a Journey to *Wilton*, the famous Seat of the Earls of *Pembroke*; at which time the King, the Earl, and the whole Court were there, or at *Salisbury* which is near to it. And at this time Mr. *Herbert* presented his Thanks to the Earl for his Presentation to *Bemerton*, but had not yet resolv'd to accept it, and told him the reason why; but that Night the Earl acquainted

Dr.

Dr. *Laud*, the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, with his Kinsman's Irresolution. And the Bishop did the next Day so convince Mr. *Herbert*, That the Refusal of it was a Sin, that a Taylor was sent for to come speedily from *Salisbury* to *Wilton*, to take measure and make him Canonical Cloaths against next Day; which the Taylor did, and Mr. *Herbert* being so habited, went with his Presentation to the learned Dr. *Davenant*, who was then Bishop of *Salisbury*, and he gave him Institution immediately (for Mr. *Herbert* had been made Deacon some Years before) and he was also the same Day (which was *April 26. 1630.*) inducted into the good, and more pleasant than healthful Parsonage of *Bemerton*, which is a Mile from *Salisbury*.

‘ I have now brought him to the Parsonage of *Bemerton*, and to the 36th Year of his Age, and must stop here, and bespeak the Reader to prepare for an almost incredible Story, of the great Sanctity of the short remainder of his holy Life; a Life so full of *Charity, Humility*, and all Christian Vertues, that it deserves the Eloquence of *St. Chrysostom* to commend and declare it! A Life! that if it were related by a Pen like his, there would then be no need for this Age to look back into times past for the Examples of primitive Piety; for they might be all found in the Life of *George Herbert*. But now, alas, who is fit to undertake it? I confess I am not: And am not pleas'd with my self that I must; and profess my self amaz'd, when I consider how few of the Clergy liv'd like him then, and how many live so unlike him now: But it becomes not me to Censure; my Design is rather to assure the Reader, that I have used very great diligence to inform my self, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with Eloquence, yet I will do it with Sincerity.

When at his Induction he was shut into *Bemerton Church*, being left there alone to toll the Bell, as the Law requires him: He staid so much longer than an ordinary time, before he return'd to his Friends that staid expecting him at the Church-door, that his Friend, *Mr. Woodnot*, looked in at the Church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the Ground before the Altar: At which Time and Place (as he after told *Mr. Woodnot*) he set some Rules to himself, for the future manage of his Life, and then and there made a Vow to labour to keep them.

And the same Night that he had his Induction, he said to *Mr. Woodnot*, *I now look back upon my aspiring Thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attain'd what I so ambitiously thirsted for: And I can now behold the Court with an impartial Eye, and see plainly, that it is made up of Fraud, and Titles, and Flattery, and many other such empty imaginary painted Pleasures: Pleasures that are so empty, as not to satisfy when they are enjoy'd; but in God, and his Service, is a Fulness of all Joy and Pleasure, and no Satiety: And I will now use all my Endeavours to bring my Relations and Dependants to a love and reliance on him, who never fails those that trust him. But above all, I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous Life of a Clergy-man is the most powerful Eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an Age that hath more need of good Examples than Precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honour'd me so much as to call me to serve at his Altar; that as by his special Grace he hath put into my Heart these good Desires and Resolutions, so he will by his assisting Grace give me ghostly Strength to bring the same to good effect: And that my humble and charitable Life may so win upon others, as to bring Glory to my J E S U S, whom I have this Day taken for my Master and Governor; and am so proud of his Service, that I will always*
observe,

observe, and obey and do his will, and always call him Jesus my Master: And I will always contemn my Birth, or any Title or Dignity that can be conferr'd upon me, when I shall compare them with my Title of being a Priest, and serving at the Altar of Jesus my Master.

And that he did so, may appear in many parts of his Book of *Sacred Poems*; especially, in that which he calls the *Odour*. In which he seems to rejoyce in the Thoughts of that word *Jesus*, and say that the adding these words *My Master* to it, and the often Repetition of them, seem'd to perfume his Mind, and leave an Oriental Frangency in his very Breath. And for his unforced Choice to serve at God's Altar, he seems in another place of his Poems (*the Pearl*, Mat. 13.) to rejoyce and say---*He knew the ways of Learning; knew what Nature does willingly; and what when 'tis forced by Fire; knew the ways of Honour, and when Glory inclines the Soul to noble Expressions; knew the Court; knew the ways of Pleasure, of Love, of Wit, of Musick, and upon what Terms he declined all these for the Service of his Master J E S U S; and concludes saying,*

*That, through these Labyrinths, not my groveling Wit,
But thy Silk-twist, let down from Heaven to me;
Did both conduct, and teach me, how by it,
To climb to thee.*

The third day after he was made Rector of Bemerton, and had chang'd his Sword and silk Cloaths into a Canonical Coat; he return'd so habited with his Friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton: And immediately after he had seen and saluted his Wife, he said to her, *You are now a Minister's Wife, and must now so far forget your Father's House, as not to claim a Precedence of any of your Parishioners; for you are to know, that a Priest's Wife can challenge no Precedence or Place, but that which she purchases by her obliging Humility; and I am sure, Places so purchased do best become them.* And let me tell you,

That I am so good a Herald, as to assure you that this is Truth. And she was so meek a Wife, as to assure him it was no vexing News to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness. And indeed her unforc'd Humility, that Humility that was in her so Original, as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so; and her doing so, begot her an unfeign'd Love, and a serviceable Respect from all that conversed with her; and this Love followed her in all Places, as inseparably, as Shadows follow the Substance in Sunshine.

It was not many days before he return'd back to Bemerton, to view the Church, and repair the Chancel, and indeed to re-build almost three parts of his House which was fall'n down or decayed by reason of his Predecessors living at a better Parsonage-House, namely at *Minal*, 16 or 20 Miles from this Place. At which time of Mr. *Herbert's* coming alone to Bemerton; there came to him a poor old Woman, with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous Condition, as also with some Troubles of her Mind; but after she had spoken some few words to him, she was surpriz'd with a fear, and that begot a shortness of Breath, so that her Spirits and Speech fail'd her, which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble, that he took her by the Hand, and said, *Speak good Mother, be not afraid to speak to me, for I am a Man that will hear you with Patience; and will relieve your Necessities too, if I be able; and this I do willingly, and therefore, Mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire.* After which comfortable Speech he again took her by the Hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his Parish, he told her, *He would be acquainted with her and take her into his care:* And having with Patience heard and understood her Wants (and it is some Relief for a poor Body to be but heard with Patience) he like
a Chri-

a Christian Clergy-man comforted her by his meek Behaviour and Counsel; but because that cost him nothing, he reliev'd her with Money too, and so sent her home with a chearful Heart, praising God, and praying for him. *Thus worthy and (like David's blessed Man) thus lowly, was Mr. George Herbert in his own Eyes.*

At his return that Night to his Wife at *Bainton*, he gave her an account of the Passages 'twixt him and the poor Woman; with which she was so affected, that she went next day to *Salisbury*, and there bought a pair of Blankets and sent them as a Token of her Love to the poor Woman; and with them a Message, *That she would see and be acquainted with her, when her House was built at Bemerton.*

There be many such Passages both of him and his Wife, of which some few will be related; but I shall first tell, that he hasted to get the Parish-Church repair'd; then to beautify the Chappel (which stands near his House) and that at his own great Charge. He then proceeded to re-build the greatest part of the Parsonage-House, which he did also very completely, and at his own Charge; and having done this good Work, he caus'd these Verses to be writ upon, or ingraven in the Mantle of the Chimny in his Hall.

To my Successor.

*If thou chance for to find
A new House to thy Mind,
And built without thy Cost:
Be good to the Poor,
As God gives thee Store,
And then my Labour's not lost.*

We will now by the Reader's Favour suppose him fixt at *Bemerton*, and grant him to have seen the Church repair'd, and the Chappel belonging to it very decently adorn'd, at his own great Charge:

(which is a real Truth) And having now fixt him there, I shall proceed to give an account of the rest of his Behaviour to his Parishioners, and those many others that knew and convers'd with him.

Doubtless Mr. *Herbert* had consider'd and given Rules to himself for his Christian Carriage both to God and Man before he enter'd into *Holy Orders*. And 'tis not unlike, but that he renewed those Resolutions at his Prostration before the *Holy Altar*, at his Induction into the Church of *Bemerton*; but as yet he was but a *Deacon*, and therefore long'd for the next *Ember-week*; that he might be ordained *Priest*, and made capable of administering both the Sacraments. At which time, the Reverend Doctor *Humphry Hinchman*, Lord Bishop of *London* (who never mention'd him, but with some Veneration for the Life and excellent Learning of Mr. *George Herbert*) told me, *He laid his Hand on Mr. George Herbert's Head, and (alas!) with-in less than three Years lent his Shoulder to carry his dear Friend to his Grave.*

And that Mr. *Herbert* might the better preserve those Holy Rules which such a Priest as he intended to be, ought to observe; and that Time might not insensibly blot them out of his Memory, but the next year shew him his Variations from this years Resolutions; he therefore did set down his Rules, in that Order, as the World now sees them Printed in a little Book, call'd, *The Country Parson*, in which some of his Rules are:

The Parsons Knowledge.

The Parson on Sundays.

The Parson praying.

The Parson preaching.

The Parsons Charity.

The Parson comforting the Sick.

The Parson arguing

The Parson condescending.

The Parson in his Journey.

The Parson in his Mirth.

The Parson with his Church-wardens. (ple.

The Parson blessing the Pea-

And

And his Behaviour toward God and Man, may be said to be a Practical Comment on these, and the other holy Rules set down in that useful Book. A Book, so full of plain, prudent and useful Rules, that, that *Country Parson*, that can spare 12 d. and yet wants it, is scarce excusable; because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it.

At the Death of Mr. *Herbert*, this Book fell into the Hands of his Friend Mr. *Woodnot*; and he commended it into the trusty Hands of Mr. *Bar. Oly*, who publish'd it with a most conscientious and excellent Preface; from which I have had some of those Truths that are related in this Life of Mr. *Herbert*. The Text for his first Sermon was taken out of *Solomon's Proverbs*, and the words were, *Keep thy heart with all diligence*. In which first Sermon, he gave his Parishioners many necessary, holy, safe Rules for the discharge of a good Conscience, both to God and Man. And deliver'd his Sermon after a more florid manner, both with great Learning and Eloquence; and at the close of his Sermon, told them, *That should not be his constant way of Preaching, and that he would not fill their Heads with unnecessary Notions; but that for their sake, his Language and his Expressions should be more plain and practical in his future Sermons*. And he then made it his humble Request, *That they would be constant in the Afternoons Service, and Catechising*: And shew'd them convincing Reasons why he desir'd it; and his obliging Example and Persuasions brought them to a willing Conformity to his Desires.

The Texts for all his future Sermons (which God knows were not many) were constantly taken out of the Gospel for the day; and he did as constantly declare why the Church did appoint that Portion of Scripture to be that day read: And in what manner the *Collect* for every Sunday does refer to the Gospel,

or to the *Epistle* then read to them; and that they might pray with understanding, he did usually take occasion to explain, not only the *Collect* for every particular Sunday, but the Reasons of all the other *Collects* and *Responses* in our Church-Service; and made it appear to them, that *the whole Service of the Church*, was a reasonable, and therefore an acceptable Sacrifice to God; as namely, that we begin with *Confession of our selves to be vile, miserable Sinners*: And that we begin so, because till we have confess'd our selves to be such, we are not capable of that Mercy which we acknowledge we need, and pray for; but having in the Prayer of our Lord beg'd pardon for those Sins which we have confess'd: And hoping, that as the Priest hath declar'd our Absolution, so by our publick Confession, and real Repentance, we have obtain'd that Pardon: Then we dare proceed to beg of the Lord, *to open our Lips, that our Mouths may shew forth his Praise*; for till then, we are neither able, nor worthy to praise him; but this being suppos'd, we are then fit to say, *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost*; and fit to proceed to a further Service of our God, in the *Collects*, and *Psalms*, and *Lauds* that follow in the Service.

And as to these *Psalms* and *Lauds*, he proceeded to inform them, why they were so often, and some of them daily repeated in our Church-service: Namely, the *Psalms* every Month, because they be an *Historical* and thankful Repetition of Mercies past; and such a Composition of Prayers and Praises, as ought to be repeated often, and publickly, for *with such Sacrifices God is honoured, and well-pleased*. This for the *Psalms*.

And for the *Hymns* and *Lauds*, appointed to be daily repeated or sung after the first and second Lessons are read to the Congregation: He proceeded to inform them, that it was most reasonable, after they have heard the Will and Goodness of God declar'd

or preach'd by the Priest in his reading the two Chapters, that it was then a seasonable Duty to rise up and express their Gratitude to Almighty God for those his Mercies to them, and to all Mankind, and then to say with the *blessed Virgin*, *That their Souls do magnify the Lord, and that their Spirits do also rejoyce in God their Saviour*: And that it was their Duty to rejoyce with *Simeon* in his Song, and say with him, *That their Eyes have also seen their Salvation*; for they have seen that Salvation which was but prophesied till his time: And he then broke into those Expressions of Joy that he did see it; but they live to see it daily, in the History of it, and therefore ought daily to rejoyce, and daily to offer up their Sacrifices of Praise to their God, for that particular Mercy. A Service, which is now the constant Employment of that *blessed Virgin* and *Simeon*, and all those blessed Saints that are possessors of Heaven; and where they are at this time interchangeably, and constantly singing, *Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God, Glory be to God on high, and on Earth peace*. And he taught them, that to do this was an acceptable Service to God, because the Prophet *David* says in his Psalms, *He that praiseth the Lord, honoureth him*.

He made them to understand, how happy they be that are freed from the Incumbrances of that Law which our Fore-fathers groan'd under; namely, from the *Legal Sacrifices*, and from the many *Ceremonies of the Levitical Law*; freed from *Circumcision*, and from the strict Observation of the *Jewish Sabbath*, and the like. And he made them know, that having receiv'd so many and so great Blessings, by being born since the days of our Saviour, it must be an acceptable Sacrifice to Almighty God, for them to acknowledge those Blessings, and stand up and worship, and say as *Zacharias* did, *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath (in our days) visited and redeemed his People*; and (he

(he hath in our days) remembred, and shewed that Mercy which by the Mouth of the Prophets, he promised to our Fore-fathers, and this he hath done, according to his holy Covenant made with them: And we live to see and enjoy the Benefit of it, in his Birth, in his Life, his Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension into Heaven, where he now sits sensible of all our Temptations and Infirmities; and where he is at this present time making Intercession for us, to his and our Father; and therefore they ought daily to express their publick Gratu-lations, and say daily with *Zacharias*, *Blessed be that Lord God of Israel that hath thus visited, and thus redeemed his People.* These were some of the Reasons by which *Mr. Herbert* instructed his Congregation for the use of the *Psalms*, and the *Hymns* appointed to be daily sung or said in the Church-Service.

He inform'd them, when the *Priest* did pray only for the Congregation, and not for himself; and when they did only pray for him, as namely, after the Repetition of the *Creed*, before he proceeds to pray the Lord's Prayer, or any of the appointed Collects, the *Priest* is directed to kneel down, and pray for them, saying---*The Lord be with you* And then they pray for him, saying, *And with thy Spirit.* And he assur'd them that when there is such mutual Love, and such joynt Prayers offer'd for each other, then the holy Angels look down from Heaven, and are ready to carry such charitable Desires to God Almighty; and he as ready to receive them; and that a Christian Congregation calling thus upon God, with one Heart, and one Voice, and in one reverend and humble Posture, look as beautifully as *Jerusalem*, that is at peace with it self.

He instructed them, why the Prayer of our Lord was pray'd often in every full Service of the Church; namely, at the conclusion of the several parts of that Service; and pray'd then, not only because it was compos'd,

compos'd, and commanded by our Jesus that made it, but as a perfect Pattern for our leſs perfect Forms of Prayer, and therefore fitteſt to ſum up and conclude all our imperfect Petitions.

He instructed them, that as by the ſecond Commandment we are requir'd not to bow down, or worſhip an *Idol*, or *false God*; ſo by the contrary Rule, we are to bow down and kneel, or ſtand up and worſhip the true God. And he instructed them, why the Church requir'd the Congregation to ſtand up, at the Repetition of the Creeds; namely, becauſe they did thereby declare both their Obedience to the Church, and an Aſſent to that Faith into which they had been baptiz'd. And he taught them, that in that ſhorter Creed, or Doxology ſo often repeated daily; they alſo ſtood up to teſtify their Belief to be, that *the God that they truſted in was one God, and three Perſons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt; to whom the Prieſt gave Glory*: And becauſe there had been Hereticks that denied ſome of theſe three Perſons to be God, therefore the Congregation ſtood up and honour'd him, by confeſſing and ſaying, *It was ſo in the beginning; is now ſo, and ſhall ever be ſo World without end*. And all gave their Aſſent to this Belief, by ſtanding up and ſaying, *Amen*.

He instructed them, what Benefit they had, by the Churches appointing the Celebration of Holy-days, and the excellent Uſe of them; namely, that they were ſet apart for particular Commemorations of particular Mercies receiv'd from Almighty God; and (as Reverend Mr. Hooker ſays) to be the *Land-marks* to diſtinguiſh Times: For by them we are taught to take notice how the years paſs by us; and that we ought not to let the years paſs without a Celebration of Praise for thoſe Mercies which thoſe Days gave us occaſion to remember; and therefore the year is appointed to begin

gin the 25th Day of March; a day in which we commemorate the *Angel's* appearing to the *Blessed Virgin*, with the joyful Tidings, That *she should conceive and bear a Son, that should be the Redeemer of Mankind*; and she did so forty Weeks after this joyful Salvation; namely, our *Christmas*; a day in which we commemorate his Birth, with Joy and Praise; and that eight days after this happy Birth, we celebrate his *Circumcision*; namely, in that which we call *New-years-day*. And that upon that day which we call *Twelfth-day*, we commemorate the Manifestation of the unsearchable Riches of Jesus to the *Gentiles*: And that that day we also celebrate the Memory of his Goodness in sending a *Star* to guide the *three wise Men* from the *East* to *Bethlem*, that they might there worship, and present him with their Oblations of *Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh*. And he (*Mr. Herbert*) instructed them that *Jesus* was forty days after his Birth, presented by his blessed Mother in the *Temple*; namely, on that day which we call, *The Purification of the blessed Virgin, Saint Mary*. And he instructed them, that by the *Lent-fast*, we imitate and commemorate our Saviour's Humiliation in fasting forty days; and that we ought to endeavour to be like him in Purity. And that on *Good-friday*, we commemorate and condole his *Crucifixion*. And he taught them, that after *Jesus* had manifested himself, to his Disciples, to be *that Christ that was crucified, dead and buried*; that then by his appearing and conversing with his Disciples for the space of forty days after his *Resurrection*, he then, and not till then, *ascended into Heaven*, in the sight of his Disciples; namely, on that day which we call the *Ascension*, or *Holy Thursday*. And that we then celebrate the performance of the Promise which he made to his Disciples, at or before his *Ascension*; namely, *that though he left them, yet he would send them the Holy Ghost to be their Comforter*; and that he did so on that day which
the

the Church calls *Whit-sunday*-----Thus the Church keeps an Historical and circular Commemoration of Times, as they pass by us; of such Times as ought to incline us to occasional Praises, for the particular Blessings which we do or might receive by those holy Commemorations.

He made them know, why the Church hath appointed *Ember-weeks*; and to know the reason why the *Commandments*, *Epistles*, and *Gospels* were to be read at the *Altar* or *Communion-Table*; why the Priest was to pray the *Litany kneeling*; and why to pray some *Collects standing*: And he gave them many other Observations, fit for his plain Congregation, but not fit for me now to mention; for I must set Limits to my Pen, and not make that a Treatise, which I intended to be a much shorter Account than I have made it; but I have done, when I have told the Reader that he was constant in Catechising every Sunday in the Afternoon, and that his Catechising was after his second Lesson, and in the Pulpit, and that he never exceeded his half Hour, and was always so happy as to have an obedient, and a full Congregation.

And to this I must add, That if he were at any time too zealous in his Sermons, it was in reproving the Indecencies of the Peoples Behaviour, in the time of Divine Service, and of those Ministers that huddled up the Church-Prayers, without a visible Reverence and Affection; namely, *such as seem'd to say the Lord's Prayer, or a Collect in a Breath*; but for himself, his Custom was to stop betwixt every Collect, and give the People time to consider what they had pray'd, and to force their Desires affectionately to God, before he engag'd them into new Petitions.

And by this account of his Diligence, to make his Parishioners understand what, and why they pray'd, and prais'd and ador'd their Creator, I hope I shall the more easily obtain the Reader's Belief to the fol-

following Account of Mr. *Herbert's* own Practice; which was to appear constantly with his Wife, and three Nieces (the Daughters of a deceased Sister) and his whole Family twice every day at the Church-Prayers, in the Chappel which does almost joyn to his Parsonage-House. And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the Canonical Hours of Ten and Four, and then there he lifted up pure and charitable Hands to God in the midst of the Congregation. And he would joy to have spent that Time in that place, where the honour of his *Master Jesus* dwelleth; and there, by that inward Devotion which he testified constantly by an humble Behaviour, and visible Adoration, he, like *David*, brought not only his own Household thus to serve the Lord; but brought most of his Parishioners, and many Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, constantly to make a part of his Congregation twice a day; and some of the meaner sort of his Parish, did so love and reverence Mr. *Herbert*, that they would let their Plow rest when Mr. *Herbert's* Saints Bell rung to Prayers, that they might also offer to God with him; and would then return back to their Plow. And his most holy Life was such, that it begot such Reverence to God, and to him, that they thought themselves the happier, when they carry'd Mr. *Herbert's* Blessing back with them to their Labour. Thus powerful was his Reason and Example, to persuade others to a practical Piety and Devotion.

And his constant publick Prayers did never make him to neglect his own private Devotions, nor those Prayers that he thought himself bound to perform with his Family, which always were a Set-form, and not long; and he did always conclude them with that Collect which the Church hath appointed for the Day or Week ---- Thus he made every days Sanctity a step towards that Kingdom where Impurity cannot enter.

His

His chiefest Recreation was Musick, in which heavenly Art he was a most excellent Master, and did himself compose many *divine Hymns* and *Anthems*, which he set and sung to his *Lute* or *Viol*; and though he was a Lover of Retiredness, yet his love to Musick was such, that he went usually twice every Week on certain appointed Days, to the *Cathedral Church* in *Salisbury*; and at his return would say, *That his time spent in Prayer, and Cathedral Musick, elevated his Soul, and was his Heaven upon Earth.* But before his return thence to *Bemerton* he would usually sing and play his part, at an appointed private Musick-meeting; and to justify this Practice, he would often say, *Religion does not banish Mirth, but only moderates and sets Rules to it.*

And as his Desire to enjoy his *Heaven upon Earth*, drew him twice every Week to *Salisbury*, so his Walks thither were the Occasion of many happy Accidents to others; of which I will mention some few.

In one of his Walks to *Salisbury*, he overtook a Gentleman that is still living in that City, and in their walk together, Mr. Herbert took a fair Occasion to talk with him, and humbly beg'd to be excus'd, if he ask'd him some Account of his Faith, and said, *I do this the rather, because though you are not of my Parish, yet I receive Tythe from you by the hand of your Tenant; and Sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some Sermon-hearers that be like those Fishes that always live in Salt-water, and yet are always fresh.*

After which Expression, Mr. Herbert asked him some needful Questions, and having receiv'd his answer, gave him such Rules for the trial of his Sincerity, and for a practical Piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the Gentleman did so fall in love with him and his Discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his Walk to *Salisbury*, or to attend him back to *Bemerton*; and still mentions the Name

Name of Mr. *George Herbert* with Veneration, and still praiseth God for the Occasion of knowing him.

In another of his *Salisbury Walks*, he met with a Neighbour Minister, and after some friendly Discourse betwixt them, and some Condolence for the Wickedness of the Times, and Contempt of the Clergy, Mr. *Herbert* took occasion to say,

One Cure for these Distempers would be for the Clergy themselves to keep the Ember-weeks strictly, and beg of their Parishioners to joyn with them in Fasting and Prayers for a more Religious Clergy.

And another Cure would be, for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of Catechizing, on which the Salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant Lay-people does depend; but principally, that the Clergy themselves would be sure to live unblamably; and that the dignified Clergy especially, which preach Temperance, would avoid Surfeiting, and take all Occasions to express a visible Humility and Charity in their Lives; for this would force a Love and an Imitation, and an unfeigned Reverence from all that knew them: (And for Proof of this, we need no other Testimony than the Life and Death of Dr. *Lake*, late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.) This (said Mr. *Herbert*) would be a Cure for the Wickedness and growing Atheism of our Age. And, my dear Brother, till this be done by us, and done in earnest, let no Man expect a Reformation of the Manners of the Laity: For 'tis not Learning, but this, this only, that must do it; and till then, the Fault must lie at our Doors.

In another Walk to *Salisbury*, he saw a poor Man with a poorer Horse, that was fall'n under his Load; they were both in Distress, and needed present Help; which Mr. *Herbert* perceiving, put off his Canonical Coat, and help'd the poor Man to unload, and after to load his Horse: The poor Man blest him for it; and he blest the poor Man, and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him Money to refresh both himself

himself and his Horse; and told him, *That if he lov'd himself, he should be merciful to his Beast* ---- Thus he left the poor Man, and at his coming to his musical Friends at *Salisbury*, they began to wonder that *Mr. George Herbert* which us'd to be so trim and clean, came into that Company so soil'd and discompos'd; but he told them the Occasion. And when one of the Company had told him, *He had disparag'd himself by so dirty an Employment*; his Answer was, *That the Thought of what he had done would prove Musick to him at Midnight*; and that the Omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his Conscience, whensoever he should pass by that Place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in Distress, I am sure I am bound so far as it is in my Power to practise what I pray for: And though I do not wish for the like Occasion every Day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one Day of my Life without comforting a sad Soul, or shewing Mercy; and I praise God for this Occasion: And now let's tune our Instruments.

Thus as our blessed Saviour after his Resurrection did take occasion to interpret the Scripture to *Cleopas*, and that other Disciple which he met with, and accompanied in their Journey to *Emmans*: So *Mr. Herbert*, in his path towards Heaven, did daily take any fair Occasion to instruct the Ignorant, or comfort any that were in Affliction; and did always confirm his Precepts, by shewing Humility and Mercy, and ministring Grace to the Hearers.

And he was more happy in his Wife's unforc'd Compliance with his Acts of Charity, whom he made his *Almoner*, and paid constantly into her Hand a tenth Penny of what Mony he receiv'd for Tythe, and gave her Power to dispose that to the Poor of his Parish, and with it a Power to dispose a tenth part of the Corn that came yearly into his Barn; which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an Account of her Stewardship, and as often
beg

beg an enlargement of his Bounty, for she rejoyc'd in the Employment; and this was usually laid out by her in *Blankets* and *Shoes*, for some such poor People, as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to her Charity--- And for his own, he set no Limits to it; nor did ever turn his Face from any that he saw in Want, but would relieve them; especially his poor Neighbours; to the meanest of whose Houses he would go and inform himself of their Wants, and relieve them chearfully if they were in Distress; and would always praise God as much for being willing, as for being able to do it--- And when he was advis'd by a Friend to be more frugal, because he might have Children; his Answer was, *He would not see the danger of want so far off; but being the Scriptures do so commend Charity, as to tell us, that Charity is the top of Christian Vertues, the covering of Sins, the fulfilling of the Law, the life of Faith: And that Charity hath a Promise of the Blessing of this Life, and of a Reward in that Life which is to come; being these, and more excellent Things are in the Scripture spoken of thee, O Charity; and that being all my Tythes, and Church dues are a Deodate from thee, O my God! Make me, O my God, so far to trust thy Promise as to return them back to thee; and by thy Grace I will do so, in distributing them to any of thy poor Members that are in Distress, or do but bear the Image of Jesus my Master. Sir (said he to his Friend) my Wife hath a competent Maintenance secur'd her after my Death, and therefore as this is my Prayer, so this my Resolution shall by God's Grace be unalterable.*

This may be some Account of the Excellencies of the active part of his Life; and thus he continued, till a Consumption so weakned him as to confine him to his House, or to the Chappel, which does almost joyn to it; in which he continued to read Prayers constantly twice every Day, though he were very weak; in one of which times of his reading, his Wife observ'd

observ'd him to read in Pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his Spirits, and weakned him : And he confess'd it, but said, *His Life could not be better spent than in the Service of his Master Jesus, who had done and suffered so much for him.* But, said he, *I will not be wilful, for though my Spirit be willing, yet my Flesh is weak ; and therefore Mr. Bostock shall be appointed to read Prayers for me to Morrow, and I will now be only a Hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on Immortality.* And Mr. Bostock did the next Day undertake and continue this happy Employment till Mr. Herbert's Death---This Mr. Bostock was a learned and vertuous Man, an old Friend of Mr. Herbert's, and then his Curate to the Church of Fulston, which is a Mile from Bemerton, to which Church Bemerton is but a Chappel of Ease---And this Mr. Bostock did also constantly supply the Church-Service for Mr. Herbert in that Chappel, when the Musick-meeting at Salisbury caus'd his Absence from it.

About one Month before his Death, his Friend Mr. Farrer (for an Account of whom I am by Promise indebted to the Reader, and intend to make him sudden Payment) hearing of Mr. Herbert's Sicknes, sent Mr. Edmund Duncon (who is now Rector of Fryer Barnet in the County of Middlesex) from his House of Gidden-hall, which is near to Huntington, to see Mr. Herbert, and to assure him he wanted not his daily Prayers for his Recovery ; and Mr. Duncon was to return back to Gidden, with an Account of Mr. Herbert's Condition. Mr. Duncon found him weak, and at that time lying on his Bed, or on a Pallet ; but at his seeing Mr. Duncon, he rais'd himself vigorously, saluted him, and with some earnestness inquir'd the Health of his Brother Farrer, of which Mr. Duncon satisfied him ; and after some Discourse of Mr. Farrer's holy Life, and the manner of his constant serving God, he said to Mr. Duncon ---*Sir, I see by your Habit that you are a Priest, and I desire you to pray*
with

with me ; which being granted, *Mr. Duncon* ask'd him, *What Prayers ?* To which *Mr. Herbert's* Answer was, *O Sir, the Prayers of my Mother the Church of England, no other Prayers are equal to them ; but at this time, I beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint ;* and *Mr. Duncon* did so. After which, and some other Discourse of *Mr. Farrer*, *Mrs. Herbert* provided *Mr. Duncon* a plain Supper, and a clean Lodging, and he betook himself to rest--- *This Mr. Duncon tells me ;* and tells me, that at his first View of *Mr. Herbert*, he saw Majesty and Humility so reconcil'd in his Looks and Behaviour, as begot in him an awful Reverence for his Person ; and says, his Discourse was so pious, and his Motion so gentile and meek, that after almost forty Years, yet they remain still fresh in his Memory.

The next Morning *Mr. Duncon* left him, and betook himself to a Journey to *Bath*, but with a Promise to return back to him within Five Days, and he did so ; but before I shall say any thing of what Discourse then fell betwixt them two ; I will pay my promis'd Account of *Mr. Farrer*.

Mr. Nicholas Farrer (who got the Reputation of being call'd *Saint Nickolas*, at the Age of six years) was born in *London* ; and doubtless had good Education in his Youth ; but certainly was at an early Age made Fellow of *Clare-hall* in *Cambridge*, where he continued to be eminent for his *Piety, Temperance, and Learning*. About the 26th year of his Age, he betook himself to travel ; in which he added to his *Latin* and *Greek*, a perfect Knowledge of all the Languages spoken in the Western Parts of our Christian World, and understood well the Principles of their Religion, and of their Manner, and the Reasons of their Worship --- In this his Travel, he met with many Persuasions to come into a Communion with that Church which calls it self *Catkolick* : But he return'd

turn'd from his Travels as he went, eminent for his Obedience to his Mother *the Church of England*. In his Absence from *England*, Mr. Farrer's Father, (who was a Merchant) allow'd him a liberal Maintenance; and not long after his return into *England*, Mr. Farrer had by the Death of his Father, or an elder Brother, an Estate left him, that enabled him to purchase Land to the value of Four or Five hundred Pound a Year; the greatest part of which Land was at *Little Gidding*, Four or Six Miles from *Huntington*, and about Eighteen from *Cambridge*: Which Place he chose for the Privacy of it, and for the Hall, which had the Parish-Church or Chappel belonging, and adjoyneth near to it; for Mr. Farrer having seen the Manners and Vanities of the World, and found them to be, as Mr. Herbert says, *A Nothing betwixt two Dishes*, did so condemn it, that he resolv'd to spend the Remainder of his Life in Mortifications, and in Devotion and Charity, and to be always prepar'd for Death---- And his Life was spent thus.

He and his Family, which were like a little College, and about Thirty in number, did most of them keep *Lent*, and all *Ember-weeks* strictly, both in Fasting and using all those Prayers that the Church hath appointed to be then used; and he and they did the like on *Fridays*, and on the *Vigils* or *Eves* appointed to be fasted before the Saints-days; and this Frugality and Abstinence turn'd to the relief of the Poor; but this was but a part of his Charity, none but God and he knew the rest.

The Family, which I have said to be in number about Thirty, were a part of them his Kindred, and the rest chosen to be of a Temper fit to be moulded into a devout Life; and all of them were for their Dispositions *serviceable* and *quiet*, and *humble*, and *free from Scandal*. Having thus fitted himself for his Family, he did about the Year 1630. betake himself to

a constant and methodical Service of God, and it was in this manner----- He being accompanied with most of his Family, he did himself use to read the Common-Prayers (for he was a Deacon) every Day, at the appointed Hours of Ten and Four, in the Parish-Church which was very near his House, and which he had both repair'd and adorn'd; for it was fall'n into a great Ruin by reason of a depopulation of the Village before Mr. *Farrer* bought the Manor: And he did also constantly read the *Mattins* every Morning at the Hour of Six, either in the Church or in an Oratory, which was within his own House; and many of the Family did there continue with him after the Prayers were ended, and there they spent some Hours in singing of *Hymns*, or *Anthems*, sometimes in the Church, and sometimes to an Organ in the Oratory. And there they sometimes betook themselves to meditate, or to pray privately, or to read a part of the New Testament to themselves, or to continue their praying or reading the Psalms; and in case the Psalms were not all always read in the day, then Mr. *Farrer*, and others of the Congregation, did at Night, at the ring of a Watch-bell repair to the Church or Oratory, and there betake themselves to Prayers, and lauding God, and reading the Psalms that had not been read in the Day: And when these, or any part of the Congregation grew weary, or faint, the Watch-bell was rung, sometimes before, and sometimes after Midnight; and then another part of the Family rose, and maintain'd the Watch, sometimes by praying, or singing Lauds to God, or reading the Psalms; and when after some Hours they also grew weary, or faint, then they rung the Watch-bell, and were also reliev'd by some of the former, or by a new part of the Society, which continued their Devotions (as hath been mentioned) until Morning ----- And it is to be noted, that in this

continued

continued serving of God, the Psalter or whole Book of Psalms was in every four and twenty Hours sung or read over, from the first to the last Verse; and this done as constantly, as the Sun runs his Circle every day about the World, and then begins again the same instant that it ended.

Thus did Mr. *Farrer*, and his happy Family, serve God day and night: Thus did they always behave themselves, as in his Presence. And they did always eat and drink by the strict Rules of Temperance; eat and drink, so as to be ready to rise at Midnight, or at the call of a Watch-Bell, and perform their Devotions to God. And 'tis fit to tell the Reader, that many of the Clergy that were more inclin'd to *Practical Piety* and *Devotion*, than to doubtful and needless Disputations, did often come to *Gidden Hall*, and make themselves a part of that happy Society, and stay a Week or more, and then joyn with Mr. *Farrer* and the Family in these Devotions, and assist and ease him or them in their Watch by night, and these various Devotions had never less than two of the Domestick Family in the night; and the Watch was always kept in the Church or Oratory, unless in extream Winter-nights, and then it was maintain'd in a Parlor, which had a Fire in it; and the Parlor was fitted for that purpose: And this course of Piety, and great Liberality to his poor Neighbours, Mr. *Farrer* maintain'd till his death, which was in the year 1639.

Mr. *Farrer's*, and Mr. *Herbert's* devout Lives were both so noted, that the general Report of their Sanctity gave them occasion to renew that slight Acquaintance which was begun at their being Contemporaries in *Cambridge*, and this new holy Friendship was long maintain'd without any Interview, but only by loving and endearing Letters. And one Testimony of their Friendship, and pious Designs, may

appear by Mr. *Farrér's* commending the Considerations of *John Valdeſſo* (a Book which he had met with in his Travels, and tranſlated out of *Spaniſh* into *Engliſh*) to be examin'd and cenſur'd by Mr. *Herbert* before it was made publick; which excellent Book Mr. *Herbert* did read, and return back with many marginal Notes, as they be now Printed with it; and with them Mr. *Herbert's* affectionate Letter to Mr. *Farrer*.

This *John Valdeſſo* was a *Spaniard*, and was for his Learning and Vertue, much valued and lov'd by the great Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, whom *Valdeſſo* had followed as a *Cavalier* all the time of his long and dangerous Wars; and when *Valdeſſo* grew old, and grew weary both of War and the World, he took his fair opportunity to declare to the Emperor, that his Reſolution was to decline his Maſteſty's Service, and betake himſelf to a quiet and contemplative Life, *becauſe there ought to be a Vacancy of Time, betwixt fighting and dying*. The Emperor had himſelf, for the ſame, or other Reaſons, put on the ſame Reſolutions: But God and himſelf did, till then, only know them; and he did for thoſe, or other Reaſons, deſire *Valdeſſo* to conſider well of what he had ſaid, and to keep his Purpoſe within his own Breſt, till they two might have another like opportunity of a friendly Diſcourſe; which *Valdeſſo* promis'd to do.

In the mean time, the Emperor appoints privately a day for him and *Valdeſſo* to meet again, and after a pious and free Diſcourſe they both agreed on a certain day to receive the bleſſed Sacrament publickly, and appointed an eloquent and devout Fryar, to Preach a Sermon of *Contempt of the World*, and of the Happineſs and Benefit of a quiet and contemplative Life; which the Fryar did moſt affectionately. After which Sermon the Emperor took occaſion to declare openly, *That the Preacher had begot in him a Reſo-*

Resolution to lay down his Dignities, and to forsake the World, and betake himself to a Monastical Life. And he pretended, he had perswaded *John Valdesso* to do the like; but this is most certain, that after the Emperor had called his Son *Philip* out of *England*, and resign'd to him all his Kingdoms, that then the Emperor and *John Valdesso*, did perform their Resolutions.

This account of *John Valdesso*, I received from a Friend, that had it from the Mouth of *Mr. Farrer*: And the Reader may note, that in this Retirement, *John Valdesso* writ his Hundred and ten Considerations, and many other Treatises of Worth, which want a second *Mr. Farrer* to procure and translate them.

After this account of *Mr. Farrer*, and *John Valdesso*, I proceed to my account of *Mr. Herbert*, and *Mr. Duncon*, who according to his Promise, return'd from the Bath the 5th day, and then found *Mr. Herbert* much weaker than he left him; and therefore their Discourse could not be long; but at *Mr. Duncon's* parting with him, *Mr. Herbert* spoke to this purpose-----*Sir, I pray give my brother Farrer an account of the decaying Condition of my Body, and tell him, I beg him to continue his daily Prayers for me; and let him know that I have consider'd, That God only is what he would be; and that I am by his Grace become now so like him, as to be pleas'd with what pleaseth him, and tell him, that I do not repine but am pleas'd with my want of Health; and tell him, my Heart is fixed on that Place where true Joy is only to be found; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed Change with Hope and Patience.* Having said this, he did with so sweet a Humility as seem'd to exalt him, bow down to *Mr. Duncon*, and with a thoughtful and contented look say to him, *Sir, I pray deliver this little Book to my dear Brother Farrer, and tell him, he shall find in it a Picture of the many spiritual Conflicts that have past betwixt God*

and my Soul, before I could subject mine to the Will of Jesus my Master; in whose Service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it: And then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor Soul, let it be made publick; if not, let him burn it: For I and it are less than the least of God's Mercies. Thus meanly did this humble Man think of this excellent Book, which now bears the Name of *The TEMPLE: Or, Sacred Poems, and Private Ejaculations*; of which Mr. Farrer would say, *There was in it the Picture of a Divine Soul in every Page; and that the whole Book was such an Harmony of Holy Passions, as would enrich the World with Pleasure and Piety.* And it appears to have done so; for there have been more than twenty Thousand of them sold since the first Impression.

And this ought to be noted, that when Mr. Farrer sent this Book to Cambridge to be licensed for the Press, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted Verses,

*Religion stands a Tip-toe in our Land,
Ready to pass to the American Strand.*

to be printed; and Mr. Farrer would by no means allow the Book to be Printed, and want them: But after some time, and some Arguments, for and against their being made publick, the Vice-Chancellor said, *I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly Speculations, and was a Divine Poet; but I hope the World will not take him to be an inspired Prophet, and therefore I License the whole Book:* So that it came to be printed, without the Diminution or Addition of a Syllable, since it was deliver'd into the Hands of Mr. Duncon, save only, that Mr. Farrer hath added that excellent Preface that is printed before it.

At

At the time of Mr. *Duncon's* leaving Mr. *Herbert*, which was about three Weeks before his death, his old and dear Friend Mr. *Woodnot*, came from *London* to *Emerton*, and never left him, till he had seen him draw his last Breath, and clos'd his Eyes on his Death-bed. In this time of his Decay, he was often visited and pray'd for by all the Clergy that liv'd near to him, especially by his Friends the Bishop and Prebends of the Cathedral Church in *Salisbury*; but by none more devoutly, than his Wife, his three Nieces (then a part of his Family) and Mr. *Woodnot*, who were the sad Witnesses of his daily Decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose, *I now look back upon the Pleasures of my Life past, and see the Content I have taken in Beauty, in Wit, in Musick, and pleasant Conversation, are now all past by me, like a Dream, or as a Shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see that as my Father and Generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my Bed also in the Dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise him, that I am not to learn Patience, now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practis'd Mortification, and endeavour'd to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and my Hope is, that I shall shortly leave this Valley of Tears, and be free from all Fevers and Pain; and which will be a more happy Condition, I shall be free from Sin, and all the Temptations and Anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem, dwell there with Men made perfect, dwell where these Eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus; and with him see my dear Mother, and all my Relations and Friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy Place: And this is my Content, that I am going daily towards it, and that every day which I have liv'd hath taken a part of my appointed Time from me; and that I shall live the less Time for having liv'd this, and the day past.*

These

These, and the like Expressions, which he utter'd often may be said to be his Enjoyment of Heaven, before he enjoy'd it. The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his Bed or Couch, call'd for one of his Instruments, took it into his Hand, and said, *My God, my God,*

*My Musick shall find Thee,
And every String
Shall have his Attribute to sing :*

And having tun'd it, he play'd and sung :

*The Sundays of Man's Life.
Thredded together on Time's String,
Make Bracelets, to adorn the Wife
Of the eternal glorious King ;
On Sundays, Heaven's Door stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rise ;
More plentiful than Hope.*

Thus he sung on Earth such Hymns and Anthems, as the Angels and He, and Mr. Farrer now sing in Heaven.

Thus he continued meditating and praying, and rejoicing, till the day of his death ; and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot, *My dear Friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but Sin and Misery ; but the first is adorn'd ; and a few Hours will now put a Period to the latter ; for I shall suddenly go hence and be no more seen.* Upon which Expression, Mr. Woodnot took Occasion to remember him of the Re-edifying Layton Church, and his many Acts of Mercy ; to which he made Answer, saying, *They be good Works, if they be sprinkled with the Blood of Christ, and not otherwise.* After this Discourse he became more restless, and his Soul seem'd to be weary of her earthly Tabernacle ;

bernacle ; and this Uneasiness became so visible, that his Wife, his Three Nieces, and Mr. *Woodnot*, stood constantly about his Bed, beholding him with Sorrow, and an Unwillingness to lose the Sight of him whom they could not hope to see much longer---As they stood thus beholding him, his Wife observ'd him to breath faintly, and with much trouble, and observ'd him to fall into a sudden Agony ; which so surpriz'd her, that she fell into a sudden Passion, and requir'd of him to know, *How he did ?* To which his Answer was, *That he had past a Conflict with his last Enemy, and had overcome him by the Merits of his Master Jesus.* After which Answer he look'd up, and saw his Wife and Nieces weeping to an Extremity, and charg'd them, *If they lov'd him to withdraw into the next Room, and there pray every one alone for him ; for nothing but their Lamentations could make his Death uncomfortable.* To which request their Sighs and Tears would not suffer them to make any Reply : But they yielded him a sad Obedience, leaving only with him Mr. *Woodnot*, and Mr. *Bostock*. Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. *Bostock*, *Pray Sir, open that Door, then look into that Cabinet, in which you may easily find my last Will, and give it into my hand ;* which being done, he deliver'd it into the Hand of Mr. *Woodnot*, and said, *My old Friend, I here deliver you my last Will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole Executor for the good of my Wife and Nieces ; and I desire you to shew kindness to them, as they shall need it ; I do not desire you to be Just, for I know you will be so for your own sake : But I charge you, by the Religion of our Friendship, to be careful of them.* And having obtain'd Mr. *Woodnot's* Promise to be so ; he said, *I am now ready to dye :* After which Words he said, *Lord forsake me not now my Strength faileth me : But grant me Mercy, for the Merits of my Jesus ; and now Lord, Lord now receive my Soul.* And
with

with those Words breath'd forth his Divine Soul, without any apparent Disturbance: Mr. *Woodnor* and Mr. *Bostock* attending his last Breath, and closing his Eyes.

Thus he liv'd, and thus he dy'd, like a Saint unspotted of the World, full of Alms-deeds, full of Humility, and all the Examples of a vertuous Life; which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed Observation;

----- *All must to their cold Graves;
But the Religious Actions of the Just,
Smell sweet in Death, and blossom in the Dust.*

Mr. *George Herbert's* have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding Generations. ---- I have but this to say more of him: That if *Andrew Melvin* died before him, then *George Herbert* died without an Enemy----- I wish (if God shall be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to dye like him.

Isaac Walton.

There

T Here is a Debt justly due to the Memory of Mr. Herbert's virtuous Wife ; a part of which I will endeavour to pay, by a very short Account of the Remainder of her Life, which shall follow.

She continued his disconsolate Widow about Six Years, bemoaning her self, and complaining, That she had lost the delight of her Eyes ; but more, that she had lost the Spiritual Guide for her poor Soul ; and would often say, O that I had, like holy Mary, the Mother of Jesus, treasur'd up all his Sayings in my Heart : But since I have not been able to do that, I will labour to live like him, that where he now is I may be also. And she would often say (as the Prophet David for his Son Absolon) O that I had dy'd for him ! Thus she continued Mourning, till Time and Conversation had so moderated her Sorrows, that she became the happy Wife of Sir Robert Cook of Highnam in the County of Gloucester, Knight : And though he put a high Value on the excellent Accomplishment of her Mind and Body ; and was so like Mr. Herbert, as not to govern like a Master, but as an affectionate Husband ; yet she would even to him often take Occasion to mention the Name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, That Name must live in her Memory, till she put off Mortality---- By Sir Robert she had one only Child, a Daughter, whose Parts and plentiful Estate make her happy in this World, and her well using of them gives a fair Testimony, that she will be so in that which is to come.

Mrs. Herbert was the Wife of Sir Robert Eight Years, and liv'd his Widow about Fifteen ; all which time she

she took a Pleasure in mentioning and commending the Excellencies of Mr. George Herbert. She died in the Year 1663. and lies buried at Highnam ; Mr. Herbert in his own Church, under the Altar, and cover'd with a Grave-stone without any Inscription.

This Lady Cook, had preserv'd many of Mr. Herbert's private Writings, which she intended to make Publick ; but they, and Highnam House were burnt together, by the late Rebels, and so lost to Posterity.

Isaac Walton.

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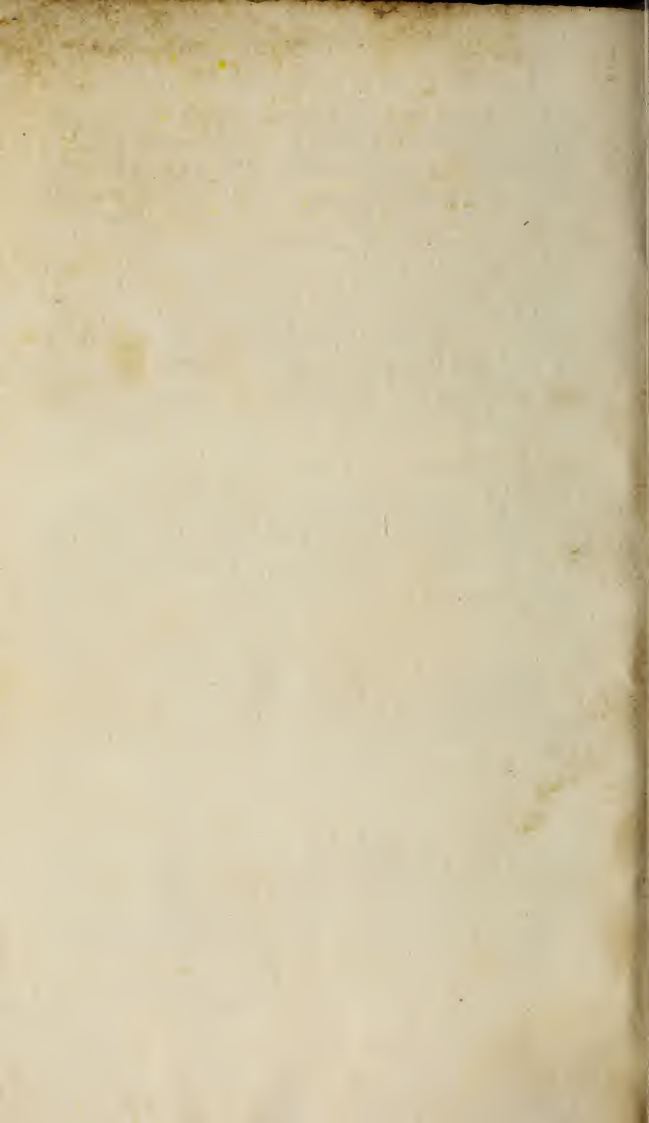
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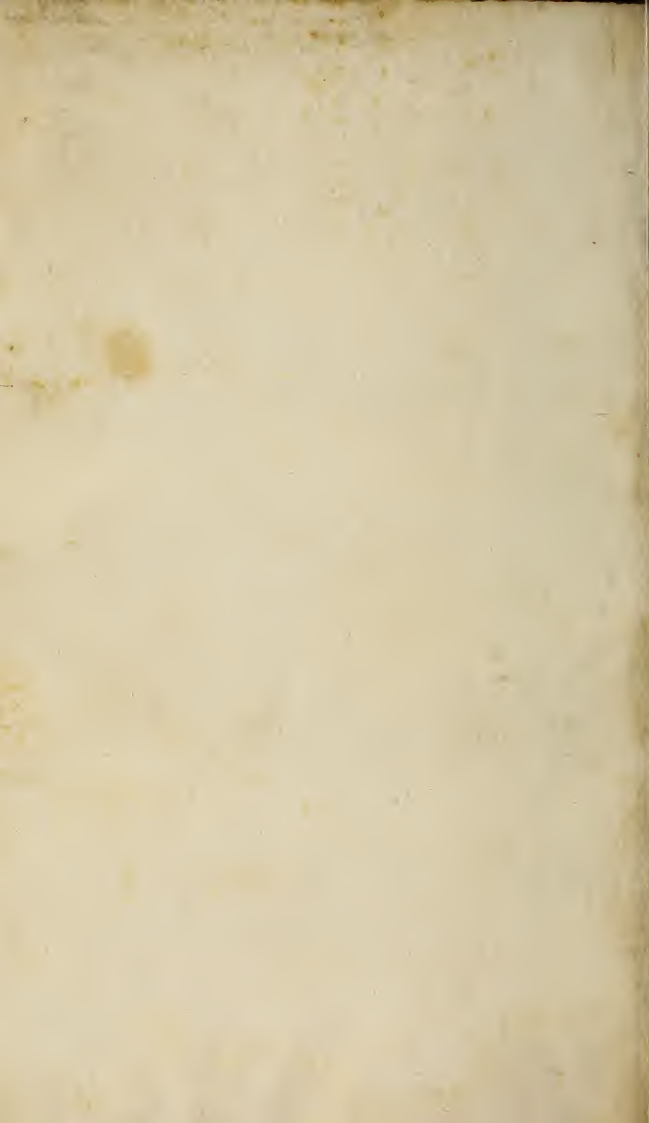
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